

SCRIPTURE  
THEMES  
IN  
RILLS & STREAMS

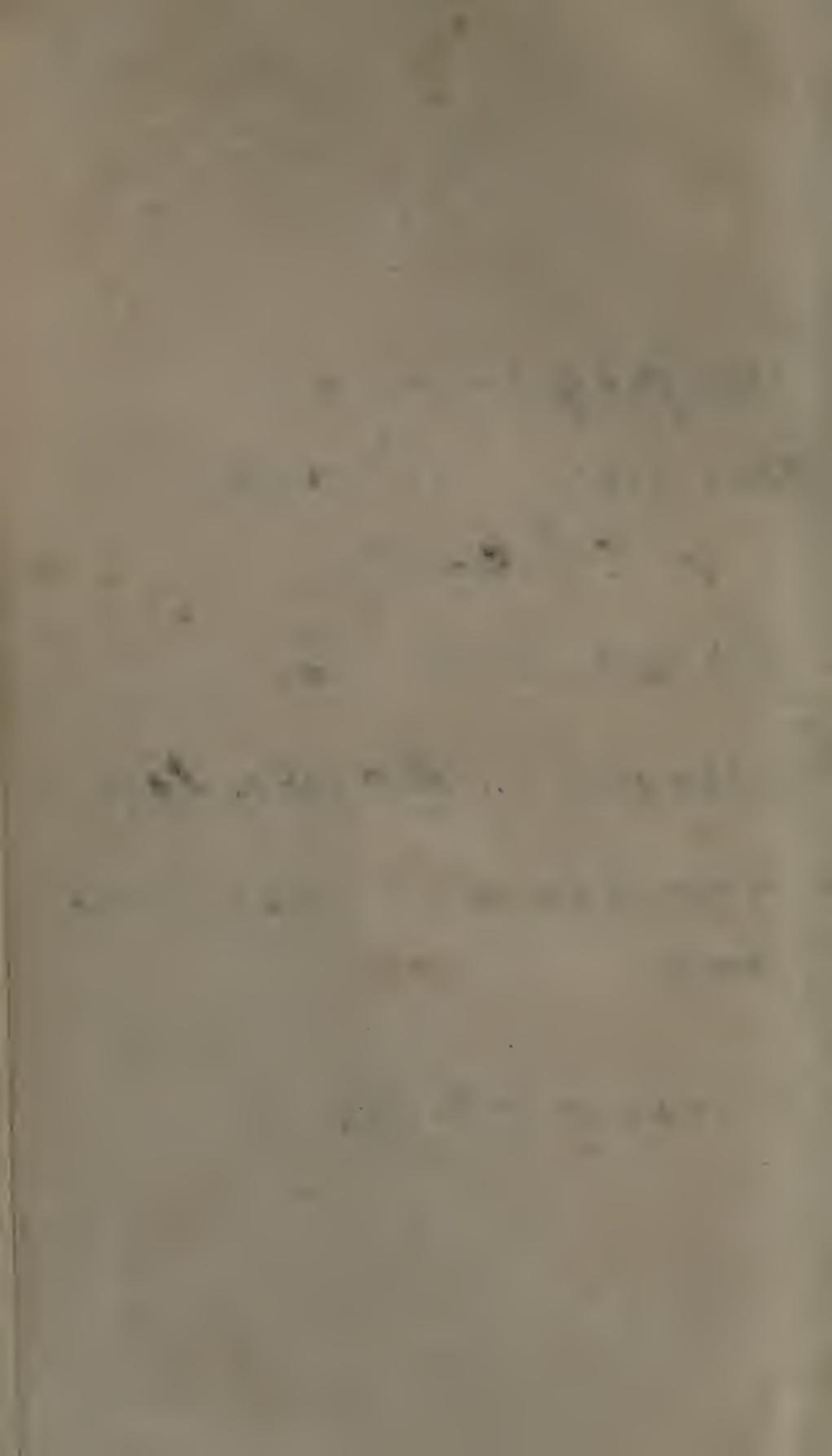
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Presented to  
Samuel Howerton  
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school.

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SCRIPTURE THEMES,  
IN RILLS AND STREAMS:

BEING

EFFUSIONS IN VERSE

ON

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS, FACTS, MORALS, ETC.

BY JOHN BUSTARD.

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## PREFACE.

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THE Author commenced the following work for the instruction and moral improvement of the *young*; selecting important subjects from the Sacred Scriptures. These he carefully endeavoured to unfold, by suggesting *ideas*, and employing *language* which they could easily and fully comprehend, that the truths exhibited might be felt in the heart,—abide in the memory,—and exert a beneficial influence coeval with life.

This statement is given to account for the simple language employed in some of the shortest pieces in the volume, to which the epithet “RILLS” is applied in the Title. They were published some years ago, and were soon out of print, but were not reprinted, as the author hoped soon to publish them with others which he was then intending to compose. They are now inserted in their proper places, and are almost entirely on subjects pertaining to the *New Testament*.

On proceeding with the work, the writer began to sketch more minutely, and yet to give more prominence to traits of character—narrations of facts, and deductions from them—than he had previously essayed to do, and generally was more solicitous to *point* Scripture morals than to *adorn* them.

The higher style and more lengthy flow of the "*streams*," which have been more recently produced, were designed for more intelligent readers, who, probably, would prefer the development of the subject, as likely to yield more instruction, profit, and pleasure, and thereby increase their love to, and regard for, the Sacred Scriptures, inducing them more frequently and thoroughly to read them.

The author believes that he has not invested any of the subjects introduced into this volume—not even the most *solemn*, with a morbid gloom, unsuited to their nature, and contrary to the design for which they are recorded by Divine *inspiration*. His object has been to convey instruction,—dissipate error,—excite an abhorrence of evil,—a love for that which is enduringly good,—and, believing application to the Saviour for pardon, and holiness, and heaven. That the work may contribute to this renewal in righteousness, and endless felicity, is the sincere desire and fervent prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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# SCRIPTURE THEMES,

IN

## RILLS AND STREAMS.

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1

### PRAISE TO GOD.

HAIL, Lord, of angel hosts above !  
Of all earth's sons below !  
By whom we are, and live, and move,  
Whose *greatness* we would show.

THYSELF—*eternal* ! nought beside,  
Can justly vie with Thee :—  
Not *those*, Thy bounty has supplied  
With immortality.

Whate'er we see, or hear, or know,  
Imprinted with Thy Name,  
Fails not, Thy *excellence* to show,  
Thy greatness to proclaim.

What *beauty—order—harmony*,  
In all Thy *works* we find :  
But we, in *revelation*, see  
The *glories* of Thy MIND.

The sun, on smaller orbs, doth shine,  
And needeth not *their rays* ;  
So, as the praise we give, is *Thine*,  
Thou needest not *our praise*.

We do not with our praise presume,  
To pay the debt we owe ;  
But bring it, as a sweet perfume,  
Our gratitude to show.

Yes,—we would gratefully receive,  
The blessings Thou hast given ;  
And sing, *Hosannahs!* while we live  
On earth, and then in heaven.

Though feeble is the voice we raise  
Before Thy sacred throne ;  
We emulate the seraph's praise,  
To make Thy glory known.

While nature, providence, and grace,  
Thy *attributes* proclaim,  
We e'er shall have a *theme* for praise,  
And will extol Thy Name.

**2 GOD PRAISED FOR HIS WISDOM.**

O LORD ! Thy *wisdom* I admire,  
Thy wisdom I would praise : .  
Touch Thou, my lips, with hallow'd fire,  
And then accept my lays.

The *universe* Thy wisdom shows,  
In which it was design'd,  
And has, from Thee, received laws,  
For *matter*—and for *mind*.

Thy ways, and works, perfection show,  
Nought lacking—nought in vain—  
In stars above—in worms below—  
Or sands, that skirt the main.

If I, Thy praises do not sing,  
The *stones* may soon reprove ;  
And *birds*—and *beasts*—their tribute bring,  
And *shame* my lack of love.

Not birds, nor beasts, with *equal* praise,  
Thy *wisdom* e'er shall hymn ;  
For *reason's* voice to Thee I raise,  
And vie with *Seraphim*.

### 3 GOD PRAISED FOR HIS POWER.

ALMIGHTY GOD Thy *power* I praise,  
 With reverent awe, and filial fear;  
 A child of earth ! my voice I raise  
 To Thee, whom angel hosts revere.

*Creative power* is Thine alone !  
*Creation* owns Thee for its Lord !  
 Thy power is by 'Thy works made known,  
 And prais'd by them with one accord.

The *Sun*—that glorious orb of day,  
 Sprang forth, at first, at Thy command,—  
 Receives from Thee his every ray,  
 And is supported by Thy hand.

The *Moon*—which in his absence reigns  
 Impartial, though she wax and wane ;  
 Thy *power*, omnipotent, proclaims,  
 In every age, and place, the same.

The *Stars*, with different glories shine,  
 Created—number'd—named by Thee ;  
 And o'er the earth they stretch their line,  
 That all mankind Thy *power* may see.

This *Earth*, Thy mighty power asserts,  
 With proofs as clear as noonday light ;  
 Our eyes,—our ears,—(why not our hearts?)  
 Admit her claim, as just and right.

The mountain bold,—the aspiring hill,—  
The lowly vale,—and equal plain ;—  
The ocean,—river,—stream and rill ;  
The lightning,—thunder,—wind,—and rain,

Display Thy power, which unconfined,  
Contracts,—expands,—as seems Thee meet,  
To matter,—instinct,—human mind,—  
And cherub, prostrate at Thy feet.

Who then shall *dare* to break thy law ?  
Who then shall *fear* to trust in Thee ?  
Thy *saving power*, O let me know,  
And *praise* Thee through eternity.

---

#### 4 GOD PRAISED FOR HIS GOODNESS.

THY *goodness*, Lord, Thou hast display'd,  
In all the creatures Thou hast made :  
Angels in heaven Thy goodness know,  
And Adam's race on earth below ;  
Yea, birds, and beasts, Thy goodness prove,  
Thou art to *all*, a God of love !

We fain, would now, thy praise proclaim,  
And magnify Thy gracious name ;  
Declaring that by Thee we live,  
Who dost our food, and raiment give,  
With health, and friends, and means of grace,  
With gospel truths, and sabbath days.

Our *tongues* Thy praises shall make known :  
 Our *hearts* shall be Thy hallow'd throne :  
 Our *lives* to Thee shall honour bring :  
 Our *death* prove Death has lost his sting :  
 Our one desire Thy grace to prove :  
 Our heaven to *feel* and *sing* Thy love.

---

## 5 GOD PRAISED FOR HIS MERCY.

THY *mercy*, Lord, I praise,  
 Who all to mercy owe :  
 I sing of Thy redeeming grace,  
 Which all the world may know.

When man transgress'd the law,  
 To him, in Eden given,  
 No favour could Thy justice show,  
 Much less admit to heaven.

For blood Thy justice cried ;  
 The righteous sword was bared ;  
 It fell,—and pierced Jesu's side,  
 And *guilty man* was spared.

The angelic hosts above,  
 On *this* intently gaz'd ;  
 Revered Thy sword !—admired Thy love !—  
 And then Thy *mercy* praised !

If *mercy* thus be prais'd,  
By angel choirs in heaven,  
Shall not the voice of *man* be rais'd,  
To whom *so much* is given ?

Come *justice*! — and proclaim  
What *mercy*'s done for *me*:  
Come *lore*! — and fan the sacred flame  
Of praise, eternally !

---

## 6 GOD PRAISED FOR HIS PROVIDENCE.

THY *providence*, O Lord supreme !  
My thankful soul adores ;  
With joy, on this delightful theme,  
Exerts her hallow'd powers.

Thy providence to all extends,  
Its stream perpetual flows ;  
Life, reason, food, clothes, health, and friends,  
Thy providence bestows.

It gives, — maintains, — or takes away,  
In righteousness, and love ;  
And all, who here, thy Law obey,  
Thy *providence* shall prove.

## 7

## CREATION.

WHEN time began, th' Eternal Lord  
 Created heaven and earth ;  
 He spoke,—and His prolific word  
 Gave matter instant birth.

In prompt obedience to His *will*,  
 Earth, water, fire, and air  
 Sprang forth their proper place to fill,  
 And serve His *pleasure* there.

*Earth* sank according to its laws,  
 For it the heaviest prov'd ;  
 The *water* then above it rose,  
 On which the SPIRIT mov'd.

'T was *dark*—but darkness must obey ;  
 “ God said, Let there be light :  
 And there was light ; ” He call'd it Day,  
 And call'd the darkness Night.

God said, “ Be there a firmament,  
 The waters to divide : ”  
 'T is done !—*those* in the clouds are pent,  
 And *these* on earth abide.

As earth, by *these* was still o'erflow'd,  
 Jehovah spoke, and said,  
 “ Be gathered to one place”—they bow'd,  
 And instantly obeyed.

Dry land appeared—He called it *Earth*,—  
The gathered waters, *Seas* ;  
And earth, at His command, gave birth  
To grass, and herbs, and trees.

He lights commands—and they obey :  
The firmament of heaven  
Receives a *sun* to rule the day,  
The *moon* for night is given.

O how *omnipotence* appears !  
“ The stars He also made ;  
For signs and seasons, days and years,  
He thus the heavens array’d.”

As one great *waste* the waters seem’d,  
But, through His energy,  
They soon, with living myriads teem’d,  
In vast variety.

All fish, e’en whales, His power confest,—  
And all the fowls that fly ;  
Which, soon as He had made, He blest,  
And bade them multiply.

“ Let earth the living creature bring,”  
The great Jehovah said ;  
Then cattle, beast, and creeping thing,  
Distinct in kind He made.

These works were suited to their end,  
And by Himself approv’d ;  
Yet *none*, to reason could pretend,—  
By *none* could He be *lov’d*.

And shall He, from His works, receive  
 But an *instinctive* praise ?  
 No !—He to one, will *being* give,  
 Who *reason's* voice shall raise.

God said, “Let us make *man*”—then made  
 The human form of dust,  
 To which His breath a soul convey'd  
*Like*, *HIM*—*wise, holy, just.*

Thus earth, with all that live, and move,  
 Were made for *man* to enjoy ;  
 But *man* was made his God to *love*,—  
 His God to *glorify*.

---

## S

## THE FALL.

O how were our first parents blest  
 With reason, purity, and peace,  
 In *paradise*, which they possess'd,  
 Where holy joy might e'er increase !

*Employ'd* to dress, and keep the place—  
*Allow'd* to eat of every tree  
 But one, display'd God's *bounteous grace*,  
 And *THEIR responsibility*.

Resolv'd by *this*, their *LOVE* to test,—  
 By *this*—their *filial FEAR* to try ;  
 God threaten'd, if they e'er transgress'd  
 This law, they then should surely die.

The serpent came, and asked Eve,  
If God, indeed, these words had said :  
HE knew,—yet, wanting to deceive,  
The snare of DOUBT be wily laid.

“ Yes, God hath said it,” Eve replied,  
“ Who eat, or touch that fruit, shall die.”  
“ Ye shall *not surely* die,” he cried,  
That she might be induced to try.

The artful tempter further said,  
“ Who eat *this fruit* as God’s will be ;—  
Will good and evil know, and fed  
With this, *fear no mortality.*”

Not love, but hate, to Eve, inspired  
The words the tempter thus express’d ;  
She listened, lingered, looked, admired,  
Desired, resolv’d, and then TRANSGRESS’D.

Not only EVE thus ate of it,  
But ADAM too, at her request,  
Yet, when required their GOD to meet,  
Their consciences were sore distress’d.

They saw their state and were ashamed,  
And hid themselves among the trees :  
Yet each, when tried, their tempter blamed,  
Though they had sinn’d, *themselves* to please,

Their guilt was prov’d, and God declared,  
Their bodies should to dust return ;  
Then MORTAL they became, though spared  
Awhile, their death in sin to mourn.

Thus sin, and death, an entrance found :

And sin has reign'd in all our race ;  
And death with victims strews the ground,  
But both shall yield to JESU's grace.

Although the serpent bruise His *heel*,  
JESUS shall bruise the serpent's *head* :  
The CONQUEROR's *arm*, all hell shall feel,  
And in captivity be led.

God's righteous law let us revere :  
On sinful objects close our eyes :  
When Satan tempts, refuse to hear :  
God's *law* our *mark*, and HEAVEN our *prize*.

---

## 9

## CAIN AND ABEL.

CAIN brought an *offering* to the Lord,  
The produce of the ground,  
In which his sin was not deplored,  
And so no favour found.

But ABEL's *sacrifice* implied  
Contrition, faith, and love :  
*His* righteousness was testified  
By tokens from above.

Cain, seeing this, was sore distress'd ;  
Pride, envy, rage, despair ;  
Possess'd, inflamed, and fill'd his breast,  
No love, nor hope, were there,

But Cain was soon by God reproved ;  
 “ Why art thou thus,” He said ;  
 “ If thou do *well*, thou shalt be loved ;  
 If *ill*, then punished.”

Cain thought *revenge* would pleasure yield,  
 And in this wretched mood,  
 He found his brother in the field,  
 And *basely shed his blood* !

“ Where is thy brother ? ” God enquired :  
 “ I know not ; ” Cain replied ;  
 And thus with sullen rage still fired,  
 The hardened *monster* lied.

“ What hast thou done ? ” God said to Cain ;  
 “ Thy brother’s blood I hear :  
*Curs’d*—thou shalt till the ground in vain,  
 Be *mark’d*—yet live in fear.”

How wretched is an envious mind,  
 When others *far excell* ;  
 Though equal pleasure they might find,  
 If they would do as *well*.

But envy often leads to rage,  
 Which *reason* fails to rein :  
 And such in *murder* oft engage,  
 But find a sting remain :—

A sting, which neither time, nor place,  
 From conscience can remove :  
 The mark of guilt is on their face ;  
 As *vagabonds* they rove.

To *pride* and *envy* give no place,—

  Their steps lead down to hell.

Where'er you excellence can trace,

  Admire, and do as *well*.

Give God your body, spirit, soul,

  An holy sacrifice ;

That *grace* may every thought control,

  And all *accepted* rise.

---

## 10

## ENOCH.

"AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD; AND HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HIM."—GEN. v. 24.

How *little*, yet how *much* is known,

  Of Enoch while on earth :

*Far more* have *Sacred* writers shown

  Of *some*, of far *less* worth.

*They* tell us not what he possess'd,

  Or lack'd, of earthly good ;

Nor what *opinions* he *profess'd* ;

  Nor *how* he gain'd his food.—

His *studies*, and his *skill*, unknown ;

  Unknown his *toil*, or *ease* ;

Yet there is *one thing* fully shown,

  He *walk'd* his God to *please*.

"He WALK'D WITH GOD,"—*liv'd* in his sight,—

  Could always feel Him near,—

Lean on His arm,—learn what was right,—

  And serve with *filial* fear.

Favoured with God's *approving smile*,—  
Adopting *love*,—and *peace*,—  
His *SPIRIT* cleans'd from *self* and *guile*,—  
His *joy* might well increase.

Such *fellowship* with God as *his*,  
Alas!—too few have known :  
Most dream, or strive for *creature bliss* ;  
They wake,—they feel,—'tis flown.

When to his *CLOSET* he retir'd  
For close communion there ;  
God *enter'd* with him as desir'd,—  
Inspir'd—fulfill'd—his prayer.

When with his *FAMILY* he bow'd,  
Devotion's flame to raise,  
Such *gracious* answers were bestow'd,  
As chang'd their *prayer* to *praise*.

And when he to God's *house* repair'd,  
(The *Master* e'er at home,)  
The *common* blessing *Enoch* shar'd  
With those who chose to come.

When *NATURE*'s scenery was clad  
In majesty, or grace ;  
And aw'd, or made his spirit *glad*,  
To God he gave the praise.

And while to heaven he rais'd his eyes,  
Gaz'd on the *glories* there,  
Its *CHARIOT* came—caused no *surprise*—  
Its *MESSENGERS*, no *fear*.

He *saw* not DEATH, *no* GRAVE could need—  
 Had done the work assign'd ;  
 THEY call'd—he enter'd—and, with speed,  
 Left WORLD, and SUN *behind*.

“ He was *not*, ” here on earth, concealed  
 From those who wish'd to see ;  
 Nor *found*, in closet, house, church, field,  
 Where he was wont to be.

“ God took him ” to the realms of bliss,  
 To live for ever there ;  
 Though here, “ few days of years were his,”  
 His days of years—a year.

LIFE’s day, then long—but call'd, ere noon,  
 From earthly things away ;  
 He thought departure not too soon,  
 So sped to endless day.

What knowledge of him these two lines  
 Of Holy Writ impart :  
 O tell me not of him whose *mines*  
 Leave him *unchanged* in heart :

Nor yet of *jewels*, in a crown,  
 Upon a royal head ;  
 Nor of a world turn'd upside down  
 By *errors* ZEALOTS spread.

I ask “ HIS faith to walk with God,”—  
 “ His witness,” not his end ;  
 Assur'd, if wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
 I shall to heaven ascend.

11

## METHUSELAH.

METHUSELAH attain'd an age,  
 None ever reach'd before,  
 Nor since ; at least, the SACRED PAGE,  
 Does not exhibit more.

His years, " Nine hundred, sixty nine ; "  
 Ours " Threescore years and ten ; "  
 Yet oft are less, through fell decline,  
 Or fierce disease in men.

But ours are not a scanty dole,  
 From a reluctant friend :  
 SHORT lives are long, if answering all,  
 GOD's will before they end.

HE lived—HE died : I more would know,—  
 " The manner of his life ?"—  
 Its tendency to bliss, or woe ?—  
 With good, or evil, rife ?—

What observations he would take,  
 Of self and all around ?  
 What knowledge he would gain, and make,  
 His own, wherever found ?—

What friendships he would form, cement,  
 Perpetuate, with zeal ?  
 On what great objects oft intent  
 To aid the public weal ?

*Still more of him I fain would know :*

*Did he religious prove ?*

*Did he adore with CHERUB's awe ?*

*And flame with SERAPH's love ?*

*Or—was he, what he should not be,*

*For near a thousand years ?—*

*A drone ! or mere vacuity !*

*With neither hopes nor fears ?*

*Or, deem'd he evil his chief good ?*

*Ensnaring, cunning, wise ?—*

*Made he the helpless poor his food ?*

*The simple cheat through lies ?*

*Ah ! if he lack'd all fear of God,—*

*All kind regard for man ;*

*He stain'd the earth on which he trod,*

*In every step he ran,*

*Throughout life's lengthen'd course on earth,*

*Until he reach'd the goal ;*

*And found his "good things," nothing worth,*

*When "God required his soul."*

*But—if, in youth he liv'd esteem'd,—*

*In active life, beloved,—*

*In hoary age rever'd—and deem'd*

*A man, whom God approv'd—*

*His lengthen'd, holy, useful, course,*

*Ensur'd its peaceful end ;*

*His soul, returning to its source,*

*Would find its JUDGE, its FRIEND.—*

If so—*renew'd*, in heart and mind,  
And, *fruitful* every year,  
For *near a thousand*, he would find,  
His *death* would cause *no fear*.

---

## 2

## THE DELUGE.

GOD saw the wickedness of man  
Was great in every place :  
His evil thoughts, like torrents ran,  
Despising truth and grace.

The wickedness which God perceived,  
To Him offensive proved :  
He with his creature man was grieved,  
Whom formerly he loved.

The great Creator spoke, and said,  
“ A flood on earth I'll bring,  
And will destroy what I have made,—  
*Man, beast, and creeping thing.*”

But He by *Noah* was obeyed,  
And *Noah* favour found :  
The Lord, with him, a cov'nant made,  
That he should not be drowned.

Noah believed, and, moved with fear,  
Began to build the ark,  
And warn the wicked—but their *sneer*  
Had *Noah* for its *mark*.—

"A foolish scheme, a mere pretence,—  
 'Tis only done to fright ;—  
 The preacher must be void of sense ;—  
 He's wrong,—and we are right."

At length the rain began to pour ;  
 The sea rush'd o'er the land ;  
 The highest hills were covered o'er ;  
 Nor could a creature stand.

'Twas home, 'twas land, but now a sea, .  
 A sea without a shore ;  
 They grasp the falling, floating tree,  
 Faint—sink—and rise no more.

Noah, with all the ark contained,  
 The awful storm outrode :  
 A port—the solid land they gained  
 With joy, and there abode.

They built an altar to the Lord,  
 And sacrificed to Him :  
 Approving, He confirmed His word  
 Whene'er His *bow* was seen.

Sinner!—because there's wrath, beware,  
 Although the Lord delay :  
 Through grace, flee every sinful snare,  
 Repent—believe—obey.

When *fire*, and not the swelling flood,  
 Shall this our earth destroy,  
 Those who are sav'd by Jesu's blood,  
 Will rise to endless joy.

13

## THE DELUGE.

WHEN God ariseth in His might,  
To punish men for evil deeds,  
And in His fiercest wrath doth smite ;  
Sin's vast desert He ne'er exceeds.

When He the scourging rod employs,—  
Or whets and wields his glittering sword,—  
With waves entombs,—with fire destroys  
His foes,—He is the *righteous* Lord.

The world of men, in Noah's time,  
Were found exceedingly depraved :  
Earth had become the stage of crime :  
Vice reign'd in triumph—Heaven was braved.

The Lord beheld, His wrath arose—  
His chariot clouds in waiting stood :  
But Mercy dared to interpose—  
“ Let Noah warn *before* the flood.”

O how long-suffering God appears !—  
Less swift to strike, than fain to spare,  
For upwards of an hundred years,  
To lead to *penitence* and *prayer*.

When Noah first began to preach,  
And build, they prov'd still more perverse :  
They cried “ *When* will the waters reach  
This ark—how mountain's peaks immerse ?

" 'Tis folly, madness, to believe.  
That such dire judgment is at hand :  
We have not—will not, law receive,—  
Repent, or fear, at thy command."

The gentle shower,—and strengthen'd springs,  
And rising rivers caus'd no fear :  
Mild punishment but seldom brings  
The law's offenders to revere.

But soon the *rain* in *torrents* fell,  
And heaving seas burst nature's bounds ;  
*Here*—*there*—and *everywhere*, they swell,  
And sinners seek the highest grounds.

They climb the hills,—yea mountains scale,—  
But all too low. What tongue can tell—  
The hopeless scoffer's fruitless wail—  
A dying world's funereal knell !

*Not one without* the ark survives :  
DEATH sways his sceptre over all ;  
*But none*, of all the numerous lives,  
*Within* the ark, his victims fall.

God *always* is displeas'd with sin ;  
Who sin are e'er to wrath exposed :  
CHRIST is an *ark* to take us in :  
The opened door may soon be closed.

## 14 THE TOWER OF BABEL.

VAIN men desired to build a tower,  
As high as heaven, to get them fame :  
Believing they possess'd the power,  
They tried,—but their reward was shame.

Behold the strong foundation laid ;  
Their boastings with their building rise ;  
“ Our object will be gain'd,” they said ;  
“ Yes, soon our tower will reach the skies.”

The hand—the foot—the eye—the ear—  
Are all unitedly employed ;  
The tongue—but now *strange speech* they hear,  
Which renders all their efforts void.

*Strange* words, like empty sounds, *perplex'd* :  
No *labourer* knew the *builder's* will ;  
They listen'd, guess'd, mistook, were vex'd,  
And, yielding to despair, stood still.

They view'd each other with surprise,  
And soon were scattered by the Lord :  
Their building, nearer earth than skies,  
Remain'd their folly to record.

Before those men begun to build,  
Their speech—their language was the same :  
When with *confusion* they were fill'd,  
“ BABEL” became the building's name.

The *rich*—the *wise*—the *strong*—in vain  
 Despise JEHOVAH and His laws :  
 HE, in *omnipotence*—doth reign,  
 And will confound His haughtiest foes.

But we may build without delay :  
*Christ* is for a foundation given ;  
 HE is the sinner's *only* way,  
 To honour, happiness, and heaven.

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## 15 SODOM AND GOMORRAH OVERTHROWN.

To ABRAHAM the Lord made known,  
 The thing which He would do ;  
 Ere those vile cities were o'erthrown,  
 For crimes of deepest hue.

This “*friend of God*,” this friend of *men*,  
 Entreated God to spare,  
 “If *fifty* righteous—yea, if *ten*,  
 Were found residing there.”

God said, “For *TEN*'s sake I will spare,  
 Though Sodom's crimes abound :”  
 But, ah !—though Lot was dwelling there,  
 Not even *ten* were found.

To punishment they then were doom'd,  
 The fire was soon prepared ;  
 Yet Lot was not with them consum'd,  
 But *mercifully* spared.

Two angels warned Lot to flee  
From Sodom's fearful doom ;  
But found he linger'd, as if he  
Would rather stay at home,

Perceiving this, they seiz'd his hand—  
His wife's—and daughters' too,  
And hasten'd with each rescued brand  
From such a cursed crew,

And said, “ Escape for life, and flee,  
Till ye the mountain gain ;  
Look not behind, the flames to see,—  
Nor stay in all the plain.”

Lot thought he could not reach the place,  
And pray'd, as urg'd by fear,  
“ Appoint—as more abounding grace—  
*That little city there.*”

And grace abounded—it was done—  
To Zoar he might *flee*,  
And *enter*, ere the rain begun,  
For his security.

Lot, and his daughters, thither fled,  
With anxious thankful mind :  
Not so Lot's wife,—she disobey'd ;—  
She dared to look behind.

While she beheld the flaming rain  
Descend on that vile place,  
She lost the power to turn again,  
Her husband's steps to trace.

Alas ! too late, she saw her fault—  
Drench'd in that liquid flame,  
A monumental pile of salt,  
She stood, in Sodom's plain.

Thus *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* fell,  
And all residing there ;  
On *earth* those sinners found a *hell*,  
Fire, brimstone, and despair.

The righteous oft for sinners plead,  
That God would deign to spare ;  
And frequently, through Christ, succeed,  
By *supplicating* prayer.

Let those from *sin* and *sinners* flee,  
Who would *escape* their *fate* ;  
And never look behind to see,  
The things they ought to hate.

Too long THEY find the FORMAL *plain*,—  
The LEGAL *mount* too *high*,—  
*Who flee*, salvation to obtain,  
When judgment is so nigh.

But Christ our Zoar, nearer still,  
Is ready to receive  
The *penitent*, and surely will,  
The moment they believe.

## 16

## ISHMAEL.

"HE WILL BE A WILD MAN: HIS HAND WILL BE AGAINST EVERY MAN  
AND EVERY MAN'S HAND AGAINST HIM."—GEN. XVI. 12.

Such Ishmael, or his *wild* race,  
Of *Arabs* truly proved;  
As we, in history, may trace,  
Which shows they *rapine* loved.

Home's duties, and rewards as well,  
Could not detain them there;  
Their love of *spoil* soon broke the spell,  
And hurried them elsewhere.—

Yes—they were greedy, daring too,  
In field—fold—open door—  
Would roam to meet, or prompt pursue,  
A rich, escorted, store.

If met, while trav'lling o'er the *plain*,  
With fierceness they assailed  
The *guards*, who often fought in vain,  
Or, fill'd with terror, quailed.

If in a narrow valley seen,  
Hemm'd in on either hand,  
These robbers would not straight begin,  
Nor yet in sight would stand,

But watch, and skulk, in ambuscade,  
That *those* might have no fear,  
But *halt*—*unarm*—and then be made  
With ease, their captives there.

Such *villany* might well excite  
 Abhorrence, and alarm ;—  
 Cause trav'lling merchants to unite,  
 And with good weapons arm.

But, ah ! do we not find, this day,  
 Some *desperadoes* here,  
 Who envy—covet—steal—yea slay,  
 Unawed—by shame, or fear ?—

*Beside*—the misanthropic *churl*—  
 The *hater* of mankind,  
 Himself excepted, fain would hurl,  
 All others to the wind.

Vain wish ;—but yet the will, and power,  
 To vent his spleen remain :—  
 To pour vile slander like a shower,  
 To wash not, but to stain.

The *absent*, thus, are grossly wrong'd ;  
 The *present*, worried too,  
 With snaps, and snarls, and growls prolong'd  
 While there, without—*Adieu*.

If *misanthropic churls* be rare,  
 Some *others* we may see,  
 With little self-control, and care,  
 And less civility.

All *courtesy* might be unknown :—  
 Respect—too much to show :—  
 No *feelings* cared for, but their *own* :—  
 They let their *lava* flow.

The tender, gentle, timid, show  
Surprise—alarm—and grief,  
At sudden snarl—or fiery glow  
Of temper, when but brief.

The *tradesman* loves it not—nor cares  
To deal with such again :  
The *neighbour*, who such treatment shares,  
Will through the street complain.

The *minister* is sorely griev'd  
At *Temper's* lawless sway ;  
And only feels himself reliev'd,  
When such no longer stay.

The *friend*—who had *too quickly* form'd  
Attachment—and esteem,  
Sees throes—and heavings—and is storm'd  
By words—and runs from him.

His *relatives* lament to see  
His snarls increase each year :—  
Feel *waning* love, and unity ;  
And less of hope than fear.

His *servants*—vex'd by harsh commands,  
And censures they receive,  
Despair of pleasing—fold their hands—  
And, quickly take their leave.

His loving, playful *children* prove  
His churlish gusts distress :  
These spoil their mirth—and chill their love—  
And leave less gentleness.

His *wife*—ah!—if she had been rear'd,  
 With watchful tenderness;  
 Where *discord* never interfer'd,  
 To make her comforts less—

How *chang'd* she finds her new abode,  
 Beneath her churl's control,  
 Whose snarls—and legal chain—*corrode*,  
 And *eat* into her soul.

But if the *wife* herself were bred,  
 In vulgar wrathful strife,—  
 And *breathes* it—*then* it may be said—  
*A—wretched—MATCH—for—life!*

Woe to the man on this our isle,—  
 The *ISHMAELITISH carle*,  
 Who never *gives, seeks, finds, a SMILE*,  
 Because—he *loves to SNARL*.

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## 17 ABRAHAM OFFERING HIS SON ISAAC.

ABRAHAM's faith by God was prov'd,  
 He bade him offer up his son—  
 His Isaac—whom he greatly lov'd,  
 On Mount Moriah, where 'twas done.

Ere Isaac's birth, the sire received,  
 The promise of a numerous race;  
 Which *then* he steadfastly believed,  
 And will not *now* to fear give place.

No!—though his son,—son of his age,—  
Die by the knife,—be burnt with fire:  
Fear, with his faith, no war can wage;  
His faith, by trial, rises higher.

No vain excuses—no delay—  
The Father of the Faithful made:  
He early rose, at break of day,  
Resolv'd his God should he obeyed.

He took two servants, and his son,  
And for the offering clave the wood;  
Then left his home, and travell'd on,  
Till full in view, *the mountain* stood.

*Then*, how parental love was tried,—  
For conquest strove, but strove in vain:  
He bade his servants there abide,  
Till he and Isaac came again.

The wood he upon Isaac laid,  
Then he took up the knife and fire;  
And both advanc'd, yet nothing said,  
Till Isaac thus address'd his sire—

“*My FATHER!*” “Here, *my son*, I am;”  
The venerable saint replied:  
“Here's fire, and wood,—but where's the lamb?”  
“My son—God will a lamb provide.”

He builds the altar—now unties  
The wood, which he in order lays,  
Declaring, by his streaming eyes,  
The parent feels—the saint obeys.

Thus far the work of faith is done ;

    Yet Isaac still no lamb can see :  
But lo ! the sire arrests his son,  
    And binds his hands immediately.

This fills the son with strange surprise ;

    Such treatment he has never known :  
But still, no wrath inflames his eyes ;  
    Their language is, “ God’s will be done.”

Because ’tis *His*, it shall be done,  
    The aged saint appears to say ;  
And on the altar lays his son,  
    And grasps the knife this son to slay.

Yes, now, to take his Isaac’s life,  
    That arm which oft has succour given,  
Extended, holds the deadly knife :  
    But, hark ! an angel calls from heaven—

“ Abraham ! Abraham ! forbear !—  
    Slay not the lad, but set him free ;  
For now, I know, thou God dost fear,  
    Nor hast withheld thy son from ME.

As thou hast *not* thy son *withheld*,  
    Thy offspring numerous shall be,  
As stars, with which the heaven is fill’d ;  
    As sands, left by the ebbing sea.”

He sheaths the knife—unties the cord—  
    Receives his son as from the dead ;  
Exulting in his gracious Lord,  
    Believing all that He had said.

But ere Moriah's mount he leaves,  
 Where he has matchless faith displayed ;  
*A ram*, entangled, he perceives,  
 And offers it in Isaac's stead.

*We*, too, by cords of sin were bound ;  
 God's sword was drawn—the fire prepared ;  
 But lo ! God's *lamb*,—His *son* was found,—  
 Died in our stead, and we are spared.

ABRAHAM'S *faith* we may possess ;  
 And ISAAC'S *resignation* too ;  
 Our God the same,—the same His grace,  
 Through JESUS we can all things do.

---

## 18 ABRAHAM AND LOT, OR STRIFE AND KINDNESS.

THE flocks of Abraham, and Lot,  
 Together fed till pasture failed ;  
 But tidings then to them were brought,  
 That strife among their men prevailed.

But Abraham, who might have claimed  
 The pasture for *his* flocks alone,  
 Was not with *wrath*, nor *strife* inflamed,  
 Nor said, “ I'll have it—'tis my own.”

From pride, self-will, and anger free,  
 He spake to Lot—in kindest words :  
 “ Be there no strife 'twixt thee and me,—  
 Nor those who tend our flocks and herds.

“ The Canaanite—who near us lives,  
 Would know our strife, and justly blame ;  
 For we are brethren—relatives—  
 Our *kindred*—*country*—God the same.

“ Surely this ought not, need not be ;  
 We can—we must—we will have *peace* ;  
 Though *here* we find a scarcity  
 Of pasturage, this strife shall cease.

“ The land is all before thee,—choose  
 The left, or right, as pleases thee :  
 Nor right, nor left, will *I* refuse ;  
 Either, with *peace*, will do for me.”

This friendly counsel Lot approved,  
 And choosed Jordan’s fertile plain :  
 There he, his flocks and herds removed,  
 And *peace*, and *plenty*, reign’d again.

Let SERVANTS *faithfully* maintain,  
 In civil words, their master’s right :—  
 Of gross injustice prompt complain,  
 But never strive, and much less fight.

Let RELATIVES beware of strife,  
 Lest they should find it FRIENDSHIP’S *knell* ;—  
 Yea—it may end in loss of life,  
 And send their wrathful souls to Hell.

When *men* of *peace* give you your choice,  
 And offer what they might retain ;  
 Then hearken unto *honour*’s voice,  
 And ne’er contract a *selfish* stain.

Lot chose the best, and soon he lost  
His flocks, and herds, and liberty ;  
The selfish do so, to their cost—  
They find it tends to penury.

---

## 19 JACOB DECEIVES HIS FATHER, AND DEFRAUDS HIS BROTHER.

WHEN aged Isaac's health declined,  
And he became infirm and blind,  
He call'd to him his eldest son,  
And thus in converse he begun !

“ My son—I'm old, and do not know,  
How few may be my days below ;  
Therefore, to thee, without delay,  
My blessing I would now convey.

“ Now go, procure me savoury meat,  
Such as I love, that I may eat ;  
And I will then my blessing give  
To thee, ere I shall cease to live.”

Esau approv'd, then went and sought  
For venison, but little thought  
That Jacob would the blessing gain,  
And render all his efforts vain.

Rebekah heard what Isaac said,  
And, by undue attachment led,  
The whole to Jacob she made known,  
Because he was her favourite son.

A wicked plan she then declared  
 To him, which he approved, yet feared  
 His father would the *cheat* perceive,  
 And then his *dying curse* would give.

Rebekah said, “ My son, on *me*  
 If he should curse, his curse shall be :  
 Fetch me two kids : ” Jacob obeyed,  
 And savoury meat of these she made.

In haste she then her *favourite* dress’d  
 In Esau’s sabbath scented vest ;  
 His hands, and neck, with skins arrayed,  
 Then gave to him the food she made.

Resolved her counsel to obey,  
 He entered where his father lay,—  
 Approach’d the bed, with savoury meat,  
 And bade his father rise, and eat.

“ My son,—who art thou ? ” Isaac cried :  
 “ Esau, thy first-born,” he replied ;  
 “ I’ve brought the venison to thee,  
 Eat, and thy blessing give to me.”

The father ask’d, in accents kind,  
 “ How didst thou this *so quickly find* ? ”  
 “ Because the Lord thy God,” said he,  
 “ Has brought what thou desir’dst to me.”

As aged Isaac could not *see*,  
 He said, “ My son come near to me,  
 That I may *feel* thee, for I fear,  
 It is *not* ESAU’s voice I *hear*. ”

The *son* complies—he *must* do so :—  
The *sire* examines—truth to know ;  
And cries, while Jacob listening stands,  
“ ‘Tis JACOB’s *voice*—but ESAU’s *hands*.

“ Now, speak the truth—chase doubt away—  
Art thou my *very* ESAU ?—say.”  
“ *I am*,” he said—his sire believed,  
And then the savoury meat received.

Refreshed,—His blessing he conferr’d  
By prayer to heaven, where he was heard,—  
“ With corn, and wine, thy barns be stored,  
And o’er thy brethren be thou *Lord*.”

Soon Esau came, but came too late ;  
His sorrow and his wrath were great ;  
And Jacob was obliged to flee  
From home, for his iniquity.

Here we, in Jacob’s conduct, see  
Deceit, and fraud,—but are *we* free  
Whoever *teaches* these, are *foes*,  
Whoe’er *complies*, *no quiet* knows.

---

## 20 ESAU AND JACOB RECONCILED.

WHEN Jacob was approaching Seir,  
His past transgressions made him fear,  
That Esau’s wrath might still remain,—  
Himself, and family be slain.

One prudent method Jacob sees,  
His brother's anger to appease ;—  
To let him know his vast increase,  
His reverence,—and wish for peace.

The messengers returned, and said,  
“ Thy words to Esau we conveyed :  
He cometh with four hundred men : ”  
Then Jacob's fears arose again.

He soon betook himself to prayer,  
And cast on God his anxious care ;  
Deliverance ask'd—a blessing claimed—  
Prevailed—and then was *Israel* named.

A princely present Jacob sent  
To Esau, with this wise intent,  
Wrath from his bosom to remove,  
And stir the embers of his love.

Soon as the brethren came in sight,  
They felt fraternal love unite ;  
The full obeisance Jacob made,  
Which Esau's love as prompt repaid :—

For Esau could no longer wait,  
For measured step, and princely gait,  
But ran, embraced, kiss'd, wept, and proved,  
With joy, how much he was beloved.

Their hearts too full of love, and joy,  
To speak—they gaze, and tears employ,  
To tell the bliss which each possessed,  
Bliss, to be felt—but not expressed.

Deceit, and fraud, will discord bring,  
And plant in their abode a sting,  
By conscience felt, declared by fears—  
In Jacob after *twenty* years.

No change of place—no length of time—  
Nor growing riches, where there's crime,  
Can give the sinner's conscience peace,  
Nor cause his guilty fears to cease.

Those who transgress, or give offence,  
Should pardon seek in penitence ;  
Assured, until it be obtained,  
No rest from guilt—no peace is gained.

Where discord reigns, let those who gave  
*The first offence* be *first* to *crave*  
Forgiveness, or oblivion's aid,  
To heal the breach *their* wrongs have made.

Those who, like *Jacob*, would succeed,  
Should humbly for God's blessing plead :—  
For grace, which gives one heart and mind,  
Uniting those whom strife disjoined.

*This grace be yours* who have been grieved,  
Or filled with wrath at wrongs received ;  
Like Esau blest in pardoning those,  
Who injured you without a cause.

## 21

## JOSEPH

ENVIED, HATED, AND SOLD, BY HIS BRETHREN.

WHEN Jacob was stricken in years,  
He doated on Joseph his son ;  
For though he had *twelve*, it appears,  
His life was wrapt up in this *one*.

He gave to this *favourite* a coat,  
With *numerous* colours quite gay ;  
Yet *more* were the strifes which it brought,  
And peace left his dwelling that day.

But when Joseph told what he dream'd,  
He was by his brethren abhorr'd :  
For if 'twere predictive, it seem'd  
This *favourite* would reign as their Lord.

When, sent by his sire, he enquired,  
If they, and their flocks, were all well :  
To slay him they quickly conspired,  
Resolved a gross falsehood to tell.

But Reuben, less cruel, it seems,  
Refused with their wish to comply :  
He loved not the coat, nor the dreams :  
Yet thought Joseph ought not to die.

Soon Joseph was stripp'd of his coat,  
And cast in a pit which was near,  
As Reuben desired, for he thought,  
He shortly could take him from there.

This done, Reuben left ; and the rest  
Sat down and began to eat bread :  
While Joseph was greatly distress'd,  
And thought of the future with dread.

But, raising their eyes from their food,  
These wretches some merchants behold :  
And Judah, averse to shed blood,  
Said, “ Joseph to these might be *sold* ;  
“ For were his *blood shed*, and conceal'd,  
*Our BROTHER'S!*—how base is the deed :  
What profit to us could it yield ?  
Come, sell him !”—To this they agreed.

In haste from the pit he was raised,  
And *sold*, though for pity he prayed :  
Unmoved on his anguish they gazed,  
And he was to Egypt conveyed.

When Reuben return'd,—how distress'd,  
On finding that Joseph was gone :  
Yet soon, he agreed with the rest,  
To cover the deed they had done.

The coat which their brother had worn,  
Dipp'd in blood they to Jacob convey'd :  
“ ‘ Tis his,” he exclaim'd !—“ He is torn  
By some beast !—My Joseph is dead !”

Then straightway his garments he rent,—  
Wore sackcloth,—his anguish was deep ;  
And cherish'd the grief he gave vent,  
That he might continue to weep.

His children to comfort him tried ;  
 “ Forbear ! ”—was the parent’s reply ;  
 “ As Joseph, my son, has thus died,  
 I’ll cease not to mourn till I die ! ”

The coat which he foolishly gave,  
 Though *he* might the colours admire,—  
 Soon made the young *favourite* a slave,  
 And clothed in sackcloth the sire.

How little have *favourites* to boast,  
 When partial respect they receive ;  
 For then they are hated by most,  
 With whom they as *equals* should live.

When some a few honours possess,  
 They dream they more radiant shall shine :  
 With all this may not be the case ;—  
 Perhaps Joseph’s dreams were *divine*.

But *envy*,—how blind,—and how base !—  
 Such know not, nor spare they their friends ;—  
 It plunges its slave in disgrace ;—  
 To endless perdition it tends.\*

## 22 THE BIRTH OF MOSES.

How good, and great, some men have prov’d,  
 Although of *lowly* birth—  
 Have soon in higher circles mov’d,  
 Sustain’d, by moral worth.

\* See “THE FAVOURITE HUMBLED AND EXALTED; A HISTORY OF JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,” IN VERSE, by John Bustard. Sold by Mason, 14, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

God's *providence* e'er findeth ways,  
In *spring*—or *stream*—or *tide*,  
The *objects* of its *care* to raise,  
Though *proud ones* may deride.

When "MEN OF EARTH" enslave—oppress—  
And grind their *fellow*s here ;—  
When PHAROAH riots in success,  
A MOSES may be near,—

Just born—"a *goodly child*,"—and thought  
*Heaven's* offspring, and their own  
By parents, who resolv'd, and sought,  
To keep his birth unknown.—

Unknown ! "A MOTHER'S *joy* !" Say, why  
Not publish'd through the land ?  
"The Hebrew's infant sons shall die,"  
Was PHAROAH's vile command.

*Three months* increas'd the infant's charms,—  
The parents' love and joy ;  
Till *joy* was mix'd with *fear's* alarms,  
*They yet might lose their boy* :

For him they could no longer hide,  
Though not betray'd, tis true :  
But the judicious mother tried  
What *wit*—*work*—*prayer*, could do.

Within an *ark*, made waterproof,  
She laid her infant son,  
With room to *breathe* beneath its roof,  
Which she, with *care*, put on.

She knew the vessel would *not sink*,  
Yet wish'd it *not to sail* ;  
Then took it to the *river's brink*,  
Nor let her courage fail,

But 'mid the flags, found growing there,  
She laid—and left it, too :  
Then hastened home, with fervent pray'r,  
That God would bring her through.

She told her *daughter where to go*,  
And stand—and wait—and see,  
Her brother's fate—in *deadly blow*,—  
Or, *kind philanthropy*.

But, why all this? *Perhaps* she knew  
A bathing place was near ;  
So placed the ark within the view  
Of those who would go there :

Yea, knew that PHAROAH'S *daughter* came  
With maidens to the place,  
And hoped by this, her *special aim*,  
To find *especial grace*.

How hope in *one* whose tyrant *sire*,  
Would *crush* the *Hebrew race*?—  
Whose *heart* was *stone*,—whose *wrath* was *fire*,  
A MOLECH in the place ?

The PRINCESS might be *wont* to show  
Great tenderness of heart ;—  
That while her *tongue* sooth'd *human woe*,  
Her *hands* made *want* depart.

Wise, daring *mother*—*goodly child* !  
‘Twas well ye were akin,  
To plan,—to save : a FOE, thus foil’d—  
A SAVIOUR, thus brought in.

The *princess*, and her train, drew near,  
And saw, with some amaze,  
The ARK—*desir’d it—show’d no fear*,  
In modern squeamish, ways.

*None says*, while on the brink she stands,  
“ The rampart *flags* oppose :”  
Nor that, “ The *pitch* will soil my hands :”  
Nor—“ I shall wet my clothes.”

The ARK was *seiz’d*, and brought to land,  
And open’d without fears ;—  
All—*WONDERING what* would come to hand,  
“ Beheld—a *Babe in tears*.”

It gaz’d,—and look’d around,—and saw  
Its *mother* was not there,  
Whose nectar he desir’d to draw ;  
And “ *wept*”—from thirst and fear.

The princess mus’d—felt—yearn’d—and smil’d,  
When *love* the victory won,  
And said, “ This is an HEBREW’S *child* :—  
*Henceforth*, he is MY *son* ! ”

His sister saw,—and ran,—and heard  
With rapture, the decree ;  
Nor felt by ROYALTY deterr’d,  
As *bashful* ones would be :

But from her *love*, or *charge*, display'd  
 The promptest policy,  
 And to the gracious princess said,  
 " Shall I go call to thee

An *Hebrew* woman *nurse*, that she  
 May take *it* to her home,  
 And nurse the child, with care, for *thee*,  
 Through months,—or years, to come?"

" Go!"—said the princess. Then, in haste,  
 And glee, the girl ran home,  
 And told her mother not to waste  
 A moment, but to come :—

" The princess calls the child—*HER son* ;  
 For *thee*, as *nurse*, doth *wait* ;  
 Still *faster* walk, and I will *run*,  
 Lest we should be too late."

Light steps they quickly take with joy,  
 And meet the princess there,  
 Whose *arms* sustain the lovely boy,—  
 Whose *voice* dispels his fear.

The *excited* MOTHER breathless stands,  
 To learn her gracious will,  
 Anticipating her commands.  
 And anxious to fulfil.

The princess, with celerity,  
 Desiring no delay,  
 Said " *Take this child—nurse it for ME :*  
*I will thy wages pay.*"

Th' obeisant mother prompt receiv'd  
 Again, her peril'd boy ;  
 In whose *adoption* she believ'd,  
 And knew none dare destroy.

*Joy* rose to *rapture* as she cross'd  
 The threshold of her door :  
 So blest—so full—so rich—nought lost—  
*Her all upon the floor.*

Well nurs'd,—fed,—clothed,—and taught,—he  
 grew  
 In stature,—knowledge,—grace ;  
 And was (if sage belief be true)  
*A model in the place.*

When in *life's spring*, these buds of bloom—  
*(Right principles)* were set,  
 His mother thought of days to come,  
 And *higher culture* yet :—

That were he at the *court*, and taught  
 By learned tutors there,—  
 The knowledge of the *Ancients* sought,—  
*The Modern's* cull'd with care ;—

If he consorted with the great,  
 And noble habits gain'd  
 'T would fit him for the *kingly state*,  
 Were *that*, by him, attain'd.

She felt the weight of thoughts like these,  
 As *means* to such an *end* :  
 And while she felt their unction please  
 Would *share* it with their FRIEND,

THE ROYAL PRINCESS. Well she might !  
 How much to *her* was due !  
*Adopting love gave her a right—*  
*She was his MOTHER too.*

Then in the *real* mother rose  
 A *thought*,—with *sigh*,—and *tear* :  
 “To PHAROAH’s *dazzling* court he goes—  
 But leaves us *gloomy* HERE.”

Her thought, and sigh, and tear, though true  
 To Nature, died of *shame*,  
 On hearing honour’s voice ;—she knew  
 This led to *brightest* FAME.

Resolved to *go*—as meet, and right,  
 The *deed* was promptly done :  
 The *princess* view’d him with delight,  
 And said, “THOU ART MY SON.”

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## 23 MOSES REFUSED TO BE CALLED THE SON OF PHAROAH’S DAUGHTER.

WHEN *humble* men are “*set on high*,”  
 And daily grow in grace ;  
 They *keep* their STAFF, and SANDALS, nigh,  
 Prepared to *quit* their place.

And well they may :—*below* the skies,  
*Uncertainty* prevails ;—  
*Untoward* circumstances rise ;—  
 And *human wisdom* fails.

Oft men, *perverse*, and *wrathful*, too,  
 Despise the least control ;  
 And, reckless of the ills *they* do,  
 Charge *others* with the *whole*,

*Soon* those who *love* and *serve* the *LORD*,  
 May suffer for His *name* ;—  
 May be *oppress'd*—*accurs'd*—*abhor'd* ;—  
 Be put to *open shame*,

And *need* a *Friend*, who nobly dare,  
 Come forth, join, lead, and guide  
 The *suffering band*, and with them share,  
 The *perils* which betide.

Thus *once* it was :—When “*set on high*,”  
 And looking for a crown,  
*Meek* Moses heard his brethren’s cry,  
 And to their help came down.

How great the *sacrifice* he made,  
 To aid his suffering race !  
 What *moral courage* he display’d  
 Through *faith*, in God’s rich grace.

For *mental conflicts* had prevail’d,  
 Within his noble breast :  
*EARTH*’s *glories*, with their *charms*, assail’d,  
 And by their *claims* distress’d.

Yes ! “*SINFUL PLEASURES*” cried, “*Delay* ;  
 Our *season’s just begun* :  
 Accept—enjoy—and with us stay ;—  
 LIFE’s *course* has *far* to run.”

But *Reason, Knowledge, Conscience* came  
 With *Truth's* convincing light :  
 By *these EARTH'S gadding group*, with shame,  
 Ere long, were put to flight.

Yet—how could *Moses* *hear his name*,  
 And from the court depart,  
 As *SHE* who *gave it* had *a claim*,  
 Which, doubtless, *wrung his heart*.

*He owed her much*—and yet—'twas *less*  
 Than *she*—her *sire*—and *race*—  
 Were *owing his*, whose sore distress,  
 Made him *resign his place*.

*How could he keep it*, while he saw  
 Still heavier tasks impos'd ;  
*His BRETHREN, writhing* in their woe,—  
 Some *dying*—ere it clos'd.

*He heard them cry to Heav'n* for aid,  
 With *less of hope than fear* :  
*God bade him help them* :—he obey'd,  
 And brought deliv'rance near.

But ah !—in him, they would not see  
 The *saviour* they desir'd ;  
*But through perverseness*, made him flee :—  
 To *MIDIAN* he retired.

*His EARTHLY bliss seem'd Vanity* ;—  
 He,—by himself, undone ;  
*When thus, by FAITH*, he *ceas'd* to be,  
*KING PHAROAH'S DAUGHTER'S Son*.

## 24 ISRAEL DELIVERED.—PHAROAH AND HIS HOST DESTROYED.

PHAROAH, with his great host, pursued  
The Israel of God ;  
Resolv'd, their tasks, should be renewed  
Beneath his iron rod.

With *fear* they saw his hosts appear,  
And thus to Moses cried,  
“Ah why from Egypt bring us *here* ?  
As *there* we might have died.”

Moses replied, “ Ye need not fear ;  
Stand still, and ye shall see  
Your proud oppressors disappear ;  
For God will make you free.”

Then Moses, at the Lord's command,  
Lifts up the wond'rous rod ;  
The Sea divides,—the waters stand,—  
As walls, upheld by God.

Rearward their wond'rous pillar moved,—  
Threw darkness round the foe,—  
Illumin'd Israel's path,—and proved  
A guide,—their way to show.

They now descend, and enter where  
Proud waters reign'd before :  
With hope, and fear, and joy, and prayer,  
They reach the further shore.

Pharoah pursues—but ah, in *vain*,  
*He treads where Israel trod* ;  
Nor can the unequal war maintain—  
A war with Israel's God.

The Lord takes off his chariot wheels,  
And heavily he drives,  
Until the o'erwhelming flood he feels :—  
Of all—not one survives.

Thus Pharoah found a watery grave,  
For God will such abase ;  
Thus did the Lord his Israel save,  
And Israel sang his praise.

Though God, in seasons past, display'd  
His wisdom, power, and love ;  
When foes appear, we are afraid,  
They will victorious prove.

'Tis then our abject soul declares  
Our former slavery,  
More *easy* than our present fears  
Of trials, which we see.

We then of *ministers* complain,  
As though by them deceiv'd ;—  
Conclude their promises are vain ;—  
And should not be believ'd.

Their knowledge, love, and faith appear ;  
Instructed by the Lord,  
They say, “ Stand still—see Jesus near—  
He will fulfil His word.”

Convinc'd, asham'd, encourag'd too,  
We willingly obey ;  
And feel that we can all things do,  
When Jesus makes a way.

*Fear*, magnifies the *ill* it sees,  
Beyond the power of grace ;  
*Faith*, conquers with the greatest ease,  
And *Love* presents the *praise*.

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## 25 IDOLATRY.—THE GOLDEN CALF WORSHIPPED.

WHEN God, from Sinai gave the Law,  
His name, and will, He then made known ;  
And by His *first* command did show  
He is, and will be, God alone.

No other God did Israel need,  
For HE could to the utmost save ;  
As when from Egypt they were freed,  
And Pharoah found a watery grave :

Ungrateful Israel disobey'd  
Their God, whose arm salvation gave :  
A god—a calf of gold, they made,  
And cried, “ These are the gods which save.”

The wrath of God against them rose ;  
His hand was lifted to chastise ;  
But Moses pleads,—God mercy shows  
To some,—but, ah ! three thousand dies.

*Now—in our glorious gospel day,  
This sin prevails in heathen climes ;  
Heathens, to idols, homage pay,  
And perpetrate the basest crimes.*

*Like Moses we, for them, should pray,  
That gospel light on them may shine ;—  
Their idol gods be cast away ;—  
Their hearts renewed by grace divine.*

*But wilt Thou, Lord, regard my prayer  
For them, if idols reign in me ?  
Or wilt thou not, in wrath declare,  
That I shall not thy glory see ?*

*Illume my understanding Lord,  
And from my conscience guilt remove ;  
Let my affections be restored  
To Thee, Jehovah, God of love.*

## 26 BLASPHEMY.—SHELOMITH'S SON STONED TO DEATH.

*THE wicked son of Shelomith  
Blasphemed Jehovah's name ;  
And for this crime was put to death,  
By those who heard the same.*

*"There is no God," blasphemers say,—  
" 'Tis all an idle dream ;—  
Or, if there be, we need not pay,  
The least respect to Him."*

They dare to say, "He is unwise,—  
 Has neither power nor love,—  
 That all His promises are lies,  
 And such His threatenings prove."

How wicked, foolish, false, and vain,  
 All these aspersions prove :  
 God does, and will, his right maintain,  
 In *justice* and in *love*.

Let then the bold *blasphemer* fear ;  
 His sin is heard in heaven ;  
 As *such*, he cannot enter there,  
 But must to hell be driven.

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## 27

## THE SPIES.

WHEN *kindness*, with *unkindness*, meets,  
 Yet ceases not to flow ;  
 When *meekness*, still the *wrathful* greets,  
 And *friendliness*, the *foe* ;

When *patience* hears the *murmurer* rave,  
 Itself still kept in peace ;—  
 When *courage* rises in the *brave*,  
 As *coward's* fears increase ;

When *promptitude* no time will lose,  
 And gives *delay* the goad ;—  
 When *perseverance* still pursues,  
 While *faint ones* quit the road ;—

We wonder at them—yet admire,  
The virtues when survey'd :  
But, ah, the vices, must inspire  
*Abhorrence*, when display'd.

In MOSES—JOSHUA—CALEB,—too,  
What excellences shone :  
To them *a nation's praise* was due,  
For public service done.

The mass of men, whom Moses led,  
From EGYPT's tasks, prov'd *vile* ;  
And with rebellion, oft repaid,  
The noble *patriot's* toil.

*Their sons*, whom he to *Jordan* led,  
A vicious likeness bore :  
In heart and life, *these* disobey'd,  
As *those* had done before.

When *twelve* (ONE from each tribe) were sent,  
To search the promis'd land,  
And make a *just* report,—they went  
A various, venturous, band.

Returning home, in *forty* days,  
The tribes would haste to hear :  
*Some* spoke in highest strains of praise ;  
But *some* with chilling fear.

The two who toil'd beneath the load,  
Of cluster'd branch of vine,  
Quite glad to rest,—their trophy show'd,  
As marvellously fine.

*Pomegranates*, too, and *figs* were shown,  
 At which they were amaz'd ;  
 And saw, 'twas not for *grapes* alone,  
 The *land* was so much prais'd.

Some *own'd*, that *milk* and *honey* flow'd,  
 In rich and large supplies ;  
 And then, *discouragingly*, show'd  
 Great hindrances would rise :—

“ The people of the land are strong ;  
 Their cities wall'd and great ;  
 Some to the *giant* race belong,  
 And soon would seal our fate.”

The joyous tribes then ceas'd to smile—  
 Sigh'd, *murmur'd* in a breath,—  
 “ Why with the luscious fruits beguile,  
 While *leading us to DEATH*? ”

*One* of the *twelve*, good CALEB, saw  
 To what such words would tend ;  
 And deem'd it time that he should show  
 Himself, their *valiant* friend.—

A *transient silence* gain'd—he said,  
 “ From *murmuring* refrain ;  
 Nor of the *giants* be afraid ;  
 Nor deem all effort vain.

“ Let us go up *at ONCE*, and fight,  
 And conquer, and possess,  
 The promis'd land : we surely might ;  
 For GOD will give success.”

“ We have not *strength* to meet the foe,”

The *factious* SPIES reply ;

“ If *grasshoppers* could lay them low,

WE then might hope and try.

“ Why tell us that ‘ the LAND is *good*? ’—

And thus deceive, to please :

It does not yield *sufficient food* ;—

Has *blight*—and *fell disease*. ”

HOPE *wither'd* under this address,

Which prov'd a general blight ;

And sent them home in great *distress*,

Which *brooded* through the night,

O'er all the *pleasing* prospect, fled ;—

O'er all the *painful*, seen ;—

How by *deceivers* they were led ;—

The *plight* they *now* were in.

Sad night!—the people wept—and sigh'd—

And cried,—in deep distress,

“ Would God we had in Egypt died !—

Or, in this wilderness ! ”

Those tears *no godly sorrow* show'd ;

Those sighs—*no holy grief* ;

Those prayers—with *vain regrets* o'erflow'd,

And brought them no relief.

DAY dawn'd, they rose, and went, and stood

Before their LEADER's door,

As *mutineers*, in angry mood,

To *force*—and not *implore*.

The *meek* and *holy* BROTHERS, heard  
 Their charge against the Lord,—  
 “As HE, who *once*, for us *appear'd*,  
 Now *leaves* us to the sword ;—

“Our wives and children too, as *prey*,  
 For *enemies* to take ;  
 Why *should* we not, without delay,  
*Another CAPTAIN* make,

“To lead us *back* to EGYPT's toils,  
 So we may have its *shield* ;  
 For what avails a LEADER's *smiles*,  
 Whose forces soon must yield ? ”

*O'erwhelm'd*—with this *apostate* speech,—  
 A NATION'S *fall* from GOD ;  
 The *brethren* knew HIS *arm* could reach,  
 And scourge them with HIS *rod* :—

*Afraid*—His righteous wrath, and power,  
 Would *utterly* destroy  
 The *ingrate* REBELS, in that hour,  
 Who dare such words employ,—

They fell upon their faces, there,  
 And *sigh'd*—and *groan'd*—and *pray'd*,  
 That God would *mercifully* spare,  
 And *pardon* what they said.

Brave *Joshua*, and *Caleb*, shar'd—  
 Their LEADERS' *grief* and *fear* :  
 They rent their clothes, and then declar'd,  
 The *truth*, for all to hear :—

*“ We search’d the land, as well as they,  
And told you it is good ;  
It is—exceeding good—we say,  
And yields abundant food.*

*“ Rebel not !—please the Lord,—and He  
Will give the land to you :  
Your foes FEAR you,—as you will see,  
And find, God’s words are true.”*

Thus TRUTH with *choicest* words—essay’d  
To enlighten—soften—win :  
But *vain* were all the efforts made,  
The rebels hugg’d their sin.

Yea worse !—some bade their *fellows* stone  
The pious few, abhorr’d :  
*Then*,—in the TABERNACLE, shone  
The *glory* of the LORD.

Ah *then*—all knew that HE was *there* ;—  
Had *heard* all they had said ;—  
Had *seen* all they had done, *through fear*,  
And, now,—might strike them dead.

No stone was thrown,—no hand was rais’d,  
No factious voice was heard,—  
Nor captain wish’d,—nor Egypt prais’d,—  
But each his *sentence* fear’d.

The LORD—King—Judge—to Moses said,  
“ How long am I to bear  
This people’s *unbelief*—though led  
By *signs* and *wonders* here ?

“ Now—as they have *rejected* ME,  
I *disinherit* THEM :  
And as they have made light of *thee* ;—  
And *Aaron* too, contemn,

“ *These* by the *pestilence* shall die,  
And thou shalt have, instead,  
*A mightier* nation, to supply  
The place of these when dead.”

Then Moses said “ Ah ! were it so,  
The *Egyptians* soon would hear :  
From *them* the *Canaanites* would know,  
And lose their present fear,—

“ And taunt, ‘ Are *FAVOURITES* *destroy'd*,  
Who had such *glorious signs* ?  
What *cloud*, by *day*, is now enjoy'd ?  
What *fire*, by *night*, now shines ?

“ The *LORD*,—*too weak* to drive us *out*,—  
*Too weak* to bring *THEM in*,—  
Has took the shortest way no doubt,  
And slain them as for sin.’

“ Now, I beseech Thee, *now display*,  
The *greatness* of Thy *NAMES*,  
In *patience*—*mercy*—*power*—this day,  
And vindicate Thy fame.

“ How oft, since we left Egypt's shore,  
Thy *mercy* has been shown :  
And wilt Thou not forgive *once more* ?—  
Destroy not!—nor disown ! ”

God said, “*Already, I forgive,  
According to thy word,  
Except the Ten—they shall not live—  
They have belied the Lord.*

“*The MURMURERS I spare—yet they  
Shall not possess the land :  
Their children—if obedient, may—  
Yea shall,—and own MY HAND.*

But JOSHUA—and CALEB—*two*  
Who show’d a better mind,—  
Who boldly witness’d what was true,  
Shall *special* favour find.

Yes—*they shall live—pass Jordan—see*  
*Strong Jericho o’erthrown :*  
I honour *those* who honour ME—  
*Them—as my jewels, own.”*

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## 28

## JOSHUA.

## THE SERVANT OF MOSES.

IN *conduct, CHARACTER* is seen,  
Not in men’s outward state :  
The *highest NOBLE* may be *mean* ;  
The *lowest SERVANT* *great*.

When *servants* fill their stations well,—  
With *faithfulness* and *zeal* ;  
In *tempers, words, and deeds* excel ;  
Their *mark*, their *MASTER’s weal* ;

Continued effort to improve,  
In *knowledge, wisdom, grace,*  
Acquires for them esteem and love,—  
Prepares for *higher place*,

Which God, and men, who know their worth,  
Desire that they should fill ;  
And, passing by their lowly birth,  
*Promote* them with good-will.

*Thus JOSHUA, the Son of Nun,*  
Serv'd MOSES with good grace :  
Yes—from the day he first begun,  
Till call'd to take his place.

He deem'd not *service SLAVERY*,—  
Nor even *a hard case* ;  
He spouted not—“*EQUALITY !*—  
*In labour !—wealth !—and place !*”

*Esteem, and love and piety,*  
Were *all the bonds* he knew :  
*These* MOSES felt, as well as HE ;  
And *both*, through life, prov'd true.

If, while adoring the SUPREME,  
*Equality* appeared ;  
As *both* were *servants* unto HIM,  
And both, alike revered ;

It *ceas'd* with *worship*,—then each knew,  
His master's—servant's place ;  
Was prompt to yield the homage due,  
To show the approving face.

From loose *familiarity*,  
Which *thoughtless* servants show,  
*Revering JOSHUA* was free :—  
His *love* was mix'd with *awe*.

His *walk* display'd no *stilts* of pride,  
In lofty look—or word :  
He never to his master cried  
“*My brother!*”—but—“*My lord!*”

As Joshua's *integrity*,  
Must to himself be known ;  
A *righteous* self-complacency,  
Would make true peace his own.

HEAV'N's *witness* to his righteousness,  
Would also give him joy,  
And make him happy in his place,  
With master—and employ.

He thought *not*—he had serv'd so long—  
And now was getting old ;—  
That *no advancement* must be wrong :—  
That he must be more bold,—

And claim preferment :—no,—for he  
Was *modest*,—had *good sense*,—  
Had *patience*,—*true humility*,  
And *faith* in PROVIDENCE.

*Time*—no destructive war can wage  
With self—is true to Truth :—  
Plods not with leaden feet of age ;  
Nor flies with wings of youth :—

*Time*—at its *moment's* fulness, came ;  
 And God made known His will ;  
 That Joshua should rise to fame,—  
 His master's place should fill.

No *murmuring* word from Moses fell,  
 When called to resign  
 His post, because he knew so well,  
 The *order* was DIVINE.

And JOSHUA would not display  
 A feign'd humility,  
 In speechless awe,—and spun delay,—  
 And canting strain,—“ Why me ? ”

Brave men dispute not, but obey,  
 Superior's commands :  
 None *perils honour*, with, a “ NAY,”  
 Who *rightly* understands.

So thus these *brave* and *pious* men,  
 Gave up their wills to God ;  
 One almost saw a *sceptre* then,—  
 The other,—“ heard a *rod*.”

No *trickery's* supplanting art,  
 Nor *violence* to force,  
 Obliged a *master* to depart,  
 And with a *servant's* curse.

The servant took, with *peace* and *awe*,  
 What God and man bestow'd :  
 Not fain to rise *above* the Law,  
 He meet *subjection* show'd.

Averse from *mirth*, and *pageantry*,  
 He bow'd before the Lord ;  
 And let the *congregation* see,  
 That he rever'd His word.

*Ordain'd—commission'd—charg'd—endow'd*  
 With honour,—gifts,—and grace ;  
 He stood approv'd—by all allow'd  
 Well suited for the place.

Thus Joshua,—and Moses too,  
 Obey'd the call through grace :  
 The *master*, to the MOUNT, withdrew ;—  
 The *servant* took his place.

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## 29 THE DEATH OF MOSES IN MOUNT NEBO.

How oft, while here, below the skies,  
 The greatest good we see,  
 And covet, as earth's noblest prize,  
 Still mocks its votary.

Attractive—yet illusive too ;  
 When grasp'd, 'tis but a shade :  
 When real—near—and full in view,  
 We find no progress made.

Some *obstacle* we cannot pass ;  
 Or one we must not try :  
 Or life, but short, like flowering grass,  
 We, *ere* to-morrow, DIE.

Or some—forgetting that on God,  
 They e'er depend for breath,  
 Have broke His law—and felt His rod—  
 Have *sinn'd*, THE SIN TO DEATH.

Two “*lied* to God”—and straightway fell,  
 And to their graves were borne :  
 And, yet—alas !—ah !—who can tell,  
 Of ONE of *meekness* shorn ?—

The great—the good—the wise—the brave—  
 Most favour'd of the Lord ;—  
 Who most of all, might Canaan crave,  
 In vain his loss deplor'd.

*What ! Moses* in Mount NEBO *die*,  
 Ere CANAAN was possess'd ?—  
 And but, from Pisgah's top, descry  
 The land,—then sink to rest ?—

*What—Moses die !—ere nature fail,—*  
 While *strength* and *force* remain,—  
 To lead his people—and assail  
 Their foes—and victory gain ?—

*What !—after all his eyes had seen,—*  
 And all his hands had wrought,—  
*Come short,—though Israel's host had been*  
 By him to JORDAN brought ?—

Not enter Canaan ? *Forty years*,  
 It had engross'd his thought ;  
 Accompanied with prayers and tears,  
 While in a land of drought.

What honour seem'd withheld from him !

    What pleasure and delight !

Alas !—it was a mournful theme ;

    Yet,—*doubtless*, it was right.

*Once*—when the rebel people chode,

    His patient meekness fail'd ;—

More feeling for his honour show'd,

    Than God's,—though *more assail'd*.

Ah ! then—God's *holy jealousy*

    Made His displeasure rise ;

He said, “ *YE have not honour'd ME*,

    Before this people's eyes ;

“ *YE*, therefore, shall not bring them in

    To Canaan—tis not meet.”

Thus doom'd, to *earlier death*, through *sin*,

    They murmur'd not at it.

How Moses felt !—Who would not feel,

    When *fondest hopes* prove vain ?

Such, surely, have not hearts of steel,

    But must feel mental pain.

Yet, how annihilate *desire*?—

    And budding hope destroy ?—

How quench *anticipation's fire*,

    Ere it flame out in joy ?

GOD's *sentence* quench'd the kindled fire,

    And blighted hope's fair bloom :

Still, Moses felt a strong desire,

    For a *reversed doom*.

He deem'd this possible,—and said,  
“ Who is there, Lord, like Thee,  
In heav'n, or earth, that has display'd,  
Such power, and sovignty ?

“ Long since, Thou didst *begin*, to show  
Thy mighty hand to me,  
In Egypt,—and didst overthrow  
Our foes, in the Red sea.

“ Now, graciously, *complete* to me  
The work Thou hast begun :  
*Let me cross Jordan—let me see*  
*The goodly Lebanon.*”

The Lord replied,—“ Let this suffice ;  
Nor more repeat thy prayer ;  
From PISGAH—view it, with thine eyes ;—  
Thou shall *not enter there.*”

When Moses knew that he *must die*,  
He show'd undying love  
To Israel, and ask'd supply ;—  
A LEADER, who would prove  
*Wise, just, and brave*,—one they could love—  
In whom they could confide ;  
And not be left, as sheep, to rove,  
When their *old SHEPHERD died.*

The noble patriot—aware,  
His dying day was near,  
Desir'd an answer to his prayer,  
And prov'd himself sincere.

He would not dictate to the Lord :—

“ Appoint my son,—or friend,—  
Or such an one,—whose views accord  
With mine,—*Thy flock* to tend.

He knew *affection* might pervert  
The judgment, from right rule ;—  
And *friendship* choose a man, inert ;—  
*Self-love*,—a plastic tool ;

So left it, to “ The *only WISE*,—  
*ALMIGHTY*,—*GOD of love*,”  
To choose one, from His own supplies,  
Who would efficient prove.

Yet nature’s ties and friendship’s claims,  
None better understood :  
But then—he had far loftier aims,—  
*God’s glory!*—*ISRAEL’s good* !

God chose a man of low estate,  
Whose excellence was rare ;—  
Whose gifts, and grace, were truly great  
And for the flock would care.

Soon as the Lord announc’d His choice,  
“ *Take Joshua, son of Nun*;”  
None more than Moses would rejoice,  
And say, ‘ *Praise God!*—tis done !’

“ *Ordain him*,—yes,—and let him *share*,  
*Thy honour*, till thou die ;  
And for *sole leadership* prepare,  
As that event is nigh.”

O with what pleasure, and delight,  
 Was this command obey'd :  
 It prov'd an interesting sight,—  
 Show'd deep impression made.

The CHARGE which Moses gave to him,  
 Was cheering—tender—clear :—  
 His SONG, a monitory theme,  
 To all the people there.

His FAREWELL words were but a few,  
 Yet weighty, and most meet :—  
 His BLESSING, falling as the dew,  
 Had *love*, and *truth*, in it.

His *blessing* giv'n, awhile he paus'd,—  
 And glanc'd,—then turn'd away,—  
 Too full of love to speak,—and clos'd  
 Their intercourse that day.

*One* interesting object, still  
 Unseen by him, remain'd ;  
 But soon his *feet* obey'd his *will*,  
 And *Pisgah's* summit gain'd.

From thence—as *Canaan* lay in view  
 Of his assisted sight,  
 He found the Lord's description true,  
 And gaz'd—with fond delight.

If *sigh*—or *tear*—rose while he view'd,  
 The *land* he must not share ;  
 It ceas'd, as thoughts of *heav'n* ensued,  
 Assur'd of entrance *there*.

From *Pisgah*—and its prospects too—  
 The Prophet turn'd aside,  
 To *Nebo*,—as requir'd to do,  
 And there—laid down—and died.

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## 30

## JOSHUA,

## THE COMMANDER OF ISRAEL.

INSTALL'D :—no joy—perhaps a *tear*,  
 On Joshua's face appear'd ;  
 His master's memory so dear ;—  
 His deeds—and fame revered.

He would not *slander* HIM to show,  
 How *small* the loss sustained ;  
 Nor *puff* HIMSELF, for all to know,  
 How *much* in him they *gained*.

*Past*—*present*—*future*—all forbad,  
 Mere *superficial* thought,—  
 And noisy mirth,—with trifles glad,—  
 And passions all afloat.

His PREDECESSOR's *piety*,  
 And *government*, had shown,  
 A *peerless* man ! then how could he  
 Surpass them in his own ?

Such thoughts might breed some anxious cares,  
 And soon give root to fears :  
 But GOD, who *calls* to work prepares,  
 And with a *promise* cheers.

'Twas Joshua's happiness to find,  
The *precepts* he received,  
Had *promises* with them entwined,  
As meet to be believed.

He quail'd not,—but the Lord thus said,  
(From every doubt to free)  
" My servant MOSES now is dead ;  
But I will be to THEE,

" Whate'er I was to HIM : my hand  
Shall give thee victory ;  
None, while thou livest, shall withstand ;  
But all submit to thee.

" Arise ! cross Jordan,—and possess  
The land,—my gift to you :—  
Revere the law,—and ne'er transgress,—  
And prove my promise true."

Oh, what could God have promis'd more !--  
Or Joshua do less !—  
God's *wisdom*, *power*, and *love*—a store,  
Ensuring him success.

He had not then to give them *law*,  
And *priests* and *levites* too :  
*These* Moses gave, but still he saw  
*Great perils* to pass through.

But confidence, and courage, rose  
Still higher in his breast :  
With these, he stimulated those  
Whom needless fears distress'd.

Their *penal pains*—with more in view,  
Gave them a willing ear :  
They credited his words as true,  
And cast away their fear.

His words inspir'd a kindred flame,  
Of courage and of zeal ;  
All caught, and felt, and breath'd the same,  
And vow'd to do his will.

Well pleas'd—at length, he gave the word—  
“ To Jordan's bank repair :  
The *priests*, the servants of the Lord,  
In *front*, the ARK shall bear :

“ Then forty thousand, arm'd complete,  
In case our foes appear ;  
And all the residue as meet,  
Shall follow in the *rear*.”

*There*—marshall'd, on its bank they stood,  
And saw the waters swell ;  
Yet knew that they must cross the flood,  
But *how*? ah! who could tell ?

*What ail'd thee JORDAN*, on that day?—  
Who sever'd thee in *twain*?  
Commanding *one*, to pass away?  
The *other*, to remain?—

Wast thou, who stay'd, appall'd by fear?  
Yet mountedst up on high,  
As thy accessions reached there,  
*To leave thy channel dry.*

*What in the priests,—the armed men,—  
The myriads in their rear,—  
That chang'd thy laws, and form, just then ?—  
I see !—the ARK was there !!—*

*And GOD was in the ARK !!! HE will'd  
That thou shouldst cease to flow ;—  
The channel, which thy waters fill'd,  
Should *there*,—a pathway show.*

'Twas done!—they enter'd,—and pass'd  
through,—  
And Ebenezers rear'd,  
In *Canaan*,—yea, in *Jordan* too,  
Whose stream soon reappear'd.

*Important day !—God's hand was seen,  
And Joshua magnified,  
(As Moses had aforetime been,)  
Until the day he died.*

It was—or it might well have been,  
An HALLELUJAH day :—  
That notwithstanding all their sin,  
And sufferings, in the way.

From EGYPT, to the PROMIS'D LAND,  
The Lord had brought them *there*,  
By WONDERS !—with HIS MIGHTY HAND !  
And left no cause for fear.

A thousand groups were form'd at eve,  
To tell their bursting joy :  
The *old*,—and then the *young*, took leave,  
To give their tongues employ.

*Past years*—that morning,—yea *that day*,  
 Would fruitful subjects find ;  
 Till *Sol* withdrew his latest ray,  
 And *sleep* seal'd up the mind.

Day dawn'd—it came—they rose—they stood,  
 Upon the *promis'd* land :  
 But found, though they had cross'd the flood,  
 More conflicts were at hand.

*Then CANAAN* seem'd *no type* of HEAV'N :  
 Its bliss, had some alloy :  
 'Twas more like EARTH, in *sufferings* given  
 To *saints*,—soon after *joy*.

As *these* do not forget the joy ;—  
 Still hope for the reward ;  
 They give their graces full employ,  
 And say not '*This is hard*.'

The *earnest* ISRAEL received  
 In *yesterday's* success,  
 Remain'd,—they therefore still believ'd,  
 They should the *whole* possess.

Assurance cheer'd, and hope sustain'd,  
 And effort clear'd the way,  
 And signal victories were gain'd :  
 They *rarely* lost the day.

But not by HUMAN *might*, alone,  
 Those wond'rous things were wrought :  
 GOD's *finger*—*hand*—or *arm*—were shown,  
 Or *theirs* had come to nought.

'Twas surely thus when JERICHO,  
 With walls both strong, and high,  
 Were raz'd, and with the ground laid low,  
 Accursed—there to lie.

Although a few of Israel fell,  
 And their companions fled  
 From Ai,—their *defeat* to tell,—  
 And *number* of their *dead* :

The *cause* found out, and *purg'd* away,  
 They soon went there again ;  
 And fought till they had won the day ;—  
 Till *every* foe was slain.

Their fame,—as borne on eagles' wings,  
 Made *wily* GIBEAH sue ;  
 And *five* confederated kings,  
 Soon prov'd that *fame* was *true*.

*O matchless day !* when Joshua said,  
 (By heav'n itself inspir'd)  
 "SUN ! MOON ! stand still!"—and they obey'd,  
 As *mortal* man requir'd.

*This* lengthen'd, two-fold day, he gain'd,  
 To satiate his sword ;  
 But more important aid obtain'd  
 For victory, from the Lord.

When Israel's sword had *thousands* slain,  
 Their foes began to flee,  
 But promptly found their efforts vain,  
 As HEAV'NS *artillery*,

In ponderous hail, was then employ'd,  
Which they could not withstand ;  
And *more* were by *its* force destroy'd,  
Than by the sword in hand.

*Two* days in *one*, had been too few,  
*Five* nations to o'erthrow :  
But God prov'd His own promise true,  
By this decisive blow.

No *Amorite* continued there,  
The conflict to maintain :  
Their kings lost courage in despair,  
And *fled*,— and *hid*,—in *vain*.

The tide of Joshua's success,  
Rose *higher*—*onward* flow'd ;  
And made the *Canaanites* confess,  
None could withstand his God.

Such marvellous exploits were done,  
As *Canaan* ne'er had known ;  
For kings, and nations, *thirty-one*,  
In *seven* years were o'erthrown.

*Some* hostile nations still remain'd ;  
Some lands yet unpossess'd ;  
But as enough for all was gain'd,  
They were allowed to rest.

As Joshua found his years increase,  
And strength began to wane,  
God let him then, as *CAPTAIN, cease*,—  
As *GOVERNOR, remain*.

The lands, which they by conquest got,  
Were then, as war was clos'd,  
*Divided to the tribes by lot,*  
Which God himself dispos'd.

Then Joshua, through life's *long eve*,  
Of *seventeen years*, display'd  
Those graces which a fragrance leave,  
When nature is decay'd.

*Thus said*, this champion of the *sword*,  
And of God's LAW as *true* :—  
“ *I, and my house will serve the Lord,*  
*Whatever others do.*”

His *noble resolution*, still  
A holy fragrance sheds,  
Wherever christians' pious zeal,  
The HOLY BIBLE spreads.

His pious, active, useful course,—  
His spotless, deathless fame,  
If *trac'd*, would prove the LORD their *source*,—  
That from His *grace* they came.

No wonder, if His *end* were *peace*,  
Or rather, *holy joy* :  
Glad from earth's turmoil then to cease,  
Exchang'd for heav'n's employ.

**31** THE GIBEONITES.

THE *Gibeonites* afraid  
With Israel to war,  
Deceitfully themselves arrayed,  
And said, " We come from far :  
By us your God is known ;  
We've heard His matchless fame ;  
Kings, cities, nations, He's o'erthrown,  
And we revere His name.

" Now therefore make a league  
With us, in peace to live."  
And they ; through this their vile intrigue,  
Did Israel's pledge receive.  
If Israel had sought  
The counsel of the Lord,  
No peace would they have made, but fought  
And slain them with the sword.

When first *we* grace desired,  
Some passions, which had reigned,  
Deceitfully a league required,  
Which they, alas ! obtained.  
The unwary soul believed,  
No ill could rise from these ;  
But quickly found itself deceived,  
And prov'd them enemies.

Like Israel *we* err'd ;  
Too hasty to decide ;  
But why was not the league deferr'd ?  
From indolence—or pride.

*Pride*—when respect's profess'd,  
 Lets *prudence* go off guard ;  
 And grants her *flatterers* their request—  
 Gives an undue reward.

Jesus can conquest gain  
 O'er every foe within :  
 No carnal temper need remain ;  
 Nor a besetting sin.  
 Lord !—put them to the rout,  
 That grace alone may reign :  
 Speak, Lord—and all shall be thrust out—  
 Speak, and they shall be slain.

O Lord, in mercy save  
 From base *hypocrisy* ;  
 And let us e'er salvation have  
 From weak *credulity*.  
 Such oft have to repent :  
 But let *us* never be  
 Too busy, proud, or indolent,  
 To ask advice of *Thee*.

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### 32 ACHAN—THE ACCURSED THING.

“LET none,” courageous *Joshua* said,  
 “Take of the accursed thing,  
 Lest this our camp a curse be made ;  
 Lest ye sore trouble bring.”

But graceless *Achun*, void of fear,  
    No sooner did behold  
A Babylonish garment there,—  
    Much silver, and some gold,—

Than he desired,—and stole,—and tried  
    To hide them in his tent:  
T'was vain;—for none from God can hide,  
    And soon the *curse* was sent.

Then Joshua surpris'd and griev'd,  
    Beheld his people slain;  
And thought he was by God deceiv'd,  
    And ventured to complain.

The Lord made known how he might tell,  
    Which of them had transgress'd:  
The lot when cast on *Achan* fell,  
    And he his sin confess'd.

Then Israel stoned him till he died,  
    And in his wretched end,  
We see that *avarice* and *pride*,  
    To *theft*, and *death*, will tend.

Whate'er our providential state,  
    We ought to be content;  
Nor covet to be like the great,  
    Lest we too late repent.

Pride always leads to vain desire;  
    This leads to sin and woe:  
Why should we *vanity* require?—  
    Why to *perdition* go?

## 33 CITIES OF REFUGE.

THE law of Moses was Divine,  
Which said “The *murderer* shall die :  
But those who kill, *without design*,  
Should have a place of refuge nigh.”

Our sins have slain God’s only son ;  
Have drove the nails, and thrust the spear,  
And *oft, designedly*, were done,  
Without remorse,—or shame,— or fear.

For vengeance Jesu’s blood might cry ;  
Our death, this moment might take place ;  
But O what love !—here’s refuge nigh,—  
A Saviour’s arms,—a throne of grace.

*Sinner!*—to *thee* His grace is shown,  
But, if thou wilt thy crimes repeat,  
Justice pursues, to cut thee down,  
And hell is mov’d beneath thy feet.

Ye *triflers*!—who for refuge cry,  
But *loiter*, when you ought to flee,  
The avenger’s near,—and ye may die ;—  
Flee !—lest ye die eternally.

Ye *mourners*,—who for *refuge* flee,  
Yet do not, dare not, yet believe ;  
Dismiss your fears, and you will see  
A Saviour—waiting to receive.

Ye *refugees*,—abide in Him,  
By living faith, which works by love :  
*Salvation*, then, shall be your theme,  
On earth below,—in heaven above.

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### 34 YOUNG SAMUEL—EARLY PIETY.

How greatly blest those children are,  
Whose parents serve the Lord ;  
For they are given to Him in prayer,  
And taught to love His word.

Thus *Samuel*, when but a child,  
Was to the temple brought :  
The Lord on his young servant smil'd,  
And gave the blessing sought.

What *principles*, or *seeds* of grace,  
His tender heart received,  
While dwelling in the holy place,  
Where he with *Eli* liv'd.

God *call'd* him, when retired to rest ;  
He rose, and ran to see,  
What service *Eli* might request,  
And said, “Thou *calledst* me.”

“ I did not call thee,” *Eli* said,  
“ My son, lie down again.”  
In thoughtful silence he obey'd,  
Where he before had lain.

*Thrice call'd—by Eli taught—he cried,  
“ Speak, LORD ! I wait to hear :”  
The Lord, in awful words, replied,  
Designed for *Eli's* ear.*

*Not proudly forward to relate,  
What must not be concealed,  
He chose, for *Eli's* charge, to wait,  
And *then*, the whole revealed.*

*His ready ear, and willing mind,  
To wisdom's voice and ways,  
Gave strength to virtues, which we find,  
He practis'd all his days.*

*In stature, knowledge, grace, he grew,—  
Was as a prophet known,—  
As one, whose every word was true,—  
Whose life, illustrious shone.*

*Jesus, in mercy, hear *my* prayer ;  
I, too, would worship Thee ;  
Save me from every sinful snare,—  
Give *early* piety.*

*Speak Lord, to *me*, I wait to hear  
Thy voice, and know Thy will,  
That I may serve, with filial fear,  
And all Thy law fulfil.*

## 35

## SAUL.

WHEN God, the Great Supreme, was King,  
 In *Israel* alone ;  
 Of His great goodness they could sing,  
 And make His praises known.

While *ruling* thus in *equity*,  
 As He must ever do ;  
 They ask'd a king, their eyes might see,  
 As judge, and captain, too.

The *first* was SAUL, a *Benjamite*,  
 Who though his tribe was small,  
 Excell'd all Israel in *height*,  
 And *comeliness* withal.

'Twas while he sought, with *duteous care*,  
 The *beasts*, his sire, had lost ;  
 He found an introduction where  
 Good Samuel was his host.

Surpris'd !—he ask'd, with modest mien,  
 “ *Why such regard for me ?—*  
*My TRIBE*, has e'er the *smallest* been !—  
 The *least*,—*my FAMILY* ! ”

To him was given the *highest* place,  
 And *choicest* joint of meat :  
*So honour'd*,—yet he could not trace,  
 In these the *coming* treat.

But soon he *knew*, and soon 'twas *his*,  
 Though *privately* bestow'd ;—  
 “Anointing oil—approving kiss—  
 As *Israel's* KING avow'd.”

Saul might have ask'd, “Am I awake ?—  
 Or, is it but, a dream ?  
 If not,—I am *unfit* to take  
 A sceptre, as supreme.

“And then—how can I e'er believe,  
 GOD *wills* it—or *approves* ?  
 Or, that the PEOPLE will receive,  
 One who so *lowly* moves.”

The *prophet*, free from doubt, desir'd  
 That *Saul* should be so too ;  
 And gave *three* signs, though not requir'd,  
 And all of them prov'd true.

The *third* was *greatest* of the three :—  
 The *spirit* *Saul* receiv'd,  
 And power to *prophesy*, which he  
 Employ'd—and then believ'd.

HIMSELF *surpris'd*—his NEIGHBOURS *more*,  
 Would think his conduct strange ;  
 For they, who knew him well, before,  
 Expected no such change.

'Twas *then*, as *now*—the *new thing* spread,  
 Like lightning through the place :  
 Less rapid news, when *one* is *dead*,  
 Than when a man finds *grace*.

'Twas soon explain'd—the prophet thought  
 The people ought to know  
 That God *would* grant a king, and sought  
 His gracious will to show.

He bade the tribes to MIZPAH go,  
 And stand before the LORD ;  
 That they might see, and hear, and know,  
 By lot,—His *will* and *word*.

They went—the lots were cast, and show'd  
 That SAUL the *crown* should wear :  
 The tribes to that decision bow'd,  
 And sought to *greet* him there.

*Before* SAUL's name as king, was drawn,  
 He had himself conceal'd :  
 Nor could *his hiding place* be known,  
 Until by God reveal'd.

*There* found, brought forth, approv'd, *proclaim'd*,  
 They made the valley ring ;  
 For no one *felt*, or *seem'd* asham'd,  
 To cry, “ GOD SAVE THE KING.”

*God* would have *saved* SAUL, had he  
 Both lov'd, and kept his word,—  
 Had govern'd *men* with *equity*,—  
 And *fully serv'd* the LORD.

Inspir'd with courage, zeal, and might,  
 When *cruel* NAHASH came  
 To *Jabesh Gilead*, to fight ;  
 SAUL cover'd him with shame.

*Successful KING!—but soon a SLAVE*  
To his own evil heart,  
Which foolishly a shelter gave  
To *foes*, who made him smart.

A *wretched CABINET* were these,  
Of *ministers* to him,  
Who *counsell'd* him, *themselves* to please,  
By measures—oft extreme.

Led *captive* by them, at their will,  
He *sinn'd* against the *LORD*,  
And his *best friends*, who lov'd him still,  
When *meet* to be *abhorrd*.

Yes, *oft*, his *mean suspicions*, rose  
Against his *friends* in *deed* ;  
Regarding *them* as *real foes*,  
In times of greatest need.

*Doubtful, impatient, and profane,*  
A *poor excuse* he made  
At *Gilgal*, when the prophet came,  
For whom he should have stay'd.

The *prophet* saw what *SAUL* had done,—  
Reprov'd his folly there,  
For flagrant disobedience shown,  
As *void of love, or fear*.

“ From *thee* and *thine*,” he further said,  
“ The crown shall be removed  
To *one* whom God has captain made,  
A man—by *Him* belov'd.”

*Reproof sank not within his soul ;  
No tears of sorrow flow'd :  
At Michmash, he forgot the whole,  
And greater vileness show'd.*

*His wayward, rash, inhuman heart,  
Insatiate there for blood,  
Curs'd such as dare, ere eve, depart,  
Though but to taste of food.*

*SAUL's fainting army was distress'd,  
That day, from want of food :  
But one, unwittingly, transgress'd,  
And felt his strength renew'd.*

*'Twas JONATHAN !—the sov'reign's son—  
Who, that day, led the van ;—  
Through whom the victory was won ;—  
Alas !—he was the man.*

*" And must I die ? "—The SIRE said, " Yes !—  
Thou, Jonathan, shalt die : "  
Then swore again, (what wickedness !)  
To prove he would not lie.*

The people said, " And shall HE die,  
Who hath salvation brought ? "  
" No !—No ! "—became the general cry,  
" For HE with GOD hath wrought."

The PUBLIC will, and power, thus threw  
O'er Jonathan their shield ;  
From which, the heartless SIRE soon knew,  
He must forbear—must yield.

But, ah!—in *future* life, he show'd  
His *evil heart* supplied  
A stream of wickedness, which flow'd,  
And ceas'd not, till he died.

Requir'd, with *Amalek* to fight,  
And utterly to slay  
Both man and beast, he dar'd to slight  
God's will, for his own way.

The *faithful* prophet, quickly came,  
To sinning Saul, again,  
Who, *meanly quibbling*, threw the *blame*,  
On his devoted men.

His *avarice*—*hypocrisy*—  
And *shiftiness*—were vain;  
As, in his *sentence*, he would see,—  
“A *neighbour* soon would reign.”

To DAVID—whom he should have lov'd  
As *relative*, and *friend*,  
The *jealous, murd'rous ingrate*, prov'd  
His *hatred* had no end.

Abandon'd both by God and man,  
He *hellish WITCHCRAFT* tried;  
To learn the *morrow's smile, or ban*,  
And on the *morrow* died.

## 36

## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

SEE great Goliath ! how he stalks !  
 In front of Israel's host  
 For forty days, and proudly talks,  
 And proves—that he can *boast.*

His *stature*, and his *strength*, were great ;  
 Unequall'd in the field :  
 His *armour* was of pond'rous weight,  
 Beside sword—spear—and shield.

His *face*,—which *never blush'd*, could blaze ;—  
 With *brazen* armour *vie* :  
 His *tongue*, could impious threat'nings raise,  
 And Israel's God defy.

With *eyes*, fierce, savage, and inflam'd,  
 With wrathful lust for blood ;  
 He made the Israelites asham'd,  
 While he *unanswer'd* stood.

As no one dare, as yet, come forth,  
 And Israel's cause defend,  
 He deem'd *their* warfare little worth,—  
 The *strife* as near its end.

The Israelites felt sore dismay,—  
 Could no deliverer see ;  
 And they, though standing there at bay,  
 Durst neither fight, nor flee.

At length, the stripling David came ;  
A ruddy, lovely youth ;  
*Courageous*,—though *untold* by FAME,  
But not denied by TRUTH.

No *massive* armour made him *groan* ;  
Nor made his footsteps *slow* ;  
But yet, he bore a staff,—sling,—stone ;  
To lay the giant low.

With *these*,—and *faith*, in God most high,  
What courage he display'd,  
And sallied forth. The foe, when nigh,  
*Contemptuously* said—

“ *Am I a dog !*—that *thou* hast brought,  
*That STAFF*—to kill me here ;  
And hast not yet bestow'd a thought,  
On thy *own* death—*so* near ?

“ *What thou !*—who art no man of war,  
Which I, from youth have been ?—  
What thou !—who never left a scar,—  
Hast not a battle *seen* ?

“ Behold my *height*—my armour *wield*—  
This helmet—coat of mail—  
My greaves, and target—spear and shield,  
*Presumptuous YOUTH*, and *quail* !

“ Fit object of my just disdain !  
Why *soil* my sword with *thee* ?—  
I *curse* thee by my gods !—and fain  
The *withering* blast would see !—

“ But—come, and I will give, this day,  
Thy *flesh*, to birds, and beasts ;  
And *both* the armies in array,  
Shall see them have their feasts.”

Then David, *piously*, replied,  
“ Thy sword, spear, shield, are vain ;  
For I, in *Israel’s* God, confide,  
And shall the victory gain.”

“ *Thou hast DEFIED HIM* : but I know  
He will deliver thee,  
This day, into my hands, and show,  
HE *gives* the victory.

“ Yes !—I will smite thee, in His name,  
And take thy HEAD from thee,  
And turn thy *glory* into *shame*,  
For thy impiety.

“ The *carcasses* of your *vain* hosts,  
I’ll give to beasts of prey,  
That all may know *Philistia’s* boasts,  
Are laid in dust to day !”

Goliath, then in rage, and pride,  
Advanc’d to meet his foe,  
And, in *close combat*, there decide  
The strife by one fierce blow.

This David saw,—then ran to gain,  
Time—force—for sling and stone  
Then slang it, with unerring aim ;—  
His *deadly* work was done.

Goliath fell,—his spirit fled,—  
And David ran again,  
And *stood*, as victor on the dead,  
Whom he had justly slain.

No sword he wore,—nor had,—but caught  
Goliath's from his side,  
Who, when he brought it, little thought,  
On whom it would be tried.

Then David, with the matchless blade,  
Cut off the giant's head,  
And held it forth,—and thus display'd,  
His TROPHY from the dead.

*Philistia's* host, proud and secure,  
As it, till now, had been,  
Could not the ghastly sight endure,  
But sicken'd at the scene.

Throughout *their* camp, *this BEACON'S glare*,  
Threw horror and dismay:  
Averse, their champion's fate to share,  
They turn'd, and fled away.

But *Israel* found the *sever'd head*  
An ENSIGN, and were pleas'd:  
*Their* shout of joy burst forth, and spread,  
Till prostrate arms were seiz'd,  
  
With which they chas'd the daunted foe,  
To rout, and slay, and spoil;  
Resolv'd, they would no mercy show,  
Nor fear excessive toil.

Attacking, with superior force,  
The routed and dismay'd,  
They soon bestrew'd their sanguine course,  
With wounded—dying—dead.

A few, at length, reach'd home, and foil'd  
Their foes, of prey bereft :  
Then *Israel* return'd, and spoil'd  
The *tents*, which *those* had left.

But DAVID's *spoil* before him lay,  
*Upon*, and *near*, his foe,  
Which, joyfully, he bore away,  
In his own tent to stow.

Then to JERUSALEM he bore,  
The vanquish'd giant's *head* ;  
But left the *trunk*, an ample store  
*For beasts,—as he had said.*

No courage, blasphemies, or boasts,  
No stature—strength—arms—age ;  
*Succeed* against the LORD OF HOSTS,  
When *sinners* fiercely rage.

He laughs their futile rage to scorn,  
Who dare defy His name :  
His *arm*—can strength to weakness turn—  
And gibbet them to shame.

Rais'd in the *armour* of their *trust* ;  
Then cast as *carrion*, down ;  
We see the Holy God is *just*—  
His *wrath*, on SINNERS shown.

No *stripling* YOUTH, who *fears* the Lord,  
 Need have a *slavish* fear ;  
 But may confide in Jesu's word,  
 And prove Him ever near.

If earth, and hell, in rage assail,  
 When he has CHRIST put *on*,  
 His courage ought not e'er to fail,  
 For Christ has always won.

But then—let Jesus be your LIFE,  
 And ever *dwell within*,  
 To *save* you in the *needful* strife,  
 And *prompt*, to *flee* from sin.

What “*witnesses* encompass you !”  
 What *victories* you may gain !  
 Give all the glory where 'tis due,  
 And you, with Christ, shall reign.

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### 37 ABSALOM'S INIQUITOUS LIFE, AND INGLORIOUS DEATH.

WHEN Absalom the throne desired  
 On which his father David reign'd,  
 He meanly sought to be admired,  
 And ardent love of justice feign'd.

“ O that I were a judge,” he said,  
 “ Injustice soon should have an end : ”  
 Whoe'er to him obeisance made,  
 Receiv'd a kiss,—was call'd a friend.

'Twas thus the peoples' love he gain'd,  
 And to the Throne prepar'd his way ;  
 But when his object was attain'd,  
 He vilely sinn'd in open day.

Too soon, alas ! this man of strife,  
 Obtain'd his exil'd father's throne ;  
 And sought, with cruel haste, his life,  
 But justly forfeited his own.

Yet, after all that he had done,  
 When David learnt his death, he cried,  
 " O Absalom—my son—my son !—  
 Would God that I, for thee, had died ! "

How oft, when youths themselves admire,  
 They deem the greatest *Sage* a fool :  
 For power, and wealth, they then aspire,  
 And say, " 'Tis time that *I* should rule."

How mean, how base, how vile, are they  
 Who parents, friends, or foes defame,  
 And, *shameless*, for their honours pray,  
 While their own praises they proclaim.

All *flattery* augments their *pride* ;  
 They cannot bear to be refus'd ;  
 But seize, by force, what was denied,  
 And what they take is soon abus'd.

My soul—abhor such evil ways,  
 And with such sinners ne'er unite :  
 Deserve—yet do not seek for praise,  
 But in *humility* delight.

Thrones, crowns, and sceptres are too dear,  
 If by iniquity obtain'd :  
 By grace, *rule well thyself*, while *here*,  
 And *heaven*, by thee, will soon be gain'd.

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### 38        JOAB SLAYETH AMASA.

WHEN Joab, captain of the host  
 Of David's warriors, heard  
 That he would shortly lose his post ;—  
 Amasa be preferr'd,—

He prompt resolv'd, “ It shall not be ;  
 I will not be displac'd,—  
 Amasa's budding honours see—  
 And see my myself disgrac'd.”

Pride, jealousy, and *envy*, rife,  
 Rose in his breast, with *guile* ;  
*Those* said, Go, take Amasa's life :  
*This*, bade him wait awhile.

The opportunity desir'd  
 Occurr'd, and was improv'd ;  
 They met—and Joab straight enquir'd,  
 As if, of one he lov'd,—

“ Art thou in health, my brother ? ”—He  
 Then took him by his beard,  
 And stoop'd to kiss it, or to see  
 His weapon's passage clear'd.

The sword, in Joab's other hand,  
Amasa did not see;  
Nor thought in self-defence to stand,—  
Thought not of treachery.

But Joab made a minute tell,  
*In murder* he was *skill'd*;  
He smote but once,—Amasa fell,—  
By his vile kinsman kill'd.

The cool, deliberate wretch, thus shed  
“The blood of war in peace;  
But judgment fell on his hoar head,  
Ne'er from his seed to cease.”

’Twas ne'er design'd that *one* alone,  
Should every honour claim:  
Such folly never should be shown;  
It leads to certain shame.

*Another's* honour ne'er shall prove  
A source of pain to *me*:  
The *worthy* e'er shall have my love,  
And *emulated* be.

The honours of the *weak*, and *vain*,  
My *pity* shall excite;  
And those which *wicked* men obtain,  
God's curse will quickly blight.

39

## SOLOMON.

Who covets *greatness*, should be *least*  
*Esteem'd* in his own eyes ;—  
Yet thirst for *knowledge* as a *feast* ;—  
For *virtue* as a *prize*.

What mental, and what moral grace,  
*King SOLOMON* possess'd ;—  
*Excell'd*, in *wisdom*, all our race,  
And might have prov'd the *best*.

Much love and gratitude, he owed  
To *parents*, for their care ;  
And the *docility* he show'd,  
Made his attainments rare.

*They* shed on him the light of truth ;—  
Chas'd errors from his mind ;—  
Preserv'd him from the snares of youth ;—  
To holy paths inclin'd.

In early life, he sought the Lord,  
And prov'd 'twas not too soon :  
He search'd, and lov'd, and kept God's word,  
Enraptur'd with the boon.

Bless'd with converting grace, he found  
His spirit was renew'd ;  
And soon, as *Israel's* king, was crown'd,—  
With regal power endued.

Surrounding nations kept the peace,—  
 Gave *gifts*—or *tribute* sent:—  
 Of *riches*, he had vast increase,  
 To an untold extent.

His *fame*—as borne on morning's wings,  
 Was known, both far and wide;  
 Till other kings seem'd little things,  
 Whate'er their pomp and pride.

*Their TEMPLES*, doubtless, were as good,  
 As *Idols* would require;  
 For *images* of stone, and wood,  
 No better could desire.

But how *magnificent* the *FANE*,  
 Which *HE* on *Zion* built,  
 And found his labour not in vain,  
 For *there JEHOVAH* dwelt.

Yes!—dwelt in the *most HOLY place*,—  
 The place for him most meet;  
 And there, shone forth, in awful grace,  
 Above the *MERCY seat*.

*This*—though with *purest gold* o'erlaid,  
 Was but a *lowly* throne,  
 For *Him*—by whom *all worlds were made*—  
 Upheld—and call'd—*His own!*

A *golden CHERUB*, at each end,  
 Upon the *centre* gaz'd;—  
*Appear'd*, with *reverence*, to bend;—  
 To *praise*, with wings uprais'd.

The ARK, itself, contain'd the LAW,  
Which God engrav'd on stone,  
His own *supremacy* to show,  
And make His *service* known.

The TEMPLE's *furniture* declared,  
Nought lacking that was meet,  
And prov'd that no expense was spared,  
To make the whole complete.

*It had its priests and Levites* too ;  
*Adoring tribes* as well ;  
Who thither went, with *offerings* due,  
Their wants, or thanks, to tell.

Whoe'er its *dedication* saw,  
Could ne'er forget the sight :  
A sight !—unequall'd, here below,  
Entrancing with delight.

God's glory was display'd that day ;—  
It fill'd the holy place ;—  
Obliged the priests to turn away ;—  
Too great for them to face.

King Solomon,—the great,—the good,—  
In glorious array,  
Upon a brazen platform stood,  
On that exciting day.

What *thousands* throng'd the court, to see  
Their gracious monarch there,  
And hear his fervent piety,  
Express'd in humble prayer.

How he admir'd, ador'd, and prais'd,  
 The Lord with *loving* zeal !  
 And, as a *Patriot*, he rais'd  
 His voice, for Israel's weal !

*That prayer!*—how wide was its embrace !  
*Past, present, future times—*  
 To *prosperous, adverse, state, or case,*  
 In *that—or other* climes.

The king knew well that men were prone  
 To leave the *living* God ;  
 And pray'd *some mercy* might be shown,  
 Whene'er He used His rod.

As soon as he had made an end  
 Of *prayer*, they rais'd their eyes,  
 And saw the fire, from heaven descend  
 On their *burnt sacrifice*.

*Joy* rose—but they, with *awe* beheld  
 THE GLORY OF THE LORD  
 Then resting on the House it fill'd,  
 And, prostrate, they ador'd.

O what a moment ! and how rare !—  
 Not oft to mortals given :  
 Then *incense* fill'd the ambient air,  
 And praises enter'd heaven ;

For *sixscore* PRIESTS, with joyful hearts,  
 Their silver trumpets blew ;  
 And *far more* LEVITES took their parts,  
 As *bands—and singers* too.

Their *cymbals*, *harps*, and *psalteries*,  
And *voices* were combin'd ;  
Delighting thus to praise, and please,  
The *LORD*, so *good*, so *kind*.

The scientific ear enjoyed  
Exquisite minstrelsy,  
As *melody* was less employed,  
Than tuneful *harmony*.

The PEOPLE too, in thousands, rose,  
And gratefully conspired  
In heart, in voice, to join with those,  
Whose *skill* was more admired.

*These*, ready for the *chorus*, stood,  
And, when the moment came,  
With *voices*, like a mighty flood,  
Extoll'd JEHOVAH'S NAME.

O, never !—since creation's morn,  
When *angels* sang for joy,  
Had such a gush of praise been borne  
To heaven,—with *theirs* to vie.

This o'er—the poor, the rich, the king,  
Their grateful off'ring brought ;  
Each deeming *his* a little thing,  
Scarce worthy of God's thought.

And yet the *king's* was no small store  
Of sheep, and oxen too ;  
For seven-score thousand head, or more  
He freely gave as due.

If all the beasts the people brought,  
 Were only three times more ;  
 The sight would soon bewilder thought,  
 And seem, an *endless* store.

*One thousand hecatombs* of beasts,  
 Would make the *Levites* toil ;  
 And find employment for the *priests*,  
 To waste not—nor to spoil.

The *brazen ALTAR* prov'd too small,  
 Though nearly twelve yards square,  
 To hold, and burn, and roast the whole,  
 So piously brought there.

Not even one—for self, or friends,  
 Would they take back again :  
 As all were CORBAN,—selfish ends  
 Would make those offer'd, vain.

Shall joy subside ?—shall fears arise ?—  
 Shall disappointment reign ?  
 Not so ! the Sovereign could devise  
 A way—the *end* to gain.

The middle of the court, appeared  
 To him, the fittest place,  
 In which an *altar* should be rear'd,  
 To meet the special case.

Resolv'd—he sanctified the site,  
 And rais'd an altar there,  
 And found it greatly expedite  
 The work it rose to share.

*Burnt off'rings were consumed with speed :*

*Meat off'rings soon prepared :*

*Peace off'rings met the peoples' need,*

*And with the priests were shared.*

*GOD's blessing, granted them that day,*

*His loving kindness prov'd ;*

*And ISRAEL's service, seem'd to say,*

*The LORD was much belov'd.*

*Ere eve, the happy tribes withdrew*

*From thence, with joy and praise ;*

*And rose, each morning, to renew*

*Their feasting fourteen days.*

## 40 THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO SOLOMON.

FAME travels fast, and far, and sounds

Her trumpet with great glee ;

Regardless of the narrow bounds

Of incredulity.

Some gaze, and listen, and declare

The *braggart* fain would cheat :

Some ponder the *report* with care,

But still have *doubts* of it.

There *envy* sickens—pales—and says,

“ I'm sure it cannot be : ”

Here *goodness* smiles, and hopes, and prays,

It may prove verity.

*True* Fame would visit every place,  
 Delighting to surprise ;  
*The false* grows weak—soon tires—slacks pace,  
 Is silent—still—and dies.

As Solomon had no compeer,  
 When filling Israel's throne ;  
*Fame* made the distant nations hear  
 What great things he had done :—

Told of his wisdom, wealth, and might ;—  
 His temple—palace—throne ;—  
 How skilfully he judg'd aright,  
 And gave, to each, their own.

The Queen of Sheba heard his fame,—  
 Heard how he serv'd the LORD,  
 And knew the import of His NAME,—  
 His nature—will—and word.

She was no *stupe*, whom marvels fail  
 To agitate, or raise :  
 She felt the zephyr, breeze, or gale,—  
 A spark—much more, a blaze.

Her conduct show'd she was not *vain*,  
 Like those who but “ compare  
 Themselves among themselves,” to gain  
 Those *bays* they should not wear.

Nor was she *envious*—such would shun  
 The person whom *she* sought ;  
 And wish his works were not begun ;  
 Or, by themselves were wrought.

No *pauper* PILGRIM was the queen,  
In truth—or trickish guise ;  
But let her rank and wealth be seen,  
In pomp which might surprise.

Her's was no niggard's hoard, for show,—  
To glitter—not to bless :  
She made her *precious gifts* to flow,  
When favour'd with access.

The curious, list'ning, knowing queen,  
Astonish'd—more and more—  
Was conscious *she* had never seen,  
Nor heard, such things before.—

If *true*—their glories cast a shade  
On *all* she call'd her own :  
If *false*—were but a trial made,  
The *facts* would then be known.

The subject soon induc'd desire—  
Fix'd firm resolve, to go,  
And in the sacred place enquire,  
If it was *truly* so.

What ! jeopardize the whole at home ?  
Her kingdom—throne—and crown ?  
And to a place so distant roam,  
To *test* a king's renown ?

She would !—she did ! The weary way—  
And troubles which might rise,  
Occasion'd but a short delay,  
For requisite supplies.

Her trav'lling equipage was great—  
It prov'd a lengthen'd train—  
Had several officers of state ;  
And numerous serving men.

They fetch'd the horses from the fold,  
And put their lading on—  
Choice spices, precious stones, and gold,  
Design'd for Solomon.

The wardrobes, carpets, tents, and food,  
Were stow'd away with speed :  
The *leader* then for orders stood,—  
And heard the word, “ Proceed.”

While travelling, her active mind,  
Would find strange thoughts arise,  
And feel to *this*, or *that*, inclin'd,  
Till *others* would surprise,

And ask *attention*—then require  
*Adoption*, as their meed :  
But such as strengthen'd her desire  
For *Wisdom*, would succeed.

*Hope* revell'd in the thought of bliss,  
Which would ere long be known ;  
*Fear* whisper'd, “ You may fail of this ;  
It ne'er may be your own ! ”

Arrived at famed JERUSALEM—  
In safety, at its gate,  
The *keepers* open'd it to them,  
Unwilling they should wait.

Her GIFTS were forwarded, as meet,  
And *audience* desired  
Of Solomon, who went to greet,  
And grant the boon required.

His courteous *welcome* gave her joy :  
His *friendliness* still more ;  
And rais'd her courage to employ  
And try him with her lore :—

“ *Hard questions*”—as to various things,  
She knew—or wish'd to know,  
As she had reach'd *famed* mental springs,  
Whence *light* was wont to flow.

She found *her* knowledge but a *rill* ;  
The *king's* a *flowing tide*,  
Which left no void for her to fill—  
Which all her wants supplied.

His WISDOM's *imprint*, everywhere,  
On all his works was found :  
*Design*—and *skill*—and *taste* were there,  
Through all the ample round,

Of vineyards, orchards, gardens, trees,  
And pools of water near,  
And instruments of *sound* to please  
The practis'd tasteful ear,—

His palace, crown, and throne so grand ;—  
His ministers of state,  
In robes of office wont to stand,  
And on his pleasure wait—

His servants, and the clothes they wore,—  
 The tables—and the meat—  
 Exciting proof of *wisdom* bore—  
 Of SOLOMON's, *unique*.

While viewing these from first to last,  
 Her wonder rose still higher,  
 At *wisdom*—so profound!—so vast!—  
 What more could she desire?

What more? The *temple* of the LORD,  
 Earth's fairest type of heaven,—  
 His sacred *Law*, the written Word,  
 Which His own hand had given,—

The *services* which He approv'd,—  
 The *blessings* He bestow'd,—  
 The *bliss*, prepared, for those he lov'd,  
 In His divine *abode* ;—

*These*, she would know—would see, or hear;  
 And then essay'd to see  
 The *holy FANE*, which stood so near,  
 In awful dignity.

Its elevation she beheld,  
 Exulting at the sight;  
 But when she reach'd the steps, was fill'd,  
 And fainted, with delight.

O blissful feeling! how allied  
 To heavenly ecstasy,  
 Of which pure spirits feel a tide,  
 While viewing DEITY!

Joy's overflow soon ceas'd, but still  
Enough of joy remain'd,  
When consciousness, and strength, and will,  
Their place, and tone, regain'd,

To tell—that she had heard his *fame*,  
At home, in her own land,  
And could not credit it—but came  
To *see*, and understand.—

She said, “ Now I have *seen*, I know  
*Not half* was told *before* :  
Thy matchless works, and wisdom, show  
*Fame* might have said *far more*.

“ How happy must thy *statesmen* be ;  
And *these* thy *servants* too,  
Who daily hearken unto thee,  
And *wisdom's* ways pursue.

“ The Lord, thy God, be ever bless'd !  
Who takes delight in thee,  
And loves *His Israel* the best,  
Of all His family :

“ He, therefore, rais'd thee to the *throne*,  
That they might find in thee,  
Such *WISDOM* as illumes *HIS own*—  
*Sustained, by EQUITY.*”

41

## ELIJAH.

*ELIJAH stood before the LORD ;  
 Not sent by others there :  
 Nor was it of his own accord ;—  
 His call from GOD was clear.*

*CALL'D there to stand, and hear, and know,  
 What message he should bear :  
 What promises he ought to show ;—  
 What threat'nings to declare.*

*He stood before Him, to obtain,  
 The gifts and grace most meet ;  
 That he might neither run in vain,  
 Nor suffer a defeat.*

*What power he had, with God, in prayer !  
 What faith,—for prompt supply !  
 Yet once, oppress'd with anxious care,  
 He greatly wish'd to die.*

*How zealous for the Lord of hosts !  
 What godly jealousy !  
 Lest true religion should be lost,  
 In vile idolatry !*

*What great responsibilities  
 Were on Elijah laid !  
 What risks, which peril'd life, were his !  
 What courage he display'd !*

He had to censure wicked kings ;—  
Put idol's priests to shame ;—  
Show soldiers' *weapons* useless things,  
Compared with light'ning's flame.

T'was his to tell of *years of drought*,  
Which some might not believe,—  
Yet have his *own provisions* brought,  
By *ravens*, morn and eve.

But when the *brook of Cherith* fail'd,  
He sought supply elsewhere,  
And found it where *stern want* prevail'd,  
And *death* was drawing near.

By God's command, the prophet went,  
To one who also knew,  
That he would, by the Lord, be sent,  
For board—and lodging too.

But who could take in *one more guest*,  
While *famine* there prevail'd ?—  
*A prince!*—who royal means possess'd—  
Was, therefore, unassail'd !

A *widow*!—and her *son*!—whose store  
Of food could but supply  
One scanty meal, for both,—when o'er,  
They must together die.

The *meal*, and *oil*, too scant for *two* ;—  
How then suffice for *three* ?  
What could a *widow'd* mother do,  
In such perplexity ?

What could she *do*? She could *believe*!—  
 Believing, could *obey*!—  
 And, from her handful store, receive  
*Enough*, for many a day!

'Twas even so,—God blest the *meal*,—  
 And *oil*,—and *them* beside;  
 And gave them there, to see, and feel,  
 He *could*—*would*—*did* provide.

The *prophet*—then, would offer praise;—  
 The *widow*—feed the flame;—  
 The *son*—declare that *better days*  
 With *good Elijah* came.

But—did he think him *good*, when *first*,  
 He to their dwelling came?  
 Or *fear*, he was of men the worst,  
 Without a sense of shame?

To want to share their little all,—  
 And be the *first* supplied,—  
 Regardless of *their* hunger's call,  
 Till *he* was satisfied?

*If so*—what *now* would be his shame,  
 For such *base* thoughts, and fears;  
 As *plenty* with the prophet came,  
 Exchang'd, for *want*—*sighs*—*tears*!—

Yes—*plenty*, for their *daily bread*,  
 While *others* were distress'd;  
 Yea, many, numbered with the dead,  
 Before the *famine* ceas'd.

But when *abundance* was bestow'd,  
 The *son* fell sick, and died ;  
 And then his loving mother show'd,  
 How greatly she was tried.

Who would not grieve to lose a *son*,—  
 An *only* child,—by death ?  
 Some *widow'd* mother's tears would run  
 Till she resign'd her breath.

'Twas *trying* too, that *he* should die,  
 Who had been daily fed,  
 By a *miraculous* supply  
 Each day,—for daily bread.

She knew it was *the hand of God*,  
 That took away her *son* ;—  
 But thought it was a *chast'ning rod*,  
 For *evils* she had done.

But some would say, “ As she had turn'd  
 From *idols* to the *Lord* ;  
 And heathen practices had spurn'd,  
 Which *God*,—and she,—abhorr'd ;

“ And ever since, with heart sincere,  
 Had serv'd the *living God* ;  
 She, surely, had no cause to fear,  
 His *judgments*—or His *rod*.”

Thus *some*, have talk'd, and wrote, who ne'er  
 Forsook their evil ways ;  
 And *some*, who have done so, appear  
 Bewilder'd in their maze.

If *dim*, as early dawn, her light,  
When first Elijah came ;  
His *preaching*, and his *life*, so bright,  
Would opening day proclaim ;

Whose light would aid her sight still more,  
As it enlarg'd her views ;  
And show her, *evils* to deplore,  
And *virtues*, she should choose.

Hence, when her only child lay dead,  
She thought that there must be  
A cause,—some sin,—which must have led  
To this calamity.

She, therefore, search'd, and tried, her ways,  
And mem'ry brought to view,  
*Unpardon'd sins*, of former days,  
And *punishment*, as due.

If, then, 'twas *godly* sorrow flow'd,  
With faith in God for peace ;  
His pard'ning mercy would be show'd ;  
Her grief, from guilt, would cease.

She, hast'ning to the prophet, said,  
“ What have I done to thee,  
That thou hast such discovery made ?  
And so afflicted me ? ”

“ Give me thy son,” the prophet said ;  
Then carried him up stairs,  
To his own room,—to his own bed,—  
And offer'd fervent prayers,

That God would send the soul again,  
 The body to revive ;  
 And found, his prayers were not in vain,—  
 The boy, was soon alive !

If none can tell Elijah's joy,  
 When he return'd again,  
 Not with a corpse—but living boy :—  
 All efforts would be vain

To tell the *widow's* feelings, when  
 The prophet brought death's prey,  
 To her,—unharm'd,—alive again,—  
 On that eventful day.

Delivering him to her, he said,  
 “ BEHOLD !—THY SON——ALIVE !”  
 Surpris'd !—she readily obey'd,  
 And found her faith revive.

She *gaz'd*,—and for a moment paus'd,—  
 “ Alive !—and *it* is him ?—  
 Death's bars remov'd !—his gates unclos'd !—  
 Life found in every limb !”

The tear, *last* shed, was one of *grief* ;  
 That *falling*, one of *joy* ;  
 Because Death's triumph prov'd so brief,  
 O'er her—dead—*living* boy.

What gratitude would rush, and rise,  
 And fill, and overflow,  
 Her joyous heart—and bright'ning eyes—  
 And give her tongue employ :—

“ *By this, assuredly, I know  
God loves, and dwells, in thee ;—  
Inspires, and grants, thy prayers, to show  
His sympathy with me.* ”

“ *Thy revelations from the Lord,  
To me—to all—are true :  
Still let me hear His gracious word ;  
And teach me what to do.”*

Soon as the people of the land,  
This gracious temper show’d ;  
The Lord, in mercy, turn’d his hand,  
And *RAIN in torrents flow’d.*

The soften’d ground received the *seed* ;  
The *blade*, and *ear*, soon came :  
Then *harvest home !—when, blest indeed,*  
They prais’d Jehovah’s Name.

Yes ! *then, they would ELIJAH own,*  
As prophet of the Lord ;—  
And cry, “ *The LORD is GOD alone :*  
He has fulfill’d His word.”

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## 42 ELISHA CALLED TO THE PROPHETIC OFFICE.

THE Lord displayed His love, and care,  
For those of His own fold ;  
When men, quite meet, were very rare,  
In Israel of old.

*Elijah's* sojourn, here below,  
 Was drawing to its close,  
 When God commanded him to go  
 To one whom He had chose.

The *Lord* is not obliged to choose  
 A *Prophet* from the schools :  
*This, that, or all,* He may refuse,  
 Whate'er may be their rules.

*Instruction* would illume the *mind* ;—  
 Give *manners*, too, a share :  
 And yet, were these, in *all*, combin'd,  
 The *right man* was not there.

Where was *Elisha*? In the *field*,  
 At *plough*, with servants there :  
*His eyes, hands, feet* employ'd to yield  
 Their quota of due care.

“ *Twelve ploughs at work*,” must needs require,  
 A *supervisor* there :  
 Or, some of them, too soon would tire,  
 Or zigzag with their share.

But when a *master* works, like those  
 Who are at *plough* for him ;  
 He oft surveys them—still he shows,  
 Good heed to his own team.

*Elisha*, with the *twelfth* and *last*,  
 Kept all the rest in view ;  
 Yet had to hold the handles fast,  
 And *time* his stepping too.

Elijah went by God's command,  
 And found Elisha there,  
 And quickly made him understand  
 The *office* he must bear.

He threw his *mantle* over him,  
 And still held on his way ;  
 Aware *Elisha* would not trim,  
 Nor fence, but would obey.

*Elisha* said not, “ I decline  
 The *honour*—’tis too great ! ”—  
 Nor, “ How, with such a *farm* as *mine*,  
 Descend to such a state ? ”

*Elisha* ran to overtake  
 Elijah, still in sight ;  
 And one *request* of him to make,  
 Which certainly was right :—

“ Let me, I pray thee, go, and show  
 My *filial* piety ;—  
 To kiss my parents, ere I go,  
 To minister to thee.”

“ *Go back again* ;” was the reply ;  
 “ What have *I* done to thee ?  
 The **LORD** *ordains* thee, more than I ;  
 And grants thee *leave*, through me.”

The *men* would gaze—the oxen rest—  
 Till he return’d again,  
 With *prophet’s mantle* on his vest,  
 Yet stopp’d not to explain ;

But slew two oxen for a feast,  
Which promptly was prepar'd ;  
And which, *his men*, from toil releas'd,  
With *others*, freely shar'd.

The banquet o'er, he took his *leave*,  
In bidding them ADIEU ;  
And their FAREWELL, would then receive,  
With pain, and pleasure too.

Elisha left, and then repair'd,  
To good Elijah's home,  
Where both of them together shar'd,  
God's gifts, for years to come.

Elijah's home, though *homely* found,  
In furniture and fare :  
Would not Elisha's feelings wound,  
When first he enter'd there.

No doubt he had his daily bread ;  
And also bread from heaven ;  
And was, by good Elijah, fed,  
With *knowledge*, freely given.

Yea, more—*devotion's* flame would rise,  
In *reading*, *prayer*, and *praise* ;  
As though their spirits pierc'd the skies,  
And join'd in heavenly lays.

Thus, *heart*, and *treasure*, were in heaven :  
Yet, *duties*, here below,  
Must needs have due attention given,  
Which these good men would show.

'Twas theirs to scatter *mental* night :—  
 To succour the oppress'd :—  
 To strengthen those who had no might,  
 And comfort the distress'd.

*Elisha* gave *Elijah* proof  
 He serv'd with *filial* care.  
 Who would not serve beneath his roof,  
 And in his blessings share ?

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### 43 ELIJAH'S TRANSLATION TO HEAVEN.

How brilliant was *ELIJAH'S day* !—  
 A day which had no *night* !  
 Ere eventide, it pass'd away,  
 And with a seven-fold light.

His sphere on earth was not left void  
 A moment,—such God's grace !  
 For one whom he,—whom God employ'd,  
 That instant took his place.

The holy prophets walk'd to see  
 The schools, beneath their care ;  
 That knowledge,—wisdom,—piety,—  
 Might grow, and flourish, there.

How would Elijah's last address,  
 Engross their eyes, and ears !—  
 Their memories, and hearts impress,—  
 And draw forth sighs, and tears !

Distress'd—their sympathy awoke  
Solicitude, and care,  
For good *Elisha*, lest the stroke  
Should take him *unaware*.

But ah ! *he knew*, as well as *they*,  
And was resolved to see  
The strange event, *that very day*,  
If this, indeed, might be.

It seem'd as though Elijah strove  
To keep his friend away :—  
'Twas vain ! so strong Elisha's love :—  
He *twice*—on *oath*—said “*Nay*.”

They onward walk'd, with Jordan near,  
Till on its bank they stood ;  
While *fifty*, from the schools, in rear,  
*Watch'd* till they reach'd the flood.

How pass ? No bridge—nor boat—was there !  
Elijah made a way :  
His *faith*—the rolling waves could dare,  
And make the stream obey.

He took his mantle—smote the stream,  
In faith, and there he found,  
As *once* for JOSHUA, so for HIM,  
A pathway on dry ground.

The prophets, then, together cross'd ;  
*One* to return no more :  
The *stream*, which had some minutes lost,  
*Then* flow'd, as just before.

Blest men!—*one* at his journey's end;  
 His *pilgrimage* then o'er;—  
 About to leave his valued friend,  
 And see his face no more.

*No less ELISHA* felt the smart,—  
 His deep emotions rife:  
*Each* knew, so well, the *other's* heart,  
 And righteousness of life.

Their words were check'd, by fixed gaze,  
 Like *Jordan's* faith-bound stream,  
 While mem'ry brought to view, past days,—  
 And many a pleasing theme.

The panoramic view soon ceas'd;  
 Its place, by words supplied,  
 As *Jordan*, from its bond releas'd,  
 Resum'd its former tide.

Elijah's high *esteem* and *love*,  
 Would fain a *gift* supply,  
 Their immortality to prove,  
 As he—would never die!

He therefore to Elisha said,  
 “What shall I do for thee,  
 Before I am to heaven convey'd?  
 Come!—ask it now of me.”

Elijah, surely, must have known,  
 What his resources were:—  
 What *good*—that he could call his own!—  
 What *gifts*—he could confer!

No *toy*--nor *coin*--nor *house*--nor *land*--  
 Nor *place*, at *COURT*, to fill,  
 Before his mental eye would stand,  
 When *making his last WILL*.

He knew his friend sought not those things,  
 Which *worldly* men desire ;  
 But wish'd to please the King of kings,  
 And therefore would require—

Some *gracious gift*, not yet receiv'd ;  
 Or *more*, of those possess'd :  
 And found it, just as he believ'd,  
 When by his friend express'd.

Elijah's *chattels* ne'er call'd forth  
 A covetous desire ;  
 But O ! his *mental, moral* worth,  
 Elisha must *admire* !

*One*, pious, in a low degree,  
 Who saw it, might aspire  
 To *copy*—or an *equal* be ;—  
 But not to rise *still higher*.

*Not so ELISHA* ;—though none knew  
 That excellence so well ;  
 He dar'd to *hope*—to *ask* for too,  
 A *GIFT*, which should *excel* :—

“ O let the precious gifts, and grace,  
 Which richly dwell in thee ;  
 And which, throughout thy life, I trace,  
 Be DOUBLED unto ME.”

This *pious* daring which he show'd,  
 Which, doubtless, heaven inspired ;  
 From *lowly* views and feelings flow'd,  
 Though so much was requir'd.

He knew not what he soon might need ;  
 It might be *ten* times more ;  
 But knew his gracious friend could *plead*,  
 And get an ample store.—

“ An *hard thing* thou hast ask'd of me,”  
 Elijah said :—’twas true :  
 “ How can I give *my all* to thee  
 And, *add*, as much more too ?

“ Still—shouldst thou *see me* when remov'd  
 From thee,—it shall be so :  
 If not—although not less belov'd,  
 The answer—will be, ‘ No.’ ”

*Elisha*, would have much to tell ;—  
 Elijah, to reply :  
 He also, had to *pray*, as well,  
 And *mighty faith* to try :

But *time* was *short*,—the *minutes* fail'd ;—  
 Soon *moments* would be o'er ;  
 Yet he, with *giant strength*, prevail'd ;—  
 Secured the *double store*.

*Then*—ere he could report success,—  
 Or one *FAREWELL* could say,—  
*A stream of glory* reach'd the place,  
 And made his *friend* give way.

On *that*, with matchless speed, there came  
*A chariot of fire* ;  
And *fiery coursers* drew the same,  
Which distance could not tire.

He *felt* transforming power pervade  
His body,—dropp'd his dress,—  
And took his seat,—and was convey'd  
To heaven—by *its EXPRESS*.

Elisha *saw*, with gladden'd eyes,  
*The fiery car ascend*  
*The glorious path*, to paradise,  
And *horsemen* with his *friend*.

ECSTATIC FEELINGS rush'd to bear  
Their *witness*, while he cried,  
“ *My Father !—chariot !—horsemen there !* ”—  
And with his greeting vied.

But ah !—how *transient* was the *scene* :—  
*A dark'ning whirlwind* rose,  
So near him, as to intervene,  
And bring *it* to a close.

The whirlwind's *shade* soon calm'd his joy,  
And turn'd his thoughts from heaven,  
To earth, where he must soon employ  
The *powers* which would be given.

ALONE !—in life, and heart bereav'd ;  
This caus'd him mental pain :  
No wonder that he meekly griev'd,  
And rent his clothes in twain.

While busy thought would homeward fly,  
    Yet not forget the flood ;  
He saw ELIJAH's *mantle* lie  
    Before him, where he stood.

With haste he seiz'd it, and receiv'd  
    The *double portion* there ;  
And, instantaneously believ'd,  
    God's *arm* would be made bare.

Returning home, he saw the flood,  
    Roll onward as before ;  
While on its bank, *alone* he stood,  
    But with the *double store*.

He grasp'd the *mantle* as a rod,  
    With which he smote the stream,  
And cried, " WHERE IS ELIJAH'S GOD ?"—  
    And prov'd HE WAS WITH HIM.

The waters own'd that HE was *nigh* :  
    Though flowing then so fast,  
They halted,—left a *pathway* dry,—  
    O'er which Elisha pass'd.

The prophet's sons beheld the scene,  
    And of ELISHA said,  
" ELIJAH's *spirit* rests on him,  
    And is, by him, display'd."

But soon they met him,—then they bow'd  
    Themselves unto the ground ;  
And show'd their spirits were not proud,  
    By reverence so profound.

Then, mov'd by *prudence*, or by *fear*,  
They ask'd his leave to send  
And search the country *far* and *near*,  
For their departed friend :

For, should he, from the car be cast,  
In some *lone distant* place,  
And there be left, to breathe his last,—  
'Twould be an awful case.

Quite sure 'twas needless—would be vain—  
Elisha would not hear :  
But still they urg'd their suit again ;  
Importunate through fear.

At length, he yielded, and they sent  
Their  *fifty*  men to find  
The  *glorified* , on  *earth* ,—and spent  
In vain, the time assign'd.

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## 44

## ELISHA.

## HEALING THE WATER AT JERICHO.

ELISHA—*furnish'd* from *above*,  
For service here *below*,  
DIVINE *authority* could prove,  
To those who wish'd to know.

The *evils* which he could remove,  
The *good* he could bestow,  
By *miracles*, would surely prove,  
God's gifts through him did flow.

The men of *Jericho*, though pleas'd,  
 With their fam'd city's site,  
 Were, with its spring of water, teaz'd :  
 'Twas *naught*—convey'd a blight.

They thought Elisha had the power,  
 To heal it at command,  
 And make it wholesome, as a shower,  
 For *man*, and *beast*, and *land*.

He straightway bade them go, and bring  
 A cruse of salt to him :  
 When brought, he cast it in the *spring*,  
 And heal'd *it*, and its *stream*.

“What!—*salt*, make brackish water sweet?—  
 (With *clay*, anoint men's eyes?)  
 Why—Gilead's balm, would be more meet,”  
 The *worldly wise-man* cries.

The *spring*, and *land*, were heal'd through *him*,  
 Yet not in his own name,  
 But in JEHOVAH's,—the *Supreme*!  
 Who could the honour claim.

But—are there not *far worse* SPRINGS found,  
 Than that Elisha heal'd ?—  
 Springs which with *naughtiness* abound—  
 Too strong to be conceal'd?

Yes!—*nature's*—in the HEART—are so ;  
 Not merely a slight taint :—  
 EVIL-unmix'd—with *ceaseless* flow,  
 Beyond man's art to paint.

'Tis *earthly, sensual, devilish* too ;  
(Enough for man to know;) Yet oft these streams, their course pursue.  
Through life—to gulfs of woe.

The *sparkling* spring or stream, is *naught*  
When *tasted* ;—*draughts* are *worse* :  
With *blight, disease, and death*, 'tis *fraught*,  
Yea—an ETERNAL CURSE.

But let *no contrite one* despair,  
But hear the joyful sound ;  
*Another SPRING* is *open'd* where  
Iniquities abound.

'Tis *ancient*, as the earth, or sky :—  
With it the Lord was *pleas'd* :  
It *ooz'd*, in *PROMISE*, to supply  
The *FIRST* who were *diseas'd*.

'Twas found, in time, their progeny,  
Had need of healing too ;  
*Not one*, from *HEART disease*, was free,—  
Nor one good thing could do.

The *PATRIARCHS* some *drops* receiv'd  
Of *hope* reviving power ;  
While those, who *steadfastly believ'd*,  
Soon *felt*, those drops *restore*.

"*Men multiplied*"—and then a *RILL*,  
In *striking TYPE*, was given :  
*Enough*—all Israel's tribes to fill,  
At morning—noon—and even.

A STREAM, in PROPHECY, appear'd,  
 Which show'd its *virtues* more ;  
 And, from TYPE's *shadows* further clear'd  
 SALVATION, than before.

But when the SAVIOUR *bow'd* His head—  
 The *soldier* thrust the *spear*—  
 The CRUCIFIED rose from the dead—  
 And PENTECOST was there—

The *spring*, became a *fountain* then,  
 And form'd a RIVER soon ;—  
 Then, as a SEA, it flow'd for men :  
 An *all-sufficient* boon.

O *take*, and *taste*, and *drink*, and *feel*,  
 Your maladies remove :  
 This can a wounded spirit heal :—  
*Convince you*—“ GOD IS LOVE.”

*God* honours those who honour Him,  
 Yet oft receives no praise  
 From men, for gracious spring, or stream .  
 Of blessings all their days.

THOUGH *grateful thanks* be given, or not,  
 Some *BENEFACtors* prove  
*Contempt*, and *ridicule*, their lot,  
 From others, who should *love*.

Approaching *Bethel*,—and its school,  
ELISHA found it so :—  
Was treated there as an *old fool* :—  
“ *Go up, thou bald head; go.*”

Thus *mobb'd*—(who should have been *rever'd*.)  
By *children* of the place,  
Two messengers of wrath appear'd,  
And *tore* th' accursed race,  
  
Who thought, “ a prophet of the Lord,”  
Fit object for their sport;  
And dar'd, but made themselves *abhorr'd*  
By GOD, who cut them short.

They little thought, their *tongues, hands, feet*,  
So wickedly employ'd,  
A just reward would promptly meet;  
Perhaps—would be destroy'd.

With what *surprise* they saw the bears,  
Advance to seize their prey :—  
What *grief*, at death, so *near* as theirs;  
So *sure*, that very day.

Some of the “ *Forty-two*,” then *torn*,  
Expir'd upon the place;  
And, by the rest, sad *scars* were worn,  
Proclaiming their disgrace.

In vain, the *former*, rued their *birth*,  
And *scoffs*, when dying there :—  
The *latter*, too, their *jeers*, and *mirth*,  
*Obliged such MARKS to wear.*

Their *punishment* for *sin* was seen,  
 In *these*, when they appear'd :—  
 “ *They*, of the ‘ *Forty-two*’ had been,—  
 And *that* was their *reward*. ”

If some, no *sense*, or *thought*, display,—  
 Or but for *evil* *think*,—  
 Or, *act* from impulse,—or obey  
 Sheer *fools*—on ruin’s brink :—

Do THOU *not so*—from folly wean’d,  
 Avoid the wretched clan :  
 Ne’er scoff, at *goodness*, like A FIEND,  
 But be, at *least*, A MAN.

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## 46

## ELISHA,

AFTER BEING MOBBED BY THE CHILDREN AT BETHEL,  
 WAS CONSULTED BY THE KINGS OF JUDAH, ISRAEL,  
 AND EDOM, WHEN WARRING AGAINST THE KING OF  
 MOAB.

BUT what a *changing* world is this,  
 Found like the ocean’s wave :  
 O’erwhelming in the deep abyss ;  
 Then raising from the grave.

The *subject* of *contempt*, was soon  
 The *object* of *desire* :  
 His counsel sought for, as a *boon*,  
 By KINGS, who would enquire

Through him, of God, what they should do,  
Then plung'd in deep *distress*,  
While, with their armies, marching through,  
A *thirsty* wilderness.

*Distress!*—Can CROWNS be lined with *care*?  
Yes, *care*, far worse than *thorn*;  
Which on their *wearers*, pressure bear,  
Too grievous to be borne.

When kings “delight themselves in war”  
And say “*It is as sport:*”  
They often carry it too far,  
And prove it to their hurt.

But some would rather fight than *pay*  
The TRIBUTE which they *owe*:  
Yet soon find cause to rue the day,  
They dared to strike a blow.

But if for war, *these* do but set  
The battle in array;  
What, but *dishonour* do they get?  
Still more—who run away!

So was it, when king AHAB died,  
And MESHA would not pay  
The tribute Moab's kings supplied  
To Israel's, till that day.

This rous'd JEHORAM, *Ahab's* son,  
To go throughout the land,  
And see what warriors of his own,  
Were then at his command.

He thought the number found too few ;  
 And entered into league  
 With *Judah* — and with *Edom* too—  
 Who readily agreed

To join their armies to his *own*,  
 And fight, till Moab quail'd ;  
 And doubted not, t'would soon be done,  
 When *three* such hosts assail'd.

O had this *Idol* worshipper,  
 Sought counsel of the *LORD*,  
 He might have been the conqueror,  
 Without *another's* sword.

Ere Moab's hostile host was met,  
 Another *foe* appear'd :  
 'Twas *drought*—no water could they get,  
 And wretched deaths were fear'd.

Ah ! *how* proceed—return—or stay ?  
 Why yield not to despair ?  
 Then *Judah's* king, who chose the way,  
 Bethought himself of prayer,—

And thus enquir'd, “ Have we not, *here*,  
 A prophet of the Lord,  
 Who now, before Him, might appear,  
 And gain a *guiding word* ?

One said, “ There is *ELISHA* here : ”  
 Jehoshaphat replied,  
 “ *He* has God's word—our *doubts* can clear—  
 Our future steps may guide.”

Then *all* the *kings* went down to *him*,  
 To be enlightened there ;  
 But quickly found he would not trim,  
 Nor flatter them through fear.

He knew, at sight, the ROYAL *three* ;  
 But to *Jehoram* said,  
 “What can I have to do with *thee*—  
 Thy *tribute*—*drought*—or *dread*—

“Thy senseless *idols*—or thy *priests*—  
 Thy *altars*—*worship* too—  
 Or with thy *hecatombs* of *beasts*—  
 Say,—What have I to do ?

“ Go ! to the *prophets* of thy *sire*  
 And *mother*,—yea thy *own* :  
 Let them accomplish thy desire :—  
 Let *Judah’s* *God* alone ! ”

“ *Nay*”—said *Jehoram*—as the *LORD*,  
 In wrath, brought three kings here,  
 To die of thirst, or, by the sword  
 Of *Moab*,—it is clear,

“ Unless *HE* let His *anger* cease ;—  
 In our behalf appear,—  
 And *grant*, through *thee*, some words of peace,  
 ‘Tis vain to look elsewhere.”

Ah ! scarce a *shade* of piety,  
 In this his grief appears :  
 No faith, nor hope, in it we see,  
 But unbelieving fears.

Elisha still indignant seem'd  
 With him, as one abborr'd :  
 " Had I not JUDAH's *king* esteem'd,  
 I would not hear *a word*,

" Nor would I even look at thee ;  
 Nor yet admit thee here :  
 I hate thy gross *idolatry*,—  
 Could leave thee to thy *fear*.

" *Bring me a Minstrel.*" One was brought,  
 Who calm'd the prophet's breast,  
 Preparing for the *knowledge sought*,—  
 Reveal'd,—and thus express'd,—

" Thus saith the Lord, With ditches fill  
 This valley, without fear :  
 Though wind or rain ye see not, still  
 Ye shall have *water* here,—

" *Abundance*,—more than shall suffice,  
 For you,—your cattle too :  
 And much as *this* may cause surprise,  
 Far greater things I'll do :

" I'll give your *foes* into your hand ;  
 Their *cities* ye shall smite ;—  
 Cut down their *trees*,—stop *wells*,—mar land,—  
 With *desolating* might."

The morning came, and soon they found,  
 The promis'd welcome boon ;  
 The *WATER* flowing all around,  
 Abounding ere t'was noon.

Then *they*—their *cattle*—and their *beasts*,  
Sufficient beverage found ;  
Nor had, aforetime, at *their feasts*,  
Known pleasure more abound.

Then *strength* return'd,—*dejection* fled,—  
Each breast felt *courage* flow,—  
And all were willing to be led  
Against the factious foe.

The *hosts* of MESHA, lying near  
The *border*, rose that morn  
Quite early, to surprise them there,  
And so the battle turn.

But soon as they beheld the flood,  
A strange conjecture rose :  
“ Those waters seem as *red* as *blood* :  
Can it, flow from our foes ?—

“ Have they in *council*, disagreed ?  
Then slain each other's hosts ?  
“ Tis *probable*!—then we are freed !  
And now, Where are their boasts ?”

Then, flush'd with hope, they forward press'd,—  
Approach'd the camp elate,—  
And fancied they should soon be bless'd,  
With *SPOIL*, exceeding great.

“ *Haste Moab to the spoil :*” How vain !  
For, on arriving there,  
They found *three* armies—*living men*,  
Well arm'd, with *sword* and *spear*.

*These*, by God's promise, nerv'd for fight,  
 Soon made their weapons tell,  
 On MESHA's army, left and right,  
 Of whom vast numbers fell.

But *more* were seiz'd by *fear*, and fled,  
 The way that they had come—  
 Were chas'd, cut down, and left for dead :  
*Few*—cowards, reach'd their home.

These wore no laurel on their brow,—  
 Nor gloried in their scars,—  
 Nor ever took delight to show,  
 What *good* results from *wars*.

*What good* ? *more HARM*, the victors wrought,  
 On cities, walls, and trees,—  
 Stopp'd wells,—marr'd land, with stones they  
 brought,  
 To *injure*,—*vex*,—and *tease*.

The *royal* city still remain'd,  
 To which king *Mesha* fled,  
 And there, *besieg'd*, more loss sustain'd,  
 As he a *sally* led.

He made one desperate effort more,  
 To raise the siege, and fail'd.  
 The VICTORS found their fighting o'er,  
 And JOY'D—while others wail'd.

As *Mesha's IDOL* gave no aid,  
 To him, in this distress ;  
 He thought, a *special OFFERING*, made,  
 Would bring him some success.

Resolv'd—his *son*, his *heir*, should fall,  
As a *burnt SACRIFICE* ;  
He offered him, upon the *wall*,  
Before the peoples' eyes.

O horrid deed !—O shuddering sight !—  
Too *base* for sympathy !  
Scarce could his *subjects* deem it right,  
In his *extremity*.

And yet, for this, their *wrath* increas'd,  
Still more, against their *foes*,  
Who rais'd the siege—from fighting ceas'd,—  
Went home,—and found repose.

But Mesha—at his home might weep,  
At what himself had done ;—  
Rebell'd—that he might keep his *sheep* ;  
But *gave*,—and *burnt*,—his *son* !!!

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MULTIPLYING THE WIDOW'S POT OF OIL FOR THE  
PAYMENT OF HER DEBT, AND HER FURTHER  
SUSTENANCE.

THE *hooted SAINT*, who *counsell'd KINGS*,  
Regarded *private woe*,  
Where *death*, and *debt*, and *want* had stings,  
Beside a *clamerous foe*.

These trials—yea, and more than these,  
 A widow had to bear :  
 Her creditor had come to seize  
 Her sons, for bondmen there.

The widow's mother's wail was vain ;  
 He heard but felt it not ;  
 So wishful, was he, to obtain,  
 A reimbursing lot.

Her pious husband's God, beheld,  
 And sent Elisha there ;  
 Who saw, and, with compassion fill'd,  
 Remov'd her anxious care.

"A pot of oil," her only store,  
 By miracle was made  
 To fill a many vessels more,  
 With which her debt was paid.—

Yes!—and some left, to find them food,  
 Till other means were found :  
 No doubt she said "THE LORD IS GOOD,  
 WHO MADE THE OIL ABOUND."

He could have made the shallow stream  
 Of oil an ocean fill ;  
 "For nothing is too hard for Him :—  
 For all things serve His will."

'Tis far the best to have no debt :—  
 To pay, and not to owe ;  
 Lest we should no deliverance get ;—  
 Should have no oil to flow.

But if *calamity* o'ertake,  
Which we could not *foresee* ;  
Nor any *preparation* make,  
For such necessity ;

We may, and should, seek *CREDIT then*,  
*If likely e'er to pay* :  
If not—should seek a *gift*, from men,  
In such an *evil day*.

If failing *there*—should not despair,  
Nor waste away in grief ;  
But fly to God, in humble prayer,  
To *give*, or *send*, relief.

To *humbled REBELS*, He may show,  
Some *pity* in their need :  
To *humbled CHILDREN*, *love* will flow,  
AND GIVE THEIR DAILY BREAD.

Lord !—'tis my *glory*—not my shame,  
To *owe MY ALL to Thee* ;  
And my *increasing debt* proclaim,  
Through all eternity.

“ *FOR EVER*”—will suffice for this—  
Be neither *short* nor *long* ;  
While thus increasing perfect *bliss*,  
And praise, in grateful song.

## 48

## ELISHA—

## THE SHUNAMMITE—AND HER SON.

ELISHA's *holiness* shone forth,  
Wherever he appeared :  
He, as a man of sterling worth,  
Was both *belov'd* and *fear'd*.

His walks of usefulness were known,  
And by the needy lov'd :  
By *others*, he had favour shown,  
As *proof* that they *approv'd*.

ONE, rich, at *Shunem*, often saw  
Elisha pass that way,  
To *towns*, where he was wont to go,  
Which still more distant lay.

She knew the *trav'ller* must need food,  
Which she, so well, could spare ;  
And wish'd to honour one so good,  
And in his blessing share.

Her unsought invitation flow'd  
From nobleness of mind ;  
And her *constraining* frankness show'd  
The *welcome* he would find.

Their kindness, and his piety,  
While there, produc'd esteem ;  
For *that* in THEM, he needs must see,  
And *this* THEY saw in HIM.

Assured by them, he e'er would find,  
A cordial welcome there,  
He own'd, and show'd, a willing mind,  
Their kind regards to share.

His future, stated, visits show'd  
More virtues than before ;  
But check'd their kindness as it flow'd,  
For want of time for more.

When *means* are wanting, *kindness* tries  
Its own inventive skill ;  
And oft succeeds, and then supplies,  
New channels for its will.

Thus was it with the *Shunammite*,  
Who soon devis'd a way,  
For him to stay there, through the night,  
And leave the following day.

The *chamber* which they built for him,  
And *furnish'd* for his use,  
Were proofs of their *increas'd* esteem,  
Which words could not produce.

He knew his influence was great,  
With *men* and with the *Lord*,  
For things, belonging to the state,  
Or, promis'd in God's word.

He therefore bade his servant go  
And call the *Shunammite*,  
And learn, what *favour* he could show,  
Their kindness to requite.

*Gehazi* went—said, “ Name the thing  
Which would delight thee most:  
Shall he, for thee, address the king?—  
Or captain of the host?”

“ *Contented*”—she replied, “ I dwell  
Among my people here;  
And on my own estate as well,  
Which leaves no want, nor fear.

She thought the kindness she had shown,  
*Had* brought *its own* reward;  
And felt assured, what she had done,  
Was done,—*as to the Lord.*

Although her meek reply, as *fruit*  
Of *piety*, might please  
“ The man of God,”—it did not suit,  
Nor set his *heart* at ease.

*This*—fain to give decisive proof  
Of real gratitude,  
*Still laboured*, while beneath their roof,  
To make profession good.

“ *She has no child*,” Gehazi said;  
“ Nor can she hope for one :”  
Suggesting, if his master pray’d,  
The Lord might grant a son.

Elisha ask’d for this, in *prayer*,  
Assured it would be so;  
Then bade Gehazi call her there,  
That he might let her know.

She came—and in the doorway stood,  
To hear what he would say ;  
And heard,—but thought the boon too good,  
Or hopeless, and said “ Nay,

My lord, thou man of God, I pray,  
Do not thou lie to me :”  
And yet, in time, she saw the day  
Of *pleasing certainty*.

This *unexpected gift—a son*—  
Produced *a mother’s joy*,  
With thanks for what the Lord had done,  
In giving her a boy.

Her *love, and tenderness, and care*,  
Spontaneously would grow ;  
And she would find a *solace* there,  
Which only *mothers* know.

HOPE *budded*, when the year had fled,  
And look’d for many more ;  
And *blossom’d*, when another sped,  
To *that* which pass’d before.

But some anticipate too soon,  
*That* which may be delay’d,  
Yea, never realiz’d,—ere noon  
The opening flower may fade.

The *Shunammites* found this full soon,  
In their beloved son :—  
In *health at morn—but dead at noon* :  
The child’s short course was run.

Brought from the field,—laid on her knees,  
The chastened mother saw  
The rapid progress of disease,—  
Life's current cease to flow.

She then, with mixed grief, and gloom,  
The precious corpse survey'd,—  
And bore it to the *prophet's* room,—  
And laid it on his bed,—  
  
And turn'd away,—and shut the door,—  
Resolv'd to go and see  
Elisha,—that he might restore  
Her *son's* vitality.

*As*, for his *birth*, the Lord approv'd  
Elisha's *prayer* and *faith* ;  
She thought he might by *these* be mov'd,  
To bring him back from *death*.

*Urg'd* by maternal love to *speed*,  
She ask'd and quickly gain'd,  
A *man*—and *ass*—in this her need,  
Who swiftest pace maintain'd.

She lost not *reason* in her *love* ;  
Nor *grace*, in *nature's* need ;  
Nor sigh'd, for pinions of the dove,  
To make *still greater* speed.

Yet *sensitive*—although resign'd,  
Her active mind would pore,  
With *grief* on *one* she left *behind*,—  
With *hope*,—on *one before*.

Each step was nearer to the goal,  
And kept her hope alive,  
That God would soon restore the soul ;—  
Would soon her son *revive.*

Her soul, in *patience* she possess'd :  
Enthron'd, her *meekness* reign'd :  
“ TIS WELL ! ”—all rebel thoughts suppress'd,  
And *peace*, in *grief*, maintain'd.

At length, mount Carmel, stood in view,  
Where her good friend abode :  
He saw her, when far off, and knew  
His *hostess* as she rode,—

And said, unto Gehazi, “ See !—  
The Shunammite !—Now run,  
Meet, ask her, ‘ Is it WELL with *thee* ?  
Thy *husband* and thy *son* ? ’ ”

Her *grief*, had no *loquacity* ;  
Her *faith*, said, “ IT IS WELL ; ”  
And thus return'd the courtesy  
Which he could quickly tell.

But soon she reach'd the hill, and found  
Elisha there to greet :  
Then, bending, lowly, to the ground,  
In haste she caught his feet,  
And thereby, silently express'd,  
Her *reverence*, and *grief*,  
And kept her hold as one *distress'd*,  
And *anxious* for *relief.*

Gehazi did not comprehend  
 Her grief with sympathy ;  
 But went to thrust away *this FRIEND*,  
 And set his master free.

But good Elisha cried “ Forbear !—  
 She feels deep-seated grief,  
 In which, as yet, I cannot share,  
 Nor offer her relief.

“ Because the Lord has *hid* from me  
 The *cause* of her distress.”  
 He seem’d surpris’d that this should be,  
 But stay’d to hear her *case*.

Encouraged by his tenderness,  
 She told her tale of woe ;  
 And further ventur’d to express,  
 A fact he needs must know.

“ My Lord—did I desire of thee,  
 That I might bear a son ?  
 Said I not, do not *flatter* me,  
 When thou hadst promis’d one ?

“ *True*—one was given—or lent—but why ?—  
 New feelings to impart ?—  
 In less than *handbreath* days to die ?—  
 And wring a mother’s heart ?

“ But wilt thou not exert the power,  
 Which prayer, and faith, obtain ?—  
 Which God would grant to thee, this hour,  
 To raise my son again ?”

She *ceas'd* to plead :—enough he knew,  
 Nor wish'd more words to prove,  
 That her *apology* was true,  
 And could his pity move.

Straightway he to Gehazi said,  
 “ Go—take my staff with thee,  
 And haste to *Shunem*—to my bed,—  
 Where thou the child wilt see,

“ And lay my staff upon his face :  
 Salute none by the way ;  
 Nor, for a moment, slack thy pace  
 To hear what others say.”

Gehazi girt his loins to go ;  
 And promptly was prepared :  
 Not so the *Shunammite* ; O, no !—  
 She *solemnly* declared

Unto ELISHA,—“ *Thou* must go,—  
 For *thee* I will not leave :  
*Life*, for my *son*, through *thee* must *flow*,  
 Or he will none receive.”

He rose—and *follow'd* as she rode ;  
 Gehazi ran before  
 To *Shunem*, and obedience show'd,  
 But could *not* life restore.

If *ostentatiously*, he show'd,  
 The STAFF—when trav'lling there ;—  
 If *self-complacency* then flow'd,  
 In *thoughts*—“ The world will hear,

“ That when I laid the *staff* on him,  
 He *straightway* was restored :—  
*Then*—ONE—will cease to be *supreme*,  
 As I—shall be —MY LORD ! ”

But ‘ *It is well* ’—when PROVIDENCE  
 Defeats—abases too,  
 The *vain*—who have so little sense ;—  
 The *proud*—to whom ‘tis due.

He *left*—perhaps, *not* as he *went*,  
 But *slow*—*abash'd*—*ashamed* :  
 His *empty bubbles* being *rent*,—  
*He*, sober'd down, and tamed.

O, yes ! he left to meet his *lord*,  
 And *impotence* confess ;  
 Yet he employ'd *another* word,  
 Which might *abase* him *less*.

As though he had been sent to *see*—  
 Or *hear*—but not to *do* ;  
 “ The child is *not awak'd*,” said he :  
 Elisha found it true.

Arriv'd, he found the child was *dead*,  
 And promptly shut the door,  
 And then, in *mighty* faith, he pray'd  
 The ALMIGHTY to restore.

By *faith*, he knew it would be done,  
 Yet fittest means employ'd :  
 And thus, the absent spirit, won  
 Back to the *frame* left void.

First *one*, and then *another*, sign  
Of life, and sense, appeared ;  
And soon, throughout the moving shrine,  
*Full LIFE* the prophet cheered.

But *this*, the mother did not know

*She* still remain'd uncheer'd :  
He, therefore, bade Gehazi go  
And call her. She appear'd,

And saw—O soul-reviving sight !

Her son rais'd from the dead ;  
And felt unspeakable delight,  
When thus Elisha said,

“ TAKE UP THY SON.” *This* would suffice,  
Most mothers, in that case,  
To fly, and take him, in a trice,  
And fold in their embrace.

Not so, the *pious* Shunammite :

Yet her maternal love,  
Could *vie* with all, in depth, and height,  
And not *inferior* prove.

But she could not forget the *LORD*,—

Or *goodness* He display'd ;  
Nor yet *Elisha's* kind accord,  
Through whom it was convey'd :

She, therefore, in a moment, fell,  
In reverence, at his feet ;  
And there *experienc'd* “ IT IS WELL ; ”—  
Her happiness complete.

Though great her joy, in gratitude,  
 It seem'd but joy begun :  
 A thrill, ineffable, ensued,  
 As she embrac'd her son.

*Tear—sigh—and grief were then expell'd ;*  
*And HOPE resign'd its place :*  
*Her son, alive !—she now beheld :*  
*What providence !—what grace !*

She took him from the prophet's room,  
 And bore him to her own :  
 Then sent, and bade his father come,  
 And see his LIVING SON.

## 49 HAMAN AND MORDECAI.

### THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

"Twas *earthly* honour Haman sought ;  
 He courted human praise ;  
 But, O, how foolishly he thought ;  
 How wicked were his ways !

His sovereign's favour he possess'd,—  
 Of riches, ample store ;—  
 With wife, and children, he was bless'd ;  
 What could he wish for more ?

Yet he had more,—though he repined ;  
 His seat was next the throne ;  
 Yea, with the king, and queen, he dined  
 Of subjects, he alone.

“ But *nothing* this avails,” he cries,  
 “ While Mordecai I see,  
 Who, when I pass him, will not rise,  
 Nor homage do to me.”

See how his pride beclouds his mind ;  
 His folly he proclaims ;  
 His honours lose their charms, we find,  
 Till he a bow obtains.

If thus the *proud* in *folly* rave,  
 When others wont obey ;  
 May every one, who seeks a *slave*,  
 E'er meet a MORDECAI.

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## 50 HAMAN SEEKS THE DEATH OF MORDECAI.

### THE WICKEDNESS OF PRIDE.

With *malice* disappointed pride  
 Pursues its harmless foes,  
 And to obtain their death has tried,  
 For it no pity knows.

The grief of Haman fled away,  
 When Zeresh to him said,  
 “ Ask thou the death of Mordecai,  
 And get the gallows made.”

*That day* proud Haman had it made ;  
 Revenge abhors delay ;  
 For pride, by passion, is obey'd,—  
 Will not for reason stay.

Those who observe its progress find,  
 This sin to others leads ;  
 For when it has enslav'd the mind,  
 'Tis serv'd by evil deeds.

Yes, envy, strife, impatience, rage,  
 Revenge, and cruelty,  
 In its mean service soon engage,  
 And lead to misery.

To dwell in you pride is not meet ;  
 Against it set your face ;  
 Yea trample it beneath your feet,  
 With *meek* and *lowly* grace.

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## 51 HAMAN DISAPPOINTED.

### THE PUNISHMENT OF PRIDE.

THE *proud* suppose that they, alone,  
 To honour have a claim :  
 " This honour," Haman said, " be done :"  
 'Twas done to Haman's shame.

His Sovereign bade him haste and take  
 The horse, and robe, and crown,  
 To Mordecai, then at the gate,  
 And make *his* honour known.

Proud Haman hasten'd to the gate  
 And Mordecai array'd ;  
 Then led him through the street, in state,  
 And public homage paid.

Did this degradation close ?--  
Or for his crimes atone ?  
Oh no, still greater were his woes,  
When all his guilt was known.

On his own gallows Haman died,  
So deep was his disgrace :  
He fell, a victim to his pride,  
And went to his own place.

PRIDE thus defeats its *selfish* schemes ;  
Its *glory* disappears ;  
Its *probabilities* are *dreams* :  
Its *certainties* are *tears*.

*Justice*, unseen, pursues the proud,  
While others they pursue ;  
And ere, to strike, they are allowed,  
Oft gives to them their due.

If human justice they evade,  
That Judge who reads the heart,  
And whom they proudly disobey'd,  
Will say,—“ To hell depart.”

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## 52 THE THREE PIOUS HEBREWS.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, proud, and vain,  
A golden image made ;  
And set it up, in Dura's plain,  
That homage might be paid.

Resolv'd its honour should be great—  
That it should be revered ;—  
Princes, and officers of state,  
Were summon'd, and appeared.

They stood, and heard the vile decree,  
And, at the appointed sound,  
Before the idol bow'd the knee,  
And worshipp'd on the ground.

Three pious Hebrews disobey'd  
The king's *unjust* decree ;—  
Were of his furnace less afraid,  
Than of idolatry.

“ Thy threat, O king, excites no fear ;”  
The pious Hebrews said :  
“ Thy idol we will not revere ;  
Thou canst not be obey'd.

“ We know the God we serve can *savè*,  
And *will* when *in* the flame,  
But were we sure 'twould be our grave,  
We would not yield thy claim.”

The king could not such language bear,  
Infuriate he became,  
And cried, “ A *sevenfold* heat prepare ;—  
Bind—cast them in the flame.”

'Twas quickly done, these pious men,  
Were cast into the flame,  
Yet liv'd—while those who cast them in,  
Were by its fierceness, slain.

With fixed eyes the monarch gaz'd,  
Astonish'd at the sight !

The fire, around the *Hebrews* blaz'd,  
And yet,—they walk'd upright.

He rose, and having utterance found,  
Thus, to his council, cried,  
“ Did we not cast in *three* men, *bound*? ”  
“ 'Tis true ! ” they prompt replied.

“ Lo ! I see *four* men, *loose*, ” he said,  
“ Unhurt, walk in the flame :  
The *fourth*, with glory, is array'd,  
And DEITY might claim.

“ Ye servants, of the Lord, most high !  
Come forth,” he said ; they came ;  
For their deliverer was nigh,—  
Was with them in the flame.

King, princes, officers, arrang'd,  
Beheld them quit the flame,  
Themselves unburnt,—their clothes unchang'd,—  
All, but their bonds, the same.

The *Hebrew's* God the monarch prais'd,—  
Said none could save like Him,—  
Decreed *their* death, *their* houses raz'd—  
Who dare this God blaspheme.

## 53 NEBUCHADNEZZAR DEGRADED.

WHEN Nebuchadnezzar beheld,  
 The tree, and its fate, in a dream ;  
 Awaking, with fear he was fill'd—  
 His *thoughts* were distressing to him.

But Daniel reveal'd *their* import,  
 In language both tender and clear ;  
 And then he began to exhort  
 The monarch still further to hear :—

“Accept now the counsel I give ;  
 Thy respite, O king, to extend ;  
 Sin not, but in righteousness live,—  
 And be to the poor a kind friend.”

Alas !—one whole year, he delay'd,  
 To live as the prophet advis'd :  
 Engross'd by his sumptuous parade,  
 Till justice, by judgment, surpris'd.

’Twas thus—while he walk'd he survey'd  
 Great Babylon built in his reign :  
 Inflated with pride, he display'd  
*An idoliz'd self—HE WAS VAIN.*

“I built, by the might of my power,  
 To give to my majesty *fame* :  
 My wealth, as a copious shower,  
 Was fruitful, in means, where it came.

*There streets, squares, and palaces, rose,  
And gardens seem hanging in air ;  
Which walls, gates, and towers, enclose,  
My glory ! none gave me,—nor share."*

While thus the *vain* monarch assumed  
That none with his greatness could vie,  
How woefully he was unplumed,  
And made with his cattle to lie.

That hour the decree came to pass,  
From human society drove,  
Like oxen he fed upon grass,—  
Was wet, with the dew, from above.

Insensible to his own shame,  
As were the irrational herd,  
His hair, and his nails, soon became,  
Like feathers, and claws of a bird.

His eyes up to heav'n were not rais'd ;  
Nor Babylon's glory beheld :  
His hands, were as feet, when he graz'd :  
And thus the decree was fulfill'd.

Ye sons, and ye daughters of pride,—  
This *proud* and *abas'd* one survey :  
And envy *not*, neither *deride*,  
But cease from vain glory this day.

Be *humble*, why should you be *vain* ?  
Your *beauty* may quickly decay,—  
Your *strength* turn to weakness again ;  
Your *riches*, with wings flee away.

Your joys—may be deluged by grief;—

Your reason—may soon cease to reign;  
What then could afford you relief?

Be humble—why should you be vain?

Ye are not your own, but the Lord's:

Your body, soul, spirit are his:  
Your interest, with duty, accords;  
The humble have permanent bliss.

Turn now from the monarch disgrac'd:

View Jesus,—your ransom,—self-given,—  
Your God,—became man,—He abas'd  
Himself,—to exalt you to heaven.

Seek pardon,—ask grace,—learn of Him,—  
If you would His glory attain:  
Let JESUS,—not SELF,—be your theme;  
Be humble—why should you be vain?

## 54 DANIEL CAST INTO, AND PRESERVED IN, THE LIONS' DEN.

WHEN Daniel, by Darius lov'd,  
To highest honours rose;  
The princes were with envy mov'd,  
And prov'd his deadly foes.

They sought, but found no fault in him;  
Yet, knowing he lov'd prayer,  
They fix'd on a destructive scheme,  
But fell in their own snare.

Agreed—they thus address'd the king,—

“ Darius, ever live !

This law—in council made—we bring

Thy sanction to receive :—

“ To cast into the lions' den,

Whoe'er asks anything,

For thirty days, of God, or men,

Except, of Thee, O king.

“ Now sign—establish this decree.”

Alas !—it pleas'd his pride,

This clouded reason so that He

Immediately complied.

But Daniel—knowing what was done,

Would not refrain from prayer ;

Nor pray, so cautious, as to shun

His watchful rivals' snare.

Yes, Daniel, more of Hell afraid,

Than lions in their den ;

*Thrice, daily, as aforetime, pray'd,*

Though watch'd by those vile men.

Quite sure their law would be transgress'd.

They watch'd, and proof obtain'd ;

Then sought the king, with cruel haste,

And thus to him complain'd :

“ Daniel, of the captivity,

Prays *thrice* a day we find ;—

Cares not for thee, nor the decree,

Which thou, O king, hast sign'd.”

He heard—and then too late perceiv'd  
 Their wicked policy,  
 And with himself was sorely griev'd,  
 For signing the decree.

He knew it could not be repeal'd,  
 Yet wanted mercy shown ;  
 And labour'd, with this purpose fill'd,  
 Until the sun went down.

Alas !—he prov'd his labour vain,  
 And then commandment gave,  
 “ Cast Daniel in the lions' den”—  
 But told him “ *God would save.*”

Yet soon Darius found that fear  
 Chas'd faith, and sleep away :  
 He, fasting—would no minstrel hear,  
 But rose at break of day.

Then hast'ning to the *den*, he spake,  
 And said, with mournful voice,  
 “ O Daniel !—if thou livest—make  
 My tortured heart rejoice.

“ Thou servant of the Lord most high !”  
 Speak ! tell me, can he save ?  
 Thy longer silence will imply  
 The lions are thy grave.”

“ King ! live for ever !” Daniel said,  
 “ God sent his angel here,  
 Who shut the lions' mouths,—they play'd,—  
 Hurt not,—nor caus'd me fear ;

“ For innocence was found in me,  
Before the Lord Most High !  
And I had done no hurt to thee,  
For which I ought to die.”

With joy, the king commandment gave,  
“ Raise Daniel from the den.”  
’Twas done,—he came,—show’d God could save  
From lions and vile men.

Then Daniel’s enemies were brought,  
And to the lions cast ;  
And died the death for Daniel sought :  
And *this decree* was pass’d,—

“ That Daniel’s God, in every place,  
By all shall be revered ;  
Because, his *providence* and *grace*,  
So visibly appeared.”

How truly blest is he who prays  
To Daniel’s God in *youth*,  
And, blameless, walks in wisdom’s ways,—  
Holds fast, and lives the truth.

But he, who gives the *scorner* heed,  
Or *persecutor* fears,  
Shall find no help in time of need,  
Nor live out half his years.

Not pray to God for *thirty* days ?—  
Yet may this moment die !  
Or fear,—because a *mortal* says,  
“ This *I command*,—comply !”

*Whoe'er commands impiety,  
We ought to disobey ;  
Though we the hungry lions see  
Impatient for their prey.*

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## 55 CYRUS, THE DELIVERER OF JUDAH FROM CAPTIVITY.

How PROPHECY, displays to man  
*Foreknowledge* in the Lord :—  
ACCOMPLISHMENT, his *power*, which can  
Make good his every word.

The *name* of CYRUS was made known,  
Long ere his birth took place :—  
*His favours* too, which would be shown,  
To Judah's captive race.

Commission'd by the God of heaven,  
To set his people free ;  
A way was made,—the power was given,—  
And used successfully.

Approaching Babylon, he found  
The river's empty bed ;—  
A spacious passage, under ground,  
Which to the palace led ;—

Its two-leaved gates he found unclos'd,—  
And entrance to the hall,  
In which Belshazzar's loins were loos'd,  
By *words wrote* on the wall.

What could his wives, and concubines,  
And thousand lords perform ?—  
Or idol gods,—or flowing wines,—  
Avail him in that storm ?

He, by the Persians, thus surpris'd,  
And unprepared to fight,  
No weapon found, or paralys'd  
By fear,—was slain that night.

But Cyrus, as had been foretold,  
Was mindful of God's sheep ;—  
That they might have their *ancient fold*,  
And *there*, their *Sabbaths* keep.

He made the willing people *free*,  
And Zion's tears were o'er ;  
Then sent, in writing, his decree,  
The TEMPLE to *restore* ;

Commanding every one of them  
To rise, and help obtain,  
And hasten to *Jerusalem*,  
Their *promis'd* land again.

JERUSALEM !!!—“ Can it be so ?  
It is !!—we do not dream !  
Nor longer weep, where willows grow,  
Beside the musing stream.

“ Our long neglected harps we take,  
To tell our laughing joy ;  
And through the future we will make  
Hosannas ! our employ.”

Then *chiefs* and *priests* and *levites* rose,  
 And travell'd with their *friends* ;  
 While joy, and grief, alternate flows,  
 Until their journey ends :

*Joy*—for the great deliv'rance wrought ;—  
 But *grief*—for numerous *crimes*,  
 And *punishments*, which these had brought,  
 On them, so many times.

The *heathen*, then with *Judah*, said,  
 “The Lord hath done great things :”  
 We say—for *us*,—once *captive led*,”  
 If now, “made *priests* and *kings*. ”

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## JOB

## 56

## IN PROSPERITY.

How prone to *change*, and *sorrow*, here,  
 Is man in his most PROSPEROUS state :  
*Then*, all around, smile, praise, revere ;  
 When *adverse*,—know not, frown, or hate.

We sometimes have a fitful day,  
 Commencing with a brilliant *morn*,  
 Whose glories, *storms* have chas'd away  
 Ere *noon*,—yet they at *eve* return.

Is there *instruction* in such *days* ?  
 Much more from *man* may be obtained,  
 When *prospering* in all his ways,—  
 When all is *lost*,—when more's regained.

When moral night o'er earth had spread,  
Job, as a morning star, arose  
In Uz, from which gross darkness fled,  
And *Virtue* triumph'd o'er her foes.

All moral evil Job abhorr'd :—  
Whate'er was truly good desired,—  
Sincerely reverenc'd the Lord,  
And walk'd, uprightly, as required.

Heaven's choicest favours were bestowed  
On him, in *providence* and *grace* :  
And while his cup with these o'erflowed,  
His, truly, was a happy case.

With numerous children he was blest ;  
Of household servants had far more ;—  
Large herds of cattle he possest ;—  
*All* earthly good in ample store.

Job had no equal in the *East*,  
So rich and flourishing his state ;  
Not merely *this*, or *that*, increas'd,  
But *all* conspired to make him great.

If *these* things made him *great*, much more  
The *virtues* planted in his breast ;  
Which fruit unto perfection bore,  
As God was pleased to attest.

What knowledge, wisdom, sympathy,—  
What courage, and successful zeal,  
He show'd for those whose poverty,  
Or pains, or wrongs, none seem'd to feel.

*No pride* required them first to sue,  
And wring from Job the aid withheld ;  
*Nor wondered*, he, some *dared* to do  
What stern *necessity* compell'd ;

Nor willing sufferers should remain  
Unknown, and die without a friend ;—  
Aware the *bashful* won't complain,—  
The *timid* do not love to send,—

He *sought out* these,—in *these* he found  
Fit objects for his charity,  
Which flow'd, like fountain streams, around,  
To all in pain, or penury.

Behold the poor,—the lame,—the blind,—  
The widows,—orphans,—and oppress'd,  
Through his abounding goodness, find  
Their wants supplied,—their wrongs redress'd.

Then want, and sorrow's wail, was o'er ;  
No tears, save those of joy, appeared ;  
Oppression's hand was felt no more ;  
And pain, and loneliness were cheered.

Each full supply,—each prompt redress,  
Would melt the heart, and fill the tongue,  
And all conspire Job's name to bless,  
In grateful chorus, loud and long.

Their joy, and plaudits, would delight  
His eye, ear, heart, and heighten zeal,  
In works, whose reflex acts excite  
Emotions,—such as angels feel.

Thrice blessed Job!—for in the *East*,  
 Not one had equal wealth with thee,  
 Nor found in kindness such a feast,  
 Nor such a heaven in piety.

And yet,—thy wealth, a curse had been,  
 If thou hadst lack'd philanthropy :  
 O yes,—a fruitful source of sin,  
 And guilt, and fear, and misery.

The wealthy *miser* never gives  
 Such joy as Job,—nor wins such praise,—  
 Nor feels such pleasure,—nor receives  
 Heaven's smile on aught he does, or says.

The niggard's self-curs'd, blighted soul,  
 Droops,—withers,—dies,—the wretch is dead  
 To pity, when his only goal  
 Is *gold*,—its *loss*, his greatest dread.

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## 57

## JOB

IN BEREAVEMENT.

THIS WORLD, is not “a sea of glass,”  
 Transparent, and without a waye :  
 Not one of us, can hope to pass,  
 Without a *trial* to the grave.

Ah ! who would of to-morrow boast,—  
 Its city's mart, and golden gain ?  
 When all, ere midnight, may be lost,  
 And nought to trade with, may remain.

Vain man!—with but *a moment* blest,  
Has multiplied his *days* below;  
And then, with confidence, express'd  
His *life*, and *death*, secured from woe.

But storms may rise, and reach, and rend  
Man's nest, in *cedars* highest bough;  
Or, if in *shrubs*,—and *hedge* defend,  
The *foe* may *spoil*,—be ready now.

*This*, Job the rich, the wise, the good,  
The pious, upright, perfect man,  
By *sad experience* understood,  
The day his *trials* first began.

The envious, spiteful, cruel foe,  
Beheld Job's goodness, greatness, fame;  
And sought for leave to *try*, and show,  
That he was but a *saint* in *name*.

The Lord knew better, and declared,  
Job had no equal in the earth:  
Yet, being by the tempter dared,  
Gave leave to *try*, and prove his worth.

The adversary then obtained  
Control o'er all that Job possessed,  
Himself excepted: HE remained  
*Within the fence*, around him placed.

To *ruin* Job, the foe employed,  
Marauders,—lightning,—stormy wind:  
*Those* spoil'd of all,—while *these* destroyed,—  
And left a waste,—a wreck behind.

*One*, from each scene of spoil, and blood,  
 And lightning's flash, and whirlwind's roar,  
*Escaped, alone, and fled, and stood,*  
*Together at their master's door,*

*Through Satan's craft, to tell Job there,*  
 The deeds of horror they had seen,  
 And give him load on load to bear,  
 Without a moment's space between,

And be astounded by the *first*,  
 Yet find an *increase* through the *whole*,  
 And feel the *last* was far the *worst*,  
 And instantly lose self-control ;—

Allowing him no time for prayer,—  
 Nor yet to arm with *passive* grace,  
 But die,—heart-broken,—or—despair  
 Of help, from God, in such a case.

The *first* made known to Job that “ while  
 His *oxen* plow'd, and *asses* fed,  
 SABEANS came,—made these their spoil,—  
 And slew the *men*,—and straightway fled.”

The anxious *second* promptly said,  
 “ God's fire, from heaven, in *awful flame*,  
 Has struck thy *sheep* and *servants* dead,  
 And I, alone, of all remain.”

The *third* declar'd *his* tidings then :  
 “ There came CHALDEANS, in three bands,  
 Who seiz'd thy *camels*,—slew thy men,—  
 And bore their spoil to other lands.”

The *fourth* possess'd no FATHER'S *heart*,  
 To time his speech,—select each word ;  
 But let his tidings, like a dart,  
 Inflict their wounds as soon as *heard* :—

“ *Thy sons and DAUGHTERS, feasting*, found  
 Their eldest brother's *house* their *tomb* :  
*Smote* by a WHIRLWIND to the ground,  
*Its fall was fatal*,—seal'd their doom.”

No lightning's flash could more surprise,—  
 Nor thunder's crash excite the soul,  
 Than these their words : but *grace* supplies  
 Its suppliant with self-control.

Then, Job arose, with grief profound,  
 And rent his mantle,—shav'd his head,—  
 And fell at length upon the ground,—  
 And worshipped the Lord, and said,—

“ *I nothing had* when I was born :  
 Yet much the Lord bestow'd on me :  
 I shall not to the grave return,  
 With aught of earthly property :

But I submit to loose *my all* ;  
 It was God's *loan*,—gave me no claim ;  
 And though, His own, He now recall,  
 For ever blessed be His name !”

Job sinned not in all this *test*,  
 Nor foolishly his God arraigned :  
 His soul, in patience, he posess'd,—  
 His strict integrity maintained.

And *we* may frustrate hell's design,  
 When forc'd to suffer, or to fight,  
 If clothed in panoply Divine,—  
 And strengthen'd by the Spirit's might,—

And fill'd with wisdom from above,—  
 And meekly trust in God alone :  
 We *then* can suffer,—fight,—and prove  
 Salvation!—victory!—our own.

But *where* no graces arm the soul,  
 Great trials may induce despair :  
*If one*, be lacking, of the whole,  
 The tempter soon may triumph there.

---

## 58

## JOB

## IN AFFLICITION.

THOSE who have conflicted to-day,  
 And gain'd through grace, a victory,  
 And *see no foe*, should watch, and pray,  
 And still keep on their panoply.

The battle's won,—but not the war :  
 The tempter may *return* to-day ;  
 And would rejoice to fix a scar,  
 On those he has not leave to slay.

The foe beheld Job's victory,—  
 Beheld his patience,—heard his praise,  
 Chagrin'd, that his infirmity  
 Was *less* than his imparted grace.

Nought daunted,—bent on further strife,  
 He thus accused Job again ;  
 “ With *ease*, Job parts with all, while *life*,  
 And *health*, and *strength*, to him remain :

But touch his flesh, and bones ; and he  
 Will show his heart is void of grace ;—  
 Will sink into despondency ;—  
 Will dare to curse Thee to Thy face.”

To Satan’s taunts the Lord replied,  
 “ Behold ! he now is in thy hand :  
 With *loss of health* let him be tried ;  
 But *not of life* : this I command.”

Well pleas’d the foe went forth again,  
 And smote *poor* Job with sore disease,—  
 With *boils* ;—and their tormenting pain,  
 Allow’d no intervals of ease.

How could they ? each gave pungent pain ;—  
 No portion of his *skin* was free :  
 How stand—sit—lie—or rise again,  
 Without *increasing AGONY* ?

Ah where Job’s manly beauty now ?—  
 His cheering smile ?—his pitying eye—  
 And where is his majestic brow ?  
 The loathsome mass makes no reply.

He at the *gate*, or in the street,  
 As ruler sat, without a peer ;  
 But now on *ashes* takes his seat,  
 And is all *patience*,—*meekness* there.

The LAZAR hears no sympathy,  
 Nor sees a surgeon come to heal,  
 Nor nurse to tend: all turn, and flee  
 From him who ever sought their weal.

Ah! niggard world—of all thy stores,  
 But *one*,—*a potsherd*, Job could gain,  
 With which to cleanse and cool his sores;  
 Yet *this* he used,—and not in vain.

Sad plight!—At length, his WIFE drew near,  
 And let her tongue at random run.  
 As if the devil sent her there,  
 To do his work, she thus begun;—

“ Dost thou *retain* thy piety,  
 Which profits not?—*Curse God and die.*”  
 No faith in God,—nor sympathy  
 With Job, these chiding words imply.

Then Job replied—“ Thy words, to me,  
 Might flow from tongues which folly fills.  
 Who *pleasing good* receive, should be  
 Submissive under *painful ills.*”

Thus far,—mid all these waves of woe,  
 Job uttered not a sinful word:  
 Assured, that *good*, or *ill*, must flow  
 By *will*, or *sufferance*, of the Lord.

His piety,—true, pure, entire,  
 Had life, light, love, strength, peace, and joy,—  
 Shunn'd not the light, endured the fire,  
 Which Satan kindled to destroy.

T'was *thus*, while *comfort* from above,  
 Upon his tempted soul was shed :  
 But *this withheld*,—*faith, hope, and love*,  
 Soon droop'd—and then appeared as dead :

*Not of necessity* ;—Oh no !

Though tried by fire, they might increase :  
 No doubt, God will'd they should do so,  
 And keep His servant's mind in peace,

Who, though a SAGE in *nature's* lore,—  
 In *revelation's* a DIVINE,—  
 For *providence* still needed more ;  
 A stronger light,—a longer line.

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## 59 JOB'S PLAINTIVE RETROSPECT.

Ah *memory*!—thou still dost show  
 Thy *record* of past years to me :  
 The vivid contrast to my woe,  
 Enhances present misery.

Oh that it were with me, as when  
 God kept me safe on every side ;  
 His candle, shining on me then,  
 Illum'd my path whenever tried.

Were I, as in my youthful days,  
 When I, with vigour, serv'd the Lord ;  
 Drew near in prayer—presented praise—  
 As *Father*, lov'd—as *God*, ador'd :—

As when within my house we met,  
To worship God with filial fear :  
*That Bethel*—I shall ne'er forget ;  
*That Gate of Heaven*—grace, glory there :—

As when God's blessing was on me,—  
On soul and body, day by day ;—  
As when I could my children see,  
And hear, and for their welfare pray :—

As when my numerous herds supplied  
Abundant butter for my use ;  
While olives, on the mountain's side,  
Gave rivers of their unctious juice :—

As when *chief Judge*, I, stately,  
Pass'd through the city to its gate :  
And fix'd my seat, where all might see,  
And hear the charge—the proof—the fate.

When in the city, or its gate,  
I sat, the *young* would shun my eye ;  
The *aged* rise, and stand, and wait  
To hear, and wish not to reply.

The *sight* of me inspired such awe,  
That *noble*'s tongues lost power to move ;  
And *princes* thought it right, to show  
By silence, reverential love.

I *sought* the *poor*, and gave them bread ;  
The *fatherless* were no more wrong'd ;  
The *widow*'s heart I joyful made ;  
The *perishing* had life prolong'd ;

The *blind* found useful eyes in me ;  
And for the *lame* my feet would run ;  
I gave the *helpless*, victory ;—  
Oppressors broke,—they groan'd *undone* !—

The *ears* that heard me then, would bless ;  
The *eyes* that saw me, sanction'd them ;  
My *righteousness*, an ample dress ;  
My *judgment*, robe and diadem.

But, ah ! ye blessed blissful *days*,  
Exchang'd for *months* of misery :  
May I, once more, behold your rays,  
And feel your beams return to me !

Too confident,—I said, yes, I  
Shall die within my nest at home ;  
Yet, as the sand, shall multiply  
My days, before that hour shall come.

My spreading root was near the stream ;  
My branch received the nightly dew ;  
My praise, was then, the general theme ;  
My strength I daily could renew.

Thus favour'd, I too much assumed,  
As favourites have often done ;  
And found myself, like them, unplumed,  
Despis'd,—yea an abandon'd one.

I am derided by the *young*,  
Whose sires were of the basest sort :  
Yea—made their by-word, and their song,  
The object of their cruel sport.

They come—and stare—and gape—and smite—  
And spit upon my face in scorn ;  
And push away my feet, in spite,  
And mar my path where'er I turn.

Again, in bands, with savage glee,  
And brutal force, resolved to storm,  
They run to roll themselves on me,  
And crush, to death, a bruised worm.

The *little children* learnt of *these*  
Contempt, and persecuting zeal :  
When I arose, they strove to tease,  
And by their railings make me feel.

Thus gall'd, my anguish'd spirit cries,  
But finds Thou wilt not hear me Lord :  
Then I, to move Thy pity rise,—  
Stand up,—but cannot gain a word.

How cruel this—yet more so still,  
To combat me with Thy strong hand :  
Can I—a worm—resist thy will ?—  
Weak flesh—omnipotence withstand ?

I, like an ample shock of corn,  
Well-ear'd, with heavy grain, have stood ;  
But *now*, am thresh'd, toss'd, fann'd, and torn  
To atoms, as if void of good.

My substance gone,—*what* but my breath  
Remains—and this Thou wilt recall :  
I know Thou wilt bring me to death,  
And to the *house* decreed for *all* :

The GRAVE!—how sweet its rest would prove;  
*His hand would not pursue me there,*  
 Though *here*, my cries, have fail'd to move  
 Destroying wrath my flesh to spare.

From every quarter sufferings rise;  
 Wave mounts on wave, and bursts on me;  
 And no one aids—nor heeds my cries,  
 Amid o'erwhelming misery.

Why such calamity? I know  
 'Tis not retributive—I'm sure.  
 Did I not weep for those in woe?  
 With yearning pity feed the poor?

Ye know I did. With jealous care,  
 I strove to keep my conscience clean;  
 And would not let my eyes ensnare  
 My heart—lest I, in wish, should sin.

Now he who would not sin in thought,  
 Would all gross sin abhor, and shun;  
 But, let just balances be brought,  
 And show if I have evil done.

If, from my hands, or feet, or tongue,  
 Or eyes, in look—or heart, in thought,  
 My fellow men have suffer'd wrong;  
 Then let me suffer all I ought.

I have not shown hard-heartedness:  
 No servant, neighbour, nor the poor,—  
 No widow—nor the fatherless,  
 Can prove sin lieth at my door.

If I have made fine gold my trust,  
Or joy'd, because my wealth was great,  
And by *my hand* acquir'd ; 'twere just  
To bring me to this low estate.

Nor am I *thus*, to show that I  
Have only lost *unrighteous* gain :  
For if my *LAND* against me cry—  
Its furrows, and its fruits *complain*,

Of herdsmen's, plowmen's, reapers' hire,  
Reduc'd, delay'd, denied by me ;  
That I *oppressively* require  
High rents, from all my tenantry ;

That I am not *its* rightful lord,—  
Have wrong'd its owners by design,  
And broke their hearts, or with the sword  
Cut short their lives,—and call'd *it MINE* :—

Ah ! were it so—'twould then be meet,  
That I should plow, and sow, in vain ;—  
Have *thistles*, only, from my wheat ;—  
From barley—only *cockle* gain.

If e'er the cloudless sun, at noon,  
Entic'd, and I, in heart *adored* ;  
Or, if I gave the brilliant moon  
The reverence which I owe the Lord ;—

By thus denying God above,  
I should deserve the woes I feel :  
But reverence—or, adoring love,  
I never gave them—never will.

I never have rejoic'd to see  
 Destruction overtake my foe ;  
 Nor yet behav'd more haughtily  
 To him, when *trials* brought him low.

*Before* they came—while his success  
 In sin, was great, without control,  
 I never let my mouth transgress—  
 Ne'er wish'd perdition to his soul.

And when my servants rais'd their hand,  
 Impatient to destroy my foe ;  
 I curb'd their rage, and gave command,  
 To loose him, and to let him go.

I *lodg'd* the *stranger* for the night,  
 And *fed* the *traveller* by day,  
 And have no deeds which shun the light,  
 Nor any I would shift away.

I never stay'd at home through fear,  
 When families had party feuds :—  
 When mobs arose, I hasted *there*,  
 And quell'd the angry multitudes.

Need I add more ? My righteousness,  
 Unclouded, shines as mid-day sun,  
 In these strong facts : and—now, I press  
 For *counter* proof ;—but—there is *none*.

Oh that I had a judge to hear  
 My case !—the Almighty Judge of all :  
 With promptitude, would I appear,  
 In court, before Him, at His call :

And, if I were indicted there,  
 And had a *copy* of the same ;  
*That*—I would on my shoulder bear ;  
 To me, a *crown*—to FALSE FRIENDS, *shame*.

With *confidence* would I make known  
 My steps,—my *rise* in life declare ;  
 And, as a *prince*, approach His throne,  
 Assured, He *would acquit me there*.”

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## 60

## JOB'S

CONVICTION, CONFESSTION, AND SUBSEQUENT  
 BLESSEDNESS.

God's ways, when *hid* from men are just ;  
 When most afflictive, still are kind :  
 Who cannot *truce*, may safely *trust*,  
 And profit too, if quite resigned.

'Twere strange, could fitful wrath assuage  
 The evils which we most deplore :  
 While tumults in the passions rage,  
 The *darkness* thickens more and more.

God ne'er can do His children wrong,  
 Nor treat them needlessly severe :  
 Though light and comfort tarry long,  
 He will arise, and shine, and cheer.

Who wait through *night*, in *faith*, find rest,  
 And peace—and morning brings them joy :  
 Then cherish'd love expands the breast,  
 With fervent praise, its fond employ.

Let not a living man complain,  
 But rather *search* and *try* his ways,  
 More knowledge of himself to gain,  
 His *need* of prayer—his *cause* for praise.

When Job, at length, was thus disposed,  
 God's searching words illum'd his soul,  
 And, to his conscience, soon disclosed  
 His sin—in spurning God's control ;—

In teaching *Him* who all things knew ;—  
 Reproving *Him* who fill'd heav'n's throne,  
 Yet found, when charg'd to prove it due,  
 The *error*—*sin*—and *guilt*, HIS OWN.

A *whirlwind* rush'd to view, and broke  
 The silence of *Elihu's* pause ;  
 And, from the midst of it, God spoke  
 And bade Job vindicate his cause :—

“ Who is it *darkens* counsel there,  
 With words, which no instruction pour ?  
 Gird up thy loins, and now prepare,  
 To hear—to vie—or to *adore*.

“ *Hear* thou what ATTRIBUTES are MINE :—  
 Behold the *proofs* My works afford :—  
 Now, *show* that such are also thine ;  
*Thyself*, My peer ;—I not thy LORD.

“ Contending with, wilt thou reprove,  
And teach the ALMIGHTY ! *even ME !*—  
As lacking wisdom, power, and love,  
For governing the *world*—or *thee* ?

“ Such daring, reckless blasphemy,  
O Job ! I never will allow  
To find impunity from Me :  
*Defend it—or renounce it now.*”

Convicted by the clearest light,  
Less fierce Job’s rampant soul became ;  
Then ceas’d to stand on its own right,  
And sank, abas’d, through guilt and shame.

Thus, *self-condemn’d*, *confession* flow’d,  
“ Behold, I’m *vile* !—how answer THEE ?  
Ah *once*!—yea *twice* !—I spoke, and show’d,  
I dare impeach Thy equity.

“ Henceforth this blasphemy shall cease,—  
My hand upon my mouth be laid.”  
Thus, vanquish’d Job, desiring peace,  
Renounc’d “ *stout words*,” and homage paid.

Then, from the whirlwind, God rejoin’d,  
And said, to humble Job still more ;—  
“ Gird up thy loins, and let Me find  
The courage thou didst boast before.

“ *What is it*, Job, that *thou* canst do,  
Whose origin is in the dust ?  
Wilt thou annul my judgment too,  
And then condemn Me as unjust,

“ And render my iniquity,  
 A foil to thy own righteousness ?  
 Declare *thine attributes* to Me,  
 In which thou trustest for success.

“ Hast thou an *arm* like God ? Now see ;—  
 A voice to thunder with, like *Him* ?  
 Now deck thyself with majesty,  
 And excellence,—as if supreme :—

“ With glory, beauty, now array  
 Thyself—and cast abroad thy ire :  
 Frown tyrants down,—and prostrate lay  
 The proud,—the wicked tread as mire ;—

“ Nor curb thy rage, till in the grave,  
 These pests of earth together lie :  
 Then will I own *thine* hand can save  
 Thyself—can all thy lack supply.”

With lowly meekness Job replied,  
 “ Thou, Lord, canst *do* whate’er Thou wilt,  
 And *see* each *thought*, which men would *hide*,  
 As *seed* of sin, or *fruit* of guilt.

“ As Thou, my *inmost* thoughts could’st see  
 Of pride, and wrath, for such were mine ;  
 Producing words to *counsel* Thee,  
 While ignorant of Thy *design* ;

“ Thou mightest well, of me, demand,  
 The man of such *temerity*.  
 Ah, Lord !—I *am the man*—I stand  
 Condemn’d—and yet would plead with Thee.

“ Though *men* cannot convict me, Lord,  
 Of sins against themselves, and Thee ;  
 Within *Thy memory* are stored,  
 Strong proofs of my iniquity.

“ O deign to hear, and I will speak ;  
 I supplicate a kind reply ;  
 ‘Tis *Thy forgiving grace* I seek,  
 Although I have deserved to die.

“ While but mine *ear* had heard of Thee,  
 My soul, unaw’d, prolong’d the war ;  
 But *now*, Thine ATTRIBUTES I *see*,  
 And my own sinful self *abhor*.

“ In dust, and ashes, I repent,  
 That I,—a worm, have strove with Thee ;—  
 Oppos’d *Thy will*, and *government*,  
 Which *now*, I *own*, were *best* for me.”

Thus by the power of truth subdued ;  
 By *grace* made plastic as the clay ;  
 Job’s *faith*, and *love*, were soon renew’d,  
 And chas’d his guilt and grief away.

Yes !—*passion’s billows*, foam, and roar,  
 Which rag’d within his heart, were still’d ;  
 And midnight gloom, and doubt, were o’er,  
 For light, and peace, his conscience fill’d.

O glorious *truth* ! O powerful *grace* !  
 What miracles with these are wrought !  
 To *these*—self, sin, and hell, give place ;  
 By God, to meet subjection brought.

*Then Job, in self-abasement, low  
 As dust, which under foot is trod ;  
 For persecuting friends, could show  
 Compassion—princely power with God.*

*Forgiving them, he was forgiven,  
 And freed, that hour, from Satan's hand,  
 Who, with his numerous plagues, was driven  
 Away—yea,—fled, at God's command.*

*Then health of body—peace of mind,  
 With holy joy, were Job's once more ;  
 And soon he found those persons kind,  
 Who should have succour'd him before.*

*Job's grievous loss was soon supplied :  
 Yea, twice as much, the Lord bestow'd :  
 Not as a rill,—but, as a tide,  
 'To him, all earthly blessings flow'd.*

*Sheep, camels, oxen, asses, soon  
 Were his, and greatly multiplied :—  
 Ten children, also, as God's boon  
 To him, instead of those who died.*

*Thus blest—God gave one blessing more,  
 By adding seven score years to those  
 Which Job was favour'd with, before  
 He pass'd through such unequall'd woes.*

*Possessing such a large estate,  
 He would become the poor man's friend,  
 And would not let his CHILDREN wait  
 For doles, till his long life should end ;*

But gave, to each of them *a share* ;  
Not *all* to *one*, as some have done :  
His DAUGHTERS—*fairest of the fair*,  
Receiv'd a portion with each SON.

What more could favour'd Job desire  
Of *earthly good*?—or God bestow ?  
And yet, he found his joy rise higher—  
His well-replenish'd cup o'erflow :

His *sons* were *spared*—*their sons* he saw—  
*Four generations* in life's vale,  
Ere God enforc'd His righteous law,—  
Ere *death* arrived, whom Job could hail.

*Then*—full of days, in mellow'd age,  
'There needed not a fierce disease ;  
Death's *touch* sufficed to disengage  
Job's *peaceful* soul, which left with ease.

TIME's curtain fell,—*itself* no more  
To him,—HEAVEN open'd to his gaze :  
He glanc'd,—then found himself before  
The *throne*—employ'd in hymns of praise.

## 61 REFLECTIONS ON JOB'S EVENTFUL CASE.

*"Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the PATIENCE of JOB, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."*—James v. 11.

THOUGH *Fame* made known to Sheba's queen,  
 What *wisdom* Solomon displayed;  
 And drew her where 'twas heard, and seen,  
 Surpassing all that had been said;

Let Job—the *tried*, the *patient*, share  
 Our admiration and esteem,  
 While seen, so gracefully, to bear  
 The *load* which hell impos'd on him.

How just the estimate, “*Behold*  
*We count them happy who endure:*”  
 A truth such never need be told,  
 Because *experience* will assure.

Job prov'd it so, while he remain'd  
 Submissive to the will of God:  
 Yes—peace, and comfort, then sustain'd  
 His soul, though smarting from the rod.

O who, of Adam's mortal race!  
 E'er felt such smart—endur'd such pain?—  
 Or show'd such meek and lowly grace?—  
 Or spoke in such a pious strain?

Such souls are truly great, though in  
 An ulcer'd frame—in sackcloth clad ;  
 Nor mourn their *loss*, while Christ they *win*,  
 And hear Him say “ Rejoice !—be glad !”

Yes !—“ *They are happy who endure* ”  
 Bereavement, in its various forms ;—  
 Who strive to make their calling sure,  
 And gain the port, whate'er the storms.

The *peace* which God to such has given,  
 Surpassing thought, until receiv'd,  
*Could, always, keep the passions even,*  
 And would—if they *believing* lived.

But when Job's *consolations* ceas'd,  
 Though *peace* remain'd, his *patience* fail'd ;—  
*Faith* shrank—*doubt* work'd—and *fear* increas'd—  
*Complaint* commenc'd—and *wrath* prevail'd.

Alas !—the mighty fell that day,  
 From highest rectitude and peace ;  
 Yes !—cast his confidence away,  
 And all his graces seem'd to cease.

How *weak* is *man* ! he nought can do,  
 When *self* must *light* and *strength* supply :  
 What cloud of hell can *HE see through* ?—  
 Or, how hell's *powers*, withstand—or fly ?

Then let the tempted, or the tried,  
 Distrust themselves—on Christ rely ;  
 And *urge* their suit, until supplied  
 With grace—then *bear*—*o'ercome*—or *fly*.

Job's fall into despondency,  
 And murmuring, and wrath, must show,  
 That those who have *less* piety,  
 Though not so *high* may fall as *low*.

Let him that standeth, give good heed,  
 Lest Job's perverseness be his own :  
 While *none less* tried—nor yet quite freed  
 From murmuring—should cast a stone,

If thy *weak* BROTHER felt the blight  
 Of sin, and droop'd, and prostrate lies ;  
 Try *tears* to *move*, not *stones* to *fright* ;  
 Nor cease kind efforts till he rise.

If thy *strong* BROTHER—tall and fair—  
 With lovely fruit, and fostering shade,  
 Has, by hell's *lightning* been stript bare,  
 And by its *bolt* in shame is laid :—

*Examine self*—and watch, and pray !  
 See *Zion's* wounds, and share her pain ;  
 And then, with chasteñ'd mien, essay  
 To lead him to the cross again.

But heal not slightly ; though he move  
 Disquieted ; ere thou dost raise,  
 With *MEEKNESS* *question*—try to prove  
 What *CONSCIENCE* sees—and feels—and says.

If *penitent*—O then, no more  
 Probe with the *LAW*, but *heal* with *GRACE* :  
 Nor *roughly* touch the grievous sore,  
 But tell him 'tis a *hopeful* case.

Reviv'd by hope, yet cannot rise,  
And straightway go to Calvary,  
Set thou, the cross, before his eyes,  
And say—Christ *died*, and *pleads* for thee.

If qualms of guilt—self-loathing shame,  
Should make him turn his eyes away;  
CHRIST's *precious promises* proclaim,  
As *acts of grace*, in force this day.

Encourage him to pray for faith;  
And then embolden to believe;  
Nor leave him, till he *feeling* saith,  
“My loving father doth forgive.”

O breathe this spirit!—and employ  
Such means as these which God will bless  
To *him*—to *thee*—and cause great joy  
To *saints*—to *devils*, deep distress.

Forget not Satan's craft, and power:  
Remember *thy* infirmities:  
Admit, that in some trying hour,  
*Thy fall*, may be as *low* as *his*.

How sad his case who falls alone!—  
Who has no *friendly* helper near!  
And if he ne'er has pity shown,  
He may, till *death*, continue there.

Alas, for Job!—without a friend!—  
When steep'd in misery he lay.  
*Once*—shoals, their compliments would send;—  
Their love—esteem—et cetera.

But when Job's noon-tide splendour ceas'd,  
 Eclips'd by loss—pain—penury ;  
 They deem'd themselves *thereby* releas'd,  
 From showing common courtesy.

Fie, human nature !—shame on him !  
 Whose *love* supplies a *torch* at *noon*,  
 Which he, with *friendship's* *zeal*, will trim,  
 'Till *night*,—then say “ *My work is done.* ”

O *where* is friendship found ?—In *one*  
 Whose love has greater deeds than words ;—  
 Who brings *no torch*—*HIMSELF* a *SUN*—  
 THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

Yes, we have seen, the Almighty prove,  
 A *friend* to Job, when he had none :  
 Then tender pity, mercy, love,  
 To him, in blended radiance shone.

These prove, “ *God's thoughts and ways*,” excel  
 OUR thoughts and ways, beyond compare :  
 His *breadth* of MERCY—who can tell ?  
 Or who His *height* of LOVE, declare ?

All Adam's race could ne'er express,  
 That *breadth*—nor its extremes survey :  
 “ The sin, of all the world,” is less  
 Than *that* which taketh it away.

Why *Penitent*, retain a doubt ?  
 It *cannot* be too scant for thee :  
 It *can*, all *crimson* crimes, blot out,  
 And set the vile offender free.

No angels—not the Seraphim,  
Though nearest to the gracious throne,  
Can tell the *height* of LOVE in HIM,  
So faintly shadow'd in their own.

And wilt thou, “LITTLE FAITH,” still fear  
Love’s *limits*, or its constancy ?  
Thy fluttering cease,—and rest thee, where—  
*The GODHEAD’S fulness dwells for thee.*

Dost thou reply—“ My faith is weak ;  
And weakest as to *temporal* things :  
Supplying streams I vainly seek ;—  
Their channels dry—and clos’d their springs ?

“ Should not the book of *Providence*,  
Be given, *unseal’d*, like that of GRACE ?  
Its page, would free me from suspense,  
As doubt to certainty gave place.

“ Then I could read a page, each morn,  
Of *good*—or *ill*—awaiting me ;  
And know, at once, which way to turn,  
The *good*, to meet ; the *ill*, to flee.”

Be not deceiv’d, thou simple soul ;  
*A page* would never *keep* thy mind :  
Thou wouldst not rest, until the *whole*  
Was read—and then, no rest couldst find.

*Desire*—would think *delay* too long,  
And then become *anxiety* !—  
And *fear*, regard the *ill* as *wrong*,  
And banish *joy*, and *peace*, from thee.

Were thy desire and fear suppress,  
 Thy knowledge would not profit thee ;  
 But take, from present good, its zest,—  
 Give present ills, more pungency.

*Mark well*, good Nehemiah's prayer,  
 When tried : he no such book required ;  
 Nor wish'd a prophet, to declare  
 The coming future :—he desired

That “God would think on him for good ;”  
 But ask'd not this, nor that, nor those  
*Most pleasing* things; nor that He would  
 Just there, and then, his trials close.

GOD thought of him—HE thinks of thee,  
 For good ; discard thy wish and fear :  
 Take thou the Sacred page, and see  
 An interesting record there.

Yes!—there, the cheering passage stands,  
 And well may fill with sweet surprise ;—  
 “Thy name is graven on My hands,  
 And ever is before My eyes.

“ Thus ever seen, and felt, it must,  
 Unceasingly, be on my mind :  
 Then wherefore doubt ?—and why not trust  
 In Me, and consolation find ?

“ Not only art thou on My mind,  
 Which fully knows thee, and thy case ;  
 But look again, and thou wilt find,  
 Thou hast, *within My HEART*, a place.

“ Behold that *woman*!—and her *son*!  
 That *MOTHER*, not a *nurse* for gains—  
*Own MOTHER*, not a *foster* one,  
 Whom pity moves, or loss constrains :—

“ Behold that *sucking child*, engross  
 Her *all*;—love, looks, arms, bosom, breast ;  
*Secure*—yet often drawn more close,  
 Though no one threatens to molest :—

“ Can she forget him?—cease to love,  
 And care—and say, ‘ she knows him not ? ’—  
 And no *compassion* show—but prove  
 Her sex’s scorn ! her nature’s blot ?

“ Oh how unlikely ! yet—she *may*  
 Forget her travail, and its fruit,—  
*Let mother’s feelings die away*,—  
 Become more careless than the brute ;

“ But, what *her* travail?—or *her* love,  
 For *him*, compared with *MINE* for *thee*?  
*How sore*—GETHSEMANE can prove !!  
*How strong*—bear witness CALVARY !!!

“ *Thy FATHER*, has *almighty* power ;  
*Thy GOD*, has *love* beyond degree :  
 Behold thy storehouse ! and thy tower !  
*My child*!—*My son*!—confide in *ME*.

“ Come—ask for *this*, or *that*, or *all*  
 Which thou dost *need*,—and *I will give*.  
 When thou for *bread*, dost humbly call,  
 Thou never wilt a *stone* receive.

“ Shouldst thou for *fish*—or *egg*, apply,  
    *No serpent—scorpion*—would be given :  
*Meet food, I never can deny;*  
    Nor starve—nor fright, My child to heaven.

“ Impossible ! do I not *care*  
    For *every creature* made by Me ?  
Produce Me *one* that does not share,  
    And prove, *My liberality.*

“ In *every one*, My *care* is seen ;  
    For every one has *life* from Me :  
I *gave*—or it had never been ;—  
    *Sustain*—or it would cease to be.

“ Nor is *it* limited to those,  
    Where *organiz'd pulsation* reigns :  
To the *inanimate* it flows,  
    Which have no pleasures, toils, nor pains.

“ For SOLOMON, with all his *grace*  
    Of person—*glorious robe, crown, throne* ;  
Might, in *that common LILY* trace,  
    A *glory*, which excels his own.

“ The lowly ground, *its throne* to-day ;  
    Its *death-bed* made to morrow morn ;  
Thence in the evening borne away,  
    As *fuel*—mix'd with grass, or thorn.

“ Can I, with skill—with care—adorn  
    The flower—the grass—to ashes doom'd ;  
And let *thee* live, and die, *forlorn*,  
    Who for My *paradise* hast bloom'd ?

“ No!—thou shalt live—be cloth’d—be fed—  
Be strengthen’d, comforted, made glad,  
With earthly good,—thy soul have bread  
From heaven, and in white robes be clad.

“ Why anxious thought how thou shalt live?  
When all the world belongs to Me:—  
Yea, worlds on worlds! I freely give  
ALL needful good, in this to thee.

“ How useless too, thy ANXIOUS care,  
Which lacks creative skill and might,  
By word, at will, to change a hair,  
Or add a cubit to thy height.

“ Yea, worse—as thou must know—must feel;  
It withers joy, and blights sweet peace;  
It freezes love, and quenches zeal,  
Till grateful sacrifices cease.

“ Thus, while within, this canker eats,  
Endangering vitality;  
Without—’tis found a moth that frets  
Profession, and consistency.

“ Come, now, and stay thy mind on Me:  
Seek first the kingdom of My grace:  
I wait—to set it up, in thee,  
Until the headstone takes its place.

“ Love moves, and power attends My will,  
To work in thee, to will and do:—  
With truth to guide, with grace to fill,—  
And when prepared, with glory too.

" Now use thy reason ; read My word ;  
Believe My promises to thee ;  
And be, like Job, through grace, restored  
To *peace*, and *true* prosperity."

END OF  
SCRIPTURE THEMES  
IN THE  
OLD TESTAMENT.

# SCRIPTURE THEMES, ETC.,

IN THE

NEW TESTAMENT.



## SCRIPTURE THEMES, ETC.

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### 62 THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

CHRISTIANS ! your cheerful tribute bring ;  
Salute the happy morn ;  
When Jesus, who is Zion's King,  
In Bethlehem was born !

Angelic choirs proclaimed His birth :  
Shall we not sing with them,  
“Glory to God for peace on earth,  
Through His good-will to men.”

HE comes,—to bruise the serpent's head ;—  
The captive to release ;—  
To heal the sick ;—to raise the dead ;—  
And give the mourner peace.

HE comes,—to pay the debt we owe,  
And all our wants supply ;  
HE comes,—His matchless love to show ;  
Is born,—that He may die !

Zion ! admire thy Infant King !  
 Judah ! behold thy God !  
 Let all their grateful tribute bring,  
 And spread His fame abroad.

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## 63

## SIMON PETER.

WHEN SIMON's *toilsome night* was o'er,  
 And light return'd to cheer ;  
 In hope, the nets were drawn to shore,  
 But not a fish was there.

But Christ was nigh, and soon appeared,  
 With crowds, who throng'd to hear  
 God's *word*, which had so many cheered,  
 And which they long'd for there.

Then Jesus enter'd Simon's boat,  
 And bade him thrust away  
 A little from the land, to float,  
 And there at anchor lay.

HE *preach'd*—and soon to Simon paid,  
 His very little debt :  
 “Launch out into the *deep*,” He said,  
 “And there let down your net.”

But Simon, promptly, made reply,—  
 “We toil'd, last night, in vain ;  
 Yet, at *Thy bidding*, we will try  
 The deep, for fish again.”

'Twas done—and speedily they found  
*More* than they wish'd to get,  
 Whose weight, when dragg'd along the ground,  
 Soon brake the surcharg'd net.

Then beck'ning to their partners, near,  
 They came, and gave their aid ;  
 And while they fill'd the vessels there,  
 The *debt* was *overpaid*.

The NET, still throng'd, engag'd their thoughts,  
 Their eyes, and hands, and care,  
*Far more* than the *o'erweighted* boats,  
 Which soon were *sinking* there.

They lighten'd both—astonish'd still,  
 At such a *wondrous* draught,  
 Which seem'd, as if it yet could fill,  
 Another of their craft.

*A Miracle !*—the proof was clear—  
 Required no further thought ;  
 And Simon thought, that GOD was *there*,  
 In *Christ*, by whom 'twas wrought.

GOD *there* ! Then he began to fear  
 His was an *awful* case :  
 He could not flee—much less stand there—  
 Conversing face to face :

He therefore fell at Jesu's knees—  
 Implor'd Him to depart :  
 But Jesus gave his conscience ease,  
 And sooth'd his anguish'd heart.

"Fear not! but follow Me, He said;  
*Henceforth thou shalt catch men:*"  
Then Simon ceas'd to be afraid;  
His peace return'd again.

With what astonishment he heard,  
The Saviour's gracious *call*:  
No chilling fear of *loss* deterr'd;  
At *once*, he left *his all*.

Whate'er his *love* for nets—boats—sea—  
By means of which he gain'd  
Provision for his family—  
Or surplus wealth obtain'd—

Had *this* been *ten times* more—no doubt  
He would have left the whole;  
Like *Andrew, James, and John*, call'd out,  
To be at Christ's control.

Why not?—with such a recent *proof*  
Of Jesu's *Sovereignty*?—  
*Another*, under Simon's roof,  
Of Jesu's *Sympathy*?

The LORD shed *light* on Simon's mind,—  
Pour'd *grace* into his heart;  
To fit him for the work design'd;  
The gospel to impart.

Ere long, he found himself, to be,  
Both furnish'd, and approv'd:—  
*One of the twelve—one of the three,—*  
By Jesus most *belov'd*.

Christ sent the *twelve* to fish for men ;  
To preach, baptize, and heal :  
And they, with joy, return'd again,  
Reporting fruitful zeal.

Though lacking purse—and scrip—and shoes—  
School-learning—wealth—and fame ;  
They had God's *spell*—His POWER, to use,  
Which flow'd, with *Jesu's NAME*.

*That NAME*, was as a CONQUEROR'S arm ;—  
As a PHYSICIAN'S hand :—  
Made devils flee—with just alarm—  
Diseases—at command.

It made stout-hearted sinners quail ;  
The weeping *lost restor'd* ;  
*Archangels* heard it—cried, “ *All hail !*—  
*Look'd down—beheld—adored*.

May *we* then, e'er revere, and love,  
That ever-blessed Name !  
May HE to *us* a *Saviour* prove !  
And *we*, His *praise*, proclaim !

“ Good-will to men ”—yes—“ peace on earth,”  
Was promis'd, and is given :  
Our souls may have a *second birth*—  
Be holy—rise to heaven.

## 64

## PETER

## WALKING ON THE SEA.

'TWAS after an *eventful* day,  
    Of wonder and delight,  
That Jesus sent the *twelve* away,  
    To cross the sea, ere night.

*Capernaum* was but *four* miles ;  
*Bethsaida* the same,  
Where some of them had homes—and smiles  
    Would greet them when they came.

But they had seen *five thousand* fed,  
    With what a *score* might eat ;—  
Had *given*, the *multiplying* BREAD—  
    The *multiplying* MEAT.

Perhaps *one* basket had contained,  
    The whole—to Jesus brought ;  
But *fragments*, filling *twelve*, remained,  
    Surpassing human thought.

The *multitude* still stay'd, though fed :  
    The *twelve* were fain to stay,  
And *know*, should *more* be done, or said,  
    Before they went away.

Christ knew they were excited still ;  
    Knew what they all desired ;  
And therefore, *gently*, bent their will,  
    To do what HE required.

They left Him *there*, and soon He sent  
The multitude away,  
Who found no reason to repent,  
Of such a well-spent day.

Christ's work, that *day*, in "doing good,"  
Would yield Him pure delight :  
His FATHER's *will*, desired, like food,  
Employed Him in the *night*.

A mountain dell, not far from there,  
To which He could retire,  
He sought,—and spent the night in prayer,  
To His almighty Sire.

The *twelve*, whom He constrain'd to go,  
Endeavour'd to obey ;—  
Embark'd—set sail—began to row—  
Yet made but little way,

Because the wind was *adverse—strong*—  
And soon became a *storm*,  
Which rag'd for many hours—so long,  
It well might cause alarm.

The night was dark—the waves ran high,  
And threaten'd to o'erwhelm :—  
Sails useless—all obliged to ply  
The feeble oars, and helm.

The tempest mock'd their skill, and powers,—  
*Defied* their utmost toils ;  
For, after they had row'd nine hours,  
They had not sail'd *three* miles.

The storm *increasing*—how could they,  
With *wasting* strength, compete?  
Well might they long for coming day—  
Yet saw no sign of it.

But ONE—whom they had left behind,  
Beheld them in distress,  
And bore them, on His loving mind,  
With matchless tenderness.

He left His mountain place of prayer—  
Was quickly on the sea,  
And, in few moments, with them there,  
In their perplexity.

The waves—as stepping stones, He trod,  
Above the troughs below,  
With the *authority* of God,  
Who gave them leave to flow.

*They* saw an *object* drawing near,  
And thought it *needs* must be  
A SPIRIT—which was walking there—  
To do them injury.

*This*—more than winds, and waves, distress'd :  
And they cried out from fear :  
But Jesus spoke, and calm'd each breast,  
“ ‘Tis I—be of good cheer.”

But PETER—*first* to speak, and act,  
And have all doubt removed,  
Desired, to ascertain the fact,—  
‘To go, and have it proved.

It sounded like his master's voice,  
Which, could he, once more, hear,  
He might be sure—if so, rejoice,  
And cast away all fear.

Then Peter said, “If it be Thou,  
Lord, bid me come to Thee :”  
And yet, had not *consider'd*, how  
He was to *walk the sea*.

The Saviour granted his request,—  
He said to Peter, “Come :”  
Then Peter trod the proud wave's crest,  
Quite fearless of a tomb.

Winds scream'd—and roar'd—and thund'ring  
pour'd  
A volley in his ears :  
Waves sunk,—and then as mountains soar'd ;  
And fill'd his soul with fears.

He lost his *buoyancy* with *faith*—  
Began to *sink* through *fear*—  
And—drawn into the jaws of death,  
Ejaculated prayer—

“LORD save me!”—In a moment, then,  
Christ stretched forth his hand,  
And caught, and rais'd him up again,  
And gave him power to stand.

His “little faith—his doubts—and fears,”  
Were tenderly reproved :  
Perhaps his *only* answer *tears* ;—  
His wonder—Jesus loved !

Receiv'd on board—the vessel's speed,  
 With lightning's swiftness vied ;  
*At once*, they from their toils were freed—  
 Were on *the other side*.

Though Peter show'd a fervent zeal,  
 'Twas not for mere display :  
 And yet, less apt to think, than feel,  
 He, sometimes, miss'd his way.

“Lord! *bid me come*”—a needless prayer :  
 Christ calls whom He requires :  
 The *zeal*, which would His honour share,  
 He wants not—nor admires.

*Strange*—Peter should admit the *thought*—  
 Should such desire *express*!  
 But soon, the *jeopardy* it brought,  
 Expos'd his *hastiness*.

We need *discernment*, where, when, how,  
 To use the *grace* we have :  
 The active—or the passive *now* ;  
*This* fails—where *that* would save.

Had Peter's self-sufficient prayer,  
 By Jesus been denied,  
 In *wisdom*—to preserve him there,—  
 He might have felt *much tried*.

Ah ! where his *patience*? why not *wait*  
 Till Jesus came to *him*?  
 They were not in a *sinking state*!—  
 The vessel still could swim!

Some *hastily* obey a thought,  
Ere view'd in *reason's* light ;  
Or to a *sober judgment* brought,  
To know if it be right.

Where *this* is *lacking*—why not call  
A council to their aid  
Of *thoughts*, or *friends*, and hear them all,  
Ere aught be done, or said ?

Whoso lacks wisdom should apply  
To God, the source of light,  
Who hears the *humble* when they cry  
To *Him*, to guide aright.

Who *asks*—yet for no answer stays,  
In *error* may proceed ;  
Yet soon will find, his crooked ways,  
To punishment will lead.

Though *zeal* be found pure love, in flame,  
To God, and all mankind ;  
Still, *wisdom* should direct the same,  
To gain the *end* design'd ;

An object *lawful*, and *required* ;—  
*Right time*, and *means at hand* ;—  
Then effort, till the *good desired*,  
Stands forth, at God's command.

If *wisdom* be not *there* to guide,  
'Tis needful *prudence* should :  
If neither—*haste*, *self-will*, or *pride*,  
*May do more harm than good*.

## 65

## PETER

## FISHING TO PAY TRIBUTE.

JESUS—THE LORD OF ALL—was free  
From tribute, claim'd by kings :  
Nor less from *that*, which was to be,  
Employ'd for *sacred* things.

The *temple's* tribute was required,  
Its service to maintain ;  
And *gatherers* of it, desired  
Their legal claim to gain.

Hence some of them to *Peter* said,  
“Doth not your Master *pay*? ”  
He answered “Yes”—would not evade—  
Though *lacking* means that day.

They parted—and he went to tell  
This converse to his Lord ;  
But found He knew the whole, as well  
As those who heard each word.

But Jesus had *not thirty pence*,  
(And Peter seem'd as poor,)  
Yet did not like to give offence,  
And make them stumble more.

But other means were at command :  
He said to Peter, “Go,  
And *fish*, the *first* that comes to hand,  
Shall bring the sum *we* owe :

“ That take, and pay for Me and thee.”

The whole was promptly done,  
And thereby left “ the powers which be,”  
Without “ a stumbling stone.”

How wonderful these facts appear  
Of *Jesus—fish—and coin!*  
They prove, that while He *sojourn’d* here  
As *man*—He was DIVINE.

O, yes ! He *knew* the very *coin*—  
*Fish—place—and time* to throw  
The baited *hook*, on Peter’s line,  
The *very fish* to draw.

He all things knew—*could* all things do—  
Make all things serve His will—  
Could show us “ How,” and “ Wherefore,” too,  
He so employed His skill.

He shows as much as might suffice ;  
But *man* still more would know—  
See through the veil—but vainly tries,  
When these *enquiries* flow :—

“ How came the money in the sea ?  
How long had it lain there ?  
Had someone thrown it *sportfully* ?  
Or, let it fall through *fear* ?

“ Was it, as prey, when *sinking*, caught ?  
Or on the bottom *seiz’d* ?  
Why held, when prov’d as food ’twas *naught* ?  
Why kept—although it *teas’d*—

“ How, in the fish’s mouth remain’d,  
     When open’d for the bait ?  
 How by the hook’d-drawn *fish*, retain’d—  
     Not swallow’d, in that state ? ”

*Forbear !—“ How could the world contain  
     The books, which might be wrote,”  
 If we might ask; and answers gain,  
     To every needless thought ?*

*Enough is told us, to believe,  
     Admire, adore, and love,  
 The L ORD,—from whom, we all receive—  
     “ In whom, we live and move.”*

## 66 CHILDREN BROUGHT TO CHRIST,     AND BLESSED BY HIM.

WHAT *condescending* love, O Lord,  
 Is Thine, as stated in Thy word :  
 It *stoops* to *angels* round Thy throne,  
 Far lower—when to *children* shown.

When such were by their parents brought,  
 For Thee to bless, Thy servants thought,  
 They should not come, and need not stay,  
 And therefore bade them go away.

*Not so THYSELF—Thy loving heart,  
     Would not let one of them depart,  
     Until a blessing had been given,  
     To fit each child for earth and heaven.*

How thankful, Lord, ought I to be,  
 That children *now* may come to Thee :  
*Whoe'er* forbids, Thy welcome cheers,  
 And so removes all doubts and fears.

Though SATAN would not have me pray,  
 From Thee I will no longer stay ;  
 If none will bring me to Thy throne,  
 I'll come, though I should come alone.

But *here* my friends *have* brought me Lord,—  
 Taught me to know and love Thy word :  
 Give *grace*, through life, to *them*, and *me* :—  
 Give *glory*, through eternity.

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## 67

## ZACCHEUS.

ZACCHEUS climb'd into a tree,  
 That he, from thence, might Jesus see ;  
 And Jesus said to him, “ Make haste,  
 Come down, and I will be thy guest.”

With joy he heard,—believed,—obey'd,—  
 Received his Lord, of whom some said,  
 “ He's gone to be a *sinner's* guest ;”  
 And thus, their murmuring, express'd.

Zaccheus, who had oft transgress'd,  
 To Jesus thus himself address'd :—  
 “ *Half* of my goods I give the poor,  
 And for past frauds *fourfold* restore.”

To him,—to them,—the Saviour said,—  
 “ This day, my grace, is here display’d :  
 He is a son of Abraham ;  
 To seek, and save, the *lost*, I came.”

“ *Thee*, Lord, I have not wish’d to see,  
 But fix’d my eyes on *vanity* ;  
 And when Thy gracious voice I heard,  
 Have run from Thee, for Thee I feared.

“ But thou, again, invitest me,  
 To leave my sins, and come to Thee :  
 My Lord,—I will,—I now begin,—  
 O let not pride turn this to sin.

“ I, of a house, am not possess’d ;  
 But if Thou wilt become my guest,  
 I freely give *my heart* to Thee :  
 Come, Lord ! and ever dwell in me.”

---

## 68

## THE SOWER.

THE SOWER, who went forth to sow,  
 Cast *good* seed in the soil ;  
 But though 'twas good, some did not grow,—  
 Much ne'er repaid his toil.

The fowls—the thorns—and stony ground,  
 Occasioned this we see ;  
 Yet *some*, which he had sown, he found  
 Brought forth abundantly.

The seed of *knowledge*, and of *grace*,  
Deign Lord in me to sow;  
And make my heart a proper place,  
For *heavenly* seed to grow.

And let not Satan ever take  
Thy gracious seed away :  
When persecuted, for *Thy* sake,  
Help me to watch, and pray.

O save me, Lord, from worldly cares,  
Which leave no room for Thee ;  
And from deceitful riches, snares,  
Which lead to misery.

Thy word, I want to hear, and know,  
While young, that when I'm old,  
My fruit may to perfection grow,  
And yield *an hundred fold*.

---

## 69 THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

WHOE'ER a sinful course pursue,  
Assume the CHRISTIAN *name* in vain ;  
Although they ask, " What shall we do,  
That we eternal life may gain ? "

TIME-SERVERS, *pious* questions ask,  
To pass them off as proofs of grace :—  
When with the *pious*, wear a *mask* ;—  
When with the *wicked*, show their *face*.

While some are *curious* to know,  
 What they suppose can ne'er be told ;  
 A *captious* spirit, others show ;  
 Nor *this* receive—nor *that* can hold.

But *some* will never understand,  
 The *written law*, which they *transgress* :  
 “Who is my neighbour ?” they demand :  
 Christ says, “*Whoe'er is in distress.*”

God, for Himself, our love doth claim,  
 With all our heart, soul, strength, and mind :—  
*Then*, as for *SELF*, an equal flame  
 Should burn for all of human kind.

Some, *BIGOTS*, only care for those  
 Within their own contracted pale :  
*SORROW*, *without*, unheeded flows,  
 And gives the winds its hopeless wail.

*More vile* must be the wretch, who sees  
 With *apathy*, one bath'd in blood ;  
 Who could he speak, might urge the pleas  
 Of *country—church—and neighbourhood.*

But, *viler still*, are they who serve  
 The *altar* of the *God of love*,  
 If, in their hearts, no tender nerve,  
 Will at a *member's* anguish, move.

Yet *some*, prompt rous'd, by sorrow's groan,  
 The tenderest feeling have display'd ;—  
 Forgot all churches—e'en their own,—  
 And leap'd its pale, to give their aid.

By *narrative*—the mental sight,  
 Is sooner from gross error freed :  
 'Tis living type, in noon-day light,—  
 'Tis such as “they who run may read.”

So CHRIST,—to make a *precept* clear,  
 And chase a *lawyer's* doubts away,—  
 To give a full conviction there,  
 And make His *tempter*, homage pay—

Then stated an *affecting* case,  
 Of ONE, who lay in deep distress,  
 Yet from, *near dwellers*, found no grace ;—  
 But from, a *stranger*, bounteousness.

By *thieves*, stripp'd, wounded, left half dead,  
 Without a friend, he helpless lay.  
 A *priest* came by—just turn'd his head,  
 And saw him, but pursued his way.

A *levite*, next, came by that way,  
 More *prying* than the heartless priest,  
 And stepp'd to see ; but why not stay—  
 And help—or sympathize at least ?

Oh, no !—enough for him to *see* :  
 The sight, too shocking to abide ;  
 He *hasted* from such misery—  
 Pass'd by him, on the other side.

*Half* dead !—and left to die !—what pain !  
 And *but half* dead ! what pungent grief :  
 What ! never reach his *home* again ?  
 What !—no one minister relief ?

Yes *one*,—who could both *see*, and *feel*,  
 Soon hasten'd to the sufferer's side ;  
 Compassion yearn'd,—and strove to heal  
 His wounds,—and needful means supplied :—

*Yes, oil, wine, bandages, and beast ;—*  
*Inn, host, and food, yea bed and board,*  
*The stranger gave him : what a feast !—*  
*To last—until he was restored.*

*Who* was the gracious, godlike man ?—

The HIGH Priest ?—one who *needs* must feel  
 Men's woe ?—No,—a SAMARITAN !—  
 A *sect*, with whom, the JEWS ne'er deal.

But when *distress* and *mercy* meet,  
 Though they had never met before ;  
 They look, and feel, and love, and greet ;  
*Hands* haste to give, what *eyes* implore.

No *shibboleth*, is then required ;  
 No *shibboleth*, is then replied ;  
 No *creed*, nor *rituals* desired,  
 But *Mercy's* swiftly-flowing tide.

When Jesus said, “ *Which of the three,*  
 Was *neighbour* to the wounded man ? ”  
 The *lawyer*—so convinc'd was he,  
 Replied, “ *The kind SAMARITAN.* ”

“ Go thou—do likewise,” Jesus said,—  
 A *saying*, we should all record ;  
 Yes—on our *hearts*, to be *obeyed*,  
 That we may truly call Him Lord.

As *selfishness*, and *bigotry*,  
Are base,—and *Love* ennobles man ;  
O God of grace ! give *love* to me,—  
Make me a good *Samaritan*.

---

## 70

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

AH ! how wicked those children, who grieve  
Their kind parents, whom they should obey :  
Who soon tire of their home, and then leave,  
Yea, and frequently rove far away.

Of a youth, I have frequently read,  
(*Such an one, God forbid ! I should be,*)  
Who, addressing his father thus said,  
“ My own portion of goods give to me.”

How distress’d, his kind father, would feel,  
When thus ask’d by his profligate son ;  
Though ’twas better to *ask*, than to *steal*  
From kind parents, as *many* have done.

When this youth had his portion received,  
He left home in a very few days :  
Far from thence, with the *vilest* he lived,  
And spent all by his *riotous* ways.

See him wandering about in the street,  
Without money, or food, or a friend ;  
Yea discarded—unpitied—none greet,  
Nor of *food*, e’en a morsel will send.

View him *now* feeding swine in the field :  
With their *husks*, he, his wants, would supply ;  
But, alas ! they no nourishment yield ;  
Yet with hunger he's likely to die.

But the school of affliction, we find,  
Brings this youth to reflect on his ways :  
And, as now he comes to his *right mind*,  
We will hear what this *penitent* says.

“All my father's *hired* servants I know  
Receive bread,—yea enough—and to spare,—  
While *I perish with hunger*,—I'll go  
And address my kind father in prayer.”

He arose, without further delay,  
And set out for his native abode ;  
With *contrition* he urg'd on his way,  
Until met, by his sire, on the road.

Thus to him, then, in prayer he begun,—  
“I have sinn'd against heaven and thee ;  
I'm unworthy the name of a son ;  
As an *hireling* permit me to be.”

With *compassion* the father beholds  
This his son, who from home went astray ;  
In his arms, he the penitent folds,  
And soon kisses his sorrows away.

Then the robe, ring, and shoes soon appeared ;  
And the calf, and the music, were brought ;  
And with these he was clad, fed and cheered,  
While his heart was with gratitude fraught.

71

## THE PHARISEE.

"Tis right to worship Thee, O Lord :  
To *pray*, as well as *read* thy word ;  
"Tis right for *children*, and for *youth*,  
To *pray in spirit* and *in truth*.

A *pharisee* once thought he *pray'd*,  
Yet *prais'd* himself in all he said ;  
As though he were a righteous man,  
And might despise a *publican*.

Though thus exalted, in his pride,  
By Thee he was not justified ; ,  
For Thou, O Lord, didst not approve,  
Nor bless him with a smile of love.

Am *I* not like this *pharisee*,  
When *I* profess to worship Thee ;—  
While *I*, for *mercy*, should have *pray'd*,  
Was *proud* of what *I've* done, or said ?

Yes ! *I*, a *pharisee* have been,—  
Told *my* good deeds,—and *other's* sin ;  
And while, with these, I fed my pride,  
By Thee, I was not justified.

Alas !—*my prayers*, though fine,—long,—  
loud,—  
Have all been sin, while I was proud :  
While *thus*—*my praise*, though due to Thee,  
Was but a flatt'ring mockery.

O give me, Lord, to feel my sin :  
Let true repentance now begin :  
To me, a saving faith be given.  
Or, *I* shall never enter heaven.

---

## 72

## THE PUBLICAN.

THOUGH *some* are *proud*—all are not so,  
Who to the sacred temple go :  
A *publican* was *humble* there,  
And worshipp'd God, in *heartfelt prayer*.

Not viewing others with surprise,  
Far off he stood, with downcast eyes ;—  
Not careless, while he sin confess,  
In agony he smote his breast :—

Not fine, nor many words, his prayer ;  
He knew he'd sinn'd—that God was there :  
Not thinking others *worse* than he,  
Cried—“ *God be merciful to ME !*”

God heard his sighs,—his groans,—his prayer,—  
Forgave his sins, while he was there,  
And made the temple, where forgiven,  
The house of God,—the gate of heaven.

Thus justified, by God's free grace,  
In peace, and joy, he left the place,  
And knew, (although by MAN *abhorred*,)  
He was *beloved* by the Lord.

And, yet,—what were his sins to mine ?  
On me, a clearer light doth shine :  
Both law, and gospel, I contemn'd,  
And justly am by *both* CONDEMN'D.

My *greater* guilt, should *more* distress  
My heart, with its own wickedness ;  
And give more fervour to my prayer,  
That I, with him, may mercy share.

Beside—I ought to have more *faith*,  
And credit what the *Saviour* saith,  
Because I know HE *is the way*,  
And know no reason for delay.

Yet, *what* can I do, gracious Lord ?  
O Holy Ghost ! thine help afford :  
With sorrow, faith, and pardon bless,—  
With peace, and joy, and righteousness.

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## 73 THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

WHILE some great riches do possess,  
With which they eat, and drink, and dress ;  
There still are many, very poor,  
Who beg their bread from door to door.

A certain man was rich, 'tis said,  
And he in purple was array'd,  
And sumptuously he daily fared,  
Yet less for soul than body cared.

A beggar, at this rich man's gate,  
 For table crumbs did humbly wait :  
 There, full of sores, oppress'd with pain,  
 From dogs he some relief did gain.

It came to pass the beggar died,  
 Then had no wants to be supplied ;  
 For angels bore him through the skies,  
 And lodg'd him safe in paradise.

Ere long, the *rich* man also died,  
 He left his riches, lost his pride ;  
 A *beggar*, he, in hell, became,  
 Suff'ring the torment of its flame.

In anguish there, he rais'd his eyes,—  
 Saw Lazarus in paradise,  
 With Abraham, his father there,  
 To whom he offered up this prayer :

“ O father Abraham !—I see  
 That Lazarus is now with thee ;  
 Send him, that he may ease my pain,  
 For I'm tormented in this flame.”

“ Son, remember,” Abraham said,  
 “ Thou while on earth thy *good* things had ;  
 And Lazarus *evil* things,—but know,  
 His joy is full as is thy woe.

“ *That* gulph is fix'd,—which none pass through  
 Not you to us, nor we to you :  
 Hence we, *no good* to you, can give ;  
 Nor *any ill* from you receive.”

The soul *in torment*, had great fear,  
 That his *five brethren* would come there ;  
 And pray'd, that Lazarus might be sent  
 To *them*, and then they would repent.

Abraham said, “ To *them* are given,  
*Scriptures*, by men inspired of heaven :  
 If, knowing these, they don't repent,  
 They would not though the *dead* were sent.”

Thus whether rich, or poor, we die :  
 The *good*—will rise to joys on high :  
 The *bad*—will sink to endless pain,  
 Where they with devils must remain.

O, Jesus ! let thy grace be given,  
 To fit me for a place in heaven ;  
 That when I die, my soul may rise,  
 By angels borne to paradise.

In *parables* our Saviour taught  
 The multitudes who knowledge sought :  
 Thus things which to the *soul* pertain,—  
 To *God*,—*grace*,—*sin*, were render'd plain.

By *seed* which in the field was sown,  
 God's *truth*, its soil—and fruit are shown :—  
 By *tares*—the *wicked* who disgrace  
 The church in which they gain a place.

The *mustard seed's* large growth and shade,  
Christ's small, enlarging church pourtray'd:—  
The *leaven hid*, which leaven'd the whole,  
That grace could throughly change the soul.

In *pearls*, and *treasure hid*, we trace  
The excellence and worth of grace:  
By *fish* which from the net were thrown.  
The sinner's final state is shown,

The *marriage feast* refus'd, declares  
Some slight God's grace through worldly cares:—  
Their *joy* who found the *coin*, and *sheep*,  
What ANGELS *feel* when sinners weep.

The *virgins*, who no oil possest,  
Prove some in *mere profession* rest:  
By *oil in lamps* this *light* is given,  
*Grace* in the *heart* prepar'd for heaven.

The man, who *hid his talent*, shows  
Who grace neglect, that grace will lose:—  
The *talents* which as *many gain*,  
Who grace improve, shall *more obtain*.

The *penny* to each labourer given,  
Says, “Do not envy others heaven:”—  
The *unforgiving servant's* doom,  
Warns *rigorous* men of wrath to come.

In *husbandmen* who slew the son,  
We find, what Jews, to Christ, have done:  
The *good SAMARITAN* declares  
WHOEVER *needs*, my bounty shares.

The *prodigal* réclaimed, forgiven,  
 Cries, “*Gentiles* may have grace and heaven :”  
 The *unequal debtors* pardon’d, prove  
 Who *most* are *pardon’d*, *most* will *love*.

In the *rich fool*, we clearly see,  
*Earth*,—*heaven*,—*soul*,—lost eternally :  
 The *unfaithful steward’s* craft displays  
 More care for earth, than saints for grace.

The fig-tree, barren, threaten’d, spared,  
 Shows *formalists* the axe prepared ;  
 We hear the *pleading widow* say,  
 “ Saints will succeed if thus they pray.”

From Lazarus we this knowledge gain,  
 The poor, through grace, may heaven attain :—  
 In his *rich neighbour’s* lost estate,  
 The graceless rich will share his fate.

From the *proud PHARISEE*, we learn,  
 Who praise themselves, unblest return.—  
 And from the *pardon’d PUBLICAN*,  
 That God accepts the *contrite* man.

## 75 THE BLIND RESTORED TO SIGHT.

To Thee, O Lord, the *blind* applied,  
 For sight, and they were not denied :  
 There, by Thy *word*, the work was done,  
 Their open’d eyes beheld the sun.

As Thou canst make the blind to see,  
 Do Thou in pity, look on *me*:  
 Remove the darkness from my mind,  
 For I, alas, through sin, am blind.

So blind, O Lord, I know not Thee ;  
 So blind as nothing good to see ;  
 I cannot see the way to heaven ;  
 Now, Lord, let sight to me be given.

Refuse not, Lord, my prayer to hear,  
 And with thy knowledge, give Thy fear ;  
 That I may ever walk in light,  
 And all I do be done aright.

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## 76 THE TEN LEPERS CLEANSED.

To Thee, O Lord, *ten* LEPERS came,  
 For they had heard Thy *healing* fame ;  
 Thou didst remove their leprosy :  
 Yet only *one* gave praise to Thee.

See, Lord ! a leper at thy feet :  
 O let me now with favour meet :  
*I've* strove to wash my soul in vain,  
 But *Thou* canst cleanse from every stain.

An open'd fountain, Lord, I see ;  
 'Twas open'd in Thy side for me ;  
 In this, I'll bathe my *leprous* soul,  
 Till faith in Thce, shall make me whole.

And when I am by faith restor'd,  
To Thee I'll give the glory, Lord ;  
And never seek a higher seat,  
Than at my much-lov'd Saviour's feet.

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## 77 THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

THE miracles which Jesus wrought,  
Were many, great, and good :  
Whoe'er applied, whoe'er was brought.  
Received life—health—or food.

His all-restoring word, we find,  
Its energy convey'd,  
To sick and lame,—to dumb and blind,—  
To leprous,—palsied—dead.

He turned water into wine ;  
E'en fish his word obeyed,—  
Fill'd Peter's net,—or sought his line,  
That tribute might be paid.

With *little food* he thousands fill'd,  
He calm'd the troubled sea ;  
Legions of demons he expell'd,  
And set their captives free.

These miracles acquired Him fame ;  
But ah ! from every place,  
More *patients* than *disciples* came,  
Preferring health to grace.

They did not—would not—see, and feel,  
 Their *spiritual* disease,  
 Which He *as willingly* would heal,  
 And heal with *equal* ease.

Jesus ! Thy power is still the same ;  
 O give me health of soul :  
 I call, in faith, upon Thy name,  
 And this shall make me whole.

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## 78 JOHN THE BAPTIST—HIS PREACHING—AND DEATH.

How John, the Prophet of the Lord,  
 Prepared the Saviour's way ;  
 For while he *preach'd* God's holy word,  
 He ceas'd not to *obey*.

He sought not palaces, and kings ;  
 Nor in soft raiment dress'd ;  
 Nor pleas'd his taste, with dainty things ;  
 Nor wish, for change, express'd.

The wilderness was his abode ;  
 His raiment camel's hair ;  
 While locusts and wild honey show'd,  
 That he had simple fare.

His fame was quickly spread abroad,  
 And many came to hear :  
 And some of these *repentance* show'd,  
 And were *baptized* there.

Self-righteous *pharisees* sought him,  
And *sadducees* came there ;  
But found the preacher would not trim,  
Nor mince, through servile fear.

He said, “ Though ye are Abrabam’s sons,  
Ye are a viperous brood ;  
But God can raise up *faithful* ones  
From *stones*,—should He see good.

“ Say—who hath warned you to flee,  
The wrath which is to come ?  
If no one,—hearken unto me,  
And learn your future doom.

“ *Repent*,—and bring forth fruit, to prove  
Your sorrow is sincere :  
For God will *fruitless* trees remove ;  
And judgment now is near.

“ *Behold* the AXE !—and strive to please]  
Your God,—or feel his IRE :  
For He will hew down *evil* trees,  
And cast them in the fire.”

The people ask’d, “ *What shall we do* ;”  
*Good fruit* they wish’d to show :  
Yes, *publicans*, and *soldiers* too,  
Express’d desire to know.

John taught *all* charity—bade *each*  
BESETTING sins forego.  
They wonder’d while they heard him preach,  
*If he were CHRIST*,—or no.

He said, "With WATER I *baptize*  
The *penitent* ;—but know,  
One mightier, than I, will rise,  
And *inward GRACE* bestow.

" I am not fit to loose His shoes,  
Nor carry them for Him :  
How then be mute ?—or why not choose  
His *greatness* for my *theme* ?

" HE with the HOLY GHOST, and FIRE,  
Most surely will *baptize* :—  
Give GRACE to those who grace desire,—  
Those FIRE, who grace despise :—

" As LORD,—in *time*,—with fan in hand,  
Will throughly purge his floor :—  
As JUDGE,—while all before Him stand,  
*When TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.*

" The *wheat*,—will then be safely stor'd,  
And raise saint's raptures higher ;—  
The *chaff*,—then cursed, and abhor'd,  
Be burnt in quenchless fire."

Ere long, THE CHRIST, in grace supreme,  
To John, at Jordan, came,  
That He might be baptiz'd by him.  
John said, with *lowly* shame,—

" I have more need to come to Thee,—  
The *servant* to his *LORD* ;"  
Christ said " Now suffer it to be :"  
And John fulfilled his word.

The anxious Jews desired to know,  
 What *great one* JOHN could be ;  
 And bade some priests and levites go  
 And make strict scrutiny.

Each sifting question gains reply,  
 Till all the facts they glean ;  
 “ Not Christ,—Elias,—nor am I,  
*That prophet whom ye mean.*

“ *I am the Herald of the LORD,*  
 And *here* make straight his way :  
 Fulfilling *now* Isaiah’s word,  
 As ye may read this day.”

How quick their captious spirits rise,  
 To nip his blooming fame :  
 “ If *none* of *these*,—then why *baptize*?  
 For *what*?—what *right*?—whose *name*? ”

“ *Why* I baptize, might soon be shown ;  
 But turn your thoughts from me  
 To *ONE now here*, by you unknown,  
 Of highest dignity.

But John, on seeing Christ, next day,  
 ‘The gospel flag unfurl’d :—  
 “ *Behold God’s Lamb, which takes away,*  
*The sin of all the world.*

I knew *Him* not until that *HE*,  
 Who sent me to baptize,  
 Fulfill’d the sign He gave to me,  
 And *own’d* Him from the skies.

I saw, and heard, and record bare ;  
 THIS IS THE SON OF GOD."

Thus, faithfully, did John prepare  
 A WAY which Jesus trod.

JOHN'S followers ventured to express,  
 A fear, his fame was o'er :  
 They saw his congregations less,—  
 And Jesu's, thousands more.

Not so with John,—he felt no fear :  
 He as the BRIDEGROOM'S friend,  
 The Bridegroom's voice and praise, could hear  
 With joy, and thus defend :—

" I nothing am compared with HIM,—  
 My ministry with His :  
 My earthly rays must soon be dim,—  
 His heavenly,—must increase.

" He is from heaven,—and He excels  
 The first-born sons of light :  
 And here in HIM the SPIRIT dwells,  
 Unmeasur'd, infinite !

" O, who as He, can understand  
 God's grace,—and truth reveal ;  
 With all things giv'n into his hand,  
 By MIRACLES to seal ?

" The FATHER loves Him, and will give  
 Eternal life to those  
 Who truly in the Son believe,—  
 But wrath, to sceptic foes."

*Just, holy, true,* in life and word,  
The Baptist was revered ;  
And deem'd a PROPHET of the Lord,  
Wherever he appeared.

No *bushel* hid his *moral* light ;  
So clear and strong it shone,  
The *wilderness* no more had night,—  
Nor *city*,—nor the *throne*.

A *life*—so spotless then was rare ;  
Such *sermons*—never heard ;  
No *VICE* on *thrones*, he e'er would spare ;—  
No *sceptred* hand deterr'd.

King *Herod* heard him, and admired ;—  
In many things obeyed ;—  
Appeared with *love* of *TRUTH* inspired ;—  
To *VIRTUE* *homage* paid.

But this, like tithe of herbs, alone,  
Ne'er made a foul heart clean :  
Mint, annis, cumming, ne'er *atone*,  
For past and *present* sin.

Alas !—much evil he had done ;—  
To vice, he still adhered ;—  
And in its course still further run,  
As afterwards appeared.

Great reverence paid could never prove,  
A *bribe* for *John* to screen  
*Adulterous, incestuous* love,  
In *Herod*, and his queen,

John cull'd his *quiver* with nice care,  
And fittest arrow found;  
*LAW pointed*, doubtless *fletch'd* by *prayer*,  
Then made his string rebound:

*"It is not lawful thou should'st take  
Thy brother's wife as thine:"*

*Reproof*, which should have made him quake  
With fear of wrath divine.

His evil conscience felt no fear,  
Or shook it off again;  
Resolv'd in sin to persevere,—  
His *idol* to retain.

The arrow deeply pierc'd his mate;  
Her pride, and lust, were pain'd;  
And, vengeful, *brooded deadly* hate,  
Until fit time she gained.

*This*, Herod dare not sate: he feared  
The brand of infamy,  
If John were slain, whom all rever'd,  
For zeal and purity.

And yet to please her, John was bound,  
And into *prison* cast:  
Yes!—where the vilest should be found,  
His remnant days were past.

The public saw his face no more,  
Nor heard his voice again;—  
His walks of usefulness were o'er,—  
His meed and badge—a chain.

While *there*, he heard of Jesu's fame.

What miracles He wrought,  
With touch, or word,—on all that came,  
Or were by others brought.

Good news ! but John still more to know,  
For his disciples' sake,  
Bade two of them to Jesus go,  
And this inquiry make.

“John Baptist sent us unto Thee,  
That Thou this point may clear :—  
Art Thou the CHRIST of prophesy ?  
Or must we look elsewhere ?”

Then Jesus, in that very hour,  
Divine anointing show'd  
In words of light, and life, and power,  
ALMIGHTY as they flow'd :—

As “Prophet,” preaching to the least,  
Glad tidings of good things :—  
With *pity* as “The GREAT HIGH PRIEST ;”  
With *power* as “KING OF KINGS.”

Yes!—while the ten disciples gaz'd,  
On suffering Lazarus there,  
Imploring help, with hands uprais'd  
Christ answer'd each one's prayer :—

Then, “Go your way,—tell John,” He said,  
“What ye have seen and heard ;  
The blind, lame, leprous, deaf, and dead,  
Restor'd ; the gospel word

“ Preach’d to the poor ; and blest is He  
In whom no doubt, and fear,  
Prevents, or chills, belief in ME,  
From MY *condition here.*”

John’s messengers then left the place  
But multitudes still stay’d,  
Who more would know,—or long’d for grace,  
To whom the Saviour said,—

“ When to the wilderness ye went,  
What was it, ye would see ?  
One whom a REED would represent  
By its *inconstancy* ?

“ John was no pliant reed, which mov’d  
With every wind that blew ;  
Nor e’er a base time-server prov’d,  
But to the truth was true.

“ But say, what went you out to see ?—  
One in soft raiment drest,  
As though he sought for dignity ?—  
Or loath’d a homely vest ?

“ John was no silken, dainty one,  
Such as king’s courts contain,  
But rustic, yet his virtues shone  
As bright as he was plain.

But what was it, ye went to see ?  
A wond’rous prophet there,  
Who preach’d and testified of me :  
THE CHRIST, now with you here !

"A prophet! more, of Adam's race  
A greater ne'er hath been;  
Though, in the kingdom of my grace,  
The least exceedeth him."

The messengers no doubt would cheer,  
Their master, when they met;  
But little thought his end so near,  
Which they would sore regret.

Nor Herod, when his *birthday* dawn'd,  
Intended John to die;  
But, he at night, his honour pawn'd,  
And murder'd, not to lie.

A festive supper Herod made,  
In honour of the day;  
And men of rank and wealth, obey'd  
His call, without delay.

They found a hall of ample size;—  
Choice fare, which left no fears:  
Each object seem'd to glad their eyes;  
Each sound to charm their ears.

The supper o'er, another scene.  
The agile dance took place,  
In which, the daughter of the queen,  
Show'd peerless skill, or grace.

This pleas'd the king, who said to her,  
"Ask what thou wilt of me,  
To half my kingdom, and I swear,  
It shall be giv'n to thee."

Rash promise ! had she said, “ I will  
*These guests no longer live :*”  
 Would he have dared the whole to kill ?  
 Could he, could she, survive ?

No doubt *the PROMISE* gave her joy ;  
 But it *perplex'd* her too :  
 She wish'd not “ *half*, ” nor yet a *toy*, —  
 And,—knew not what to do.

Without replying, she withdrew,  
 And sought her mother's ear ;  
 And *counsel* ask'd, for well she knew,  
 She should obtain it there.

“ What shall I ask ? ” the damsel said :  
 Her mother, prompt replied,  
 “ Ask thou for JOHN the BAPTIST'S *head* ; —  
 Let ME be *gratified*. ”

Thus the malicious mother taught  
 A way none ought to go,  
 And joy'd in power, events had brought,  
 To strike a mortal blow.

The daughter, willing to comply,  
 Return'd with haste, and said,  
 “ I will, thou give me, by-and-by,  
 While here, *the BAPTIST'S HEAD*. ”

“ The BAPTIST'S *head* ! ” Amazement reign'd, —  
 And silence,—for a time :  
 Great sorrow Herod felt,—or feign'd,—  
 As, shrinking from the crime.—

“ My conscience feels John’s blood would stain  
With guilt and infamy :—  
But then, the damsel might complain  
Of wrong,—of perjury.

“ My *guests*,—who heard my solemn vow,  
Would execrate my name,  
Should I withhold the favour now,  
To which she makes her claim.

“ Do I not now their murmurs hear ?  
Their wrath might break the peace ;  
My *pity*, now, must yield to *fear* ;  
I’ll gratify my niece.”

Resolv’d,—he spoke the fatal word,—  
“ *Fetch JOHN THE BAPTIST’S head*,”  
To *one*, who took his practis’d sword,  
And to the *prison* sped.

He enter’d it,—the *cell*,—and saw  
The saint he came to slay,  
Perhaps *asleep*, his *bed*, but *straw* ;—  
Or keeping ‘wake to pray.

Ah ! if the fatal stroke were given,  
While sleep had clos’d John’s eyes ;—  
'Twas base ;—yet, he would enter heaven  
At once, with strange surprise.—

If by the man of blood awoke,—  
Or found, engaged in prayer :  
Like *lightning* flash’d the word he spoke  
With thund’ring voice,—“ PREPARE !

"Not—be more *holy*, ere thou *die*;  
 But,—*ready* for my *sword*:  
 This *moment* bow thy head, and I  
 Will take it for my lord."

'Twas quickly done,—the spirit fled,  
 To mansions in the skies;  
 While he, who slew him, took the head  
 To Herod, as a prize.

How could the king upon it gaze,—  
 The face,—the eyes,—the tongue?—  
 And not remember former days?—  
 Not feel his *conscience* wrung?

With joy he oft had seen,—and heard,—  
 And partially obey'd  
 The Baptist,—but had sin preferr'd;  
 And *truth*, with *blood*, repaid.

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## 79 THE TRANSFIGURATION.

THE Saviour lov'd the mountain's height,  
 And valley's stream for prayer,  
 And frequently, retir'd at night,  
 For pure devotion there.

The Father glorified the Son—  
 Declar'd *His DEITY*,  
 When on a mountain, and alone,  
 Save with the *favour'd THREE*.

An *embassy* from heaven was sent,  
To pay Him homage there:  
Yes—*Moses* and *Elijah* went,  
And found the *Lord*, in prayer.

They *both* brought *proof* from *whence* they came,  
In glorious robes so bright;  
Illumin'd by the *holy* flame,  
Of heaven's eternal light.

But *theirs* was less than *that* they found,  
On *Jesus* when he rose:  
*His*—inward—outward—all around,  
*Streamed* from his *face* and *clothes*.

“ *His raiment* glister'd, white as snow:  
*His face* shone as the sun,”  
When his bright rays, diffusive flow,  
And make his glories known.

The fullness of the Deity,  
Dwelt bodily in *him*,  
And there shone forth with brilliancy,  
Which made *their* glory dim.

But *Peter*, *James*, and *John*, gave place  
To *sleep*, while *Jesus* pray'd;  
Or might have been prepar'd by *grace*,  
For *glory*, when display'd.

They did not see the prophets come,  
Nor *Jesu's* change *begin*:  
And, therefore, might have been struck dumb,  
At such a sudden scene.

They found *two* prophets were with Him,  
In robes of light array'd ;  
His sacrificial death their theme,  
While they, in converse stay'd.

The sudden sight—the awful theme—  
And Peter's worldly views,  
Brought thoughts, in a commingled stream,  
Which strangely would confuse.

It was so—he display'd it there,  
When he began to say,  
“ ‘Tis good, for us, Lord, to be here :  
May not the prophets stay ?”

“ Three tabernacles let us make :  
For Thee, and them, each one.”  
Such counsel, Jesus, would not take,—  
Would not say “ Be it done.”

A cloud-inspiring *ace* appear'd,  
And o'er them threw its shade,  
From which JEHOVAH's voice they heard,  
And then were sore afraid.

Prostrate they heard the great SUPREME  
Declare, “ This is My Son,  
With whom I am well pleas'd—*hear* Him,—  
His will by all be done.”

At Jesu's kind command they rose,  
And found their Lord alone ;  
And saw that from His face, and clothes,  
The *glory* was withdrawn.

Christ was *transfigur'd* while he *prayed*,  
And *we*, by fervent prayer,  
May glorious shine, in grace array'd,  
And Jesu's glory share.

But, if to *drowsiness*, we yield,  
While friends for blessings pray ;  
*Awaking*, we may find them fill'd,  
And not know what to say.

We ought, with wakefulness, to *hear*,  
And *think* when others pray ;  
And *we, ourselves*, should pray *somewhere*,  
And do so, day by day.

Have we no *closet*, when at home,  
To which we can retire ?  
The open air, 'neath heaven's dome,  
Might satisfy desire.

The mountain's dell—or forest's shade—  
The vale—or river there—  
Rock—tree—field—garden—may be made  
A *place* for *private prayer*.

The *Lord*, Himself, would bless us there,  
And consecrate the spot :  
And we should feel that “heaven was near,”  
Although “we knew it not.”

The *sight* of Jesus, and of heaven,  
No pleasure could afford,  
Unless, our *sins* were *first* forgiven,  
And we were *like* our *LORD*.

**80 JUDAS BETRAYED HIS LORD.**

How base was *Judas* to his Lord,  
Whose patronage he gain'd ;—  
Allow'd to hear His holy word,—  
His *parables* explain'd :—

To see the *miracles* he wrought,  
And then perform the same ;  
Yea sent to teach what Jesus taught,—  
To preach in Jesu's name :—

Entrusted with the *purse* to give  
An alms, or food prepare ;—  
With those whom Jesus lov'd to live ;—  
His kind regards to share.

While sitting, as a chosen band,  
In converse with their Lord,—  
Receiving food, from His kind hand,  
They heard this awful word :—

“ I shall, by even one of you,  
Now present, be betray'd.”  
Amaz'd—yet sure his words were true,  
“ *Lord ! is it I ?* ” each said.

*Eleven* thus with *grief* enquir'd ;—  
ONE with *hypocrisy*,  
And had an answer, not desir'd  
“ *Thou saidst it—it is thee.* ”

Convinc'd Christ knew his *trait'rous thought*,  
Which *avarice* inspired ;  
He soon withdrew,—the chief priests sought,—  
And *hastily* enquired,

“ What *sum* shall I receive from you,  
To give up Christ ? ” he said :  
From thirst for blood and lucre too,  
The *bargain* soon was made.

While Judas sought the priests, his Lord  
Went to Gethsemane,  
And there in *agony* implor'd,  
“ *Let this cup pass from me,*

*Not my will, Father,—Thine be done,”—*  
Though bathed in blood, He said :  
Then to his followers cried “ *Sleep on :—*  
Now *rise,—I am betray'd.*”

Lo ! while he spake the *traitor* came,  
And, led, to Christ's retreat,  
The priest's base ruffians, void of shame,  
To *sieze* whom he should greet.

For with vile craft he gave *this sign* ;  
“ *Whom I shall kiss, is HE !*  
And as He may my *aim* divine,  
Secure him instantly.”

The *wretch*, whom *Christ* could have struck dumb  
Cried “ *Hail !*”—and kiss'd his *prey*,  
Who said, “ *Friend ! wherefore art thou come ?*  
*Why—with a kiss BETRAY ?*”

Judas—confounded, slunk away,  
 And join'd his rabble crew,  
 Who *stared*,—but had not power to *say*,  
 What they were come to do.

Jesus—advancing nearer, cried,  
 “ *Whom seek ye?*—Is it me ? ”  
 “ Jesus of Naz’reth,” they replied :  
 Christ answer’d, “ *I AM He !* ”

Before these soul-appalling words,  
 Not one of them could stand ;  
 But staggering fell, with staves, and swords,  
 A *furious—powerless* band.

Their *lanterns*’ and their *torch*’s flame,  
 Cast down, with them, would show,  
 Both men, and devils, put to shame,  
 Without a single blow.

Empower’d by HIM to rise, we find,  
 He question’d them once more :  
 Receiv’d their answer—and rejoin’d,  
 As He had done before.

*No spell could bind like Jesu’s power :*—  
*This yielded to His will,*  
 That Satan’s hosts might have their hour,  
 And *prophecy* fulfil.

Restraint remov’d ;—with haste they took  
 The *willing* sacrifice :  
*This—zealous Peter could not brook,*  
 But would, at once, chastise.

Then, from its sheath, he drew his sword ;—  
Smote off a *servant's* ear,—  
And would,—much more,—to shield his Lord,  
And prove his pledge sincere.

This *zeal* receiv'd a kind reproof,  
From Christ immediately :  
“ Put up thy sword,—it is enough,—  
For Malchus—thee—and Me :

“ But him I *touch*, and *heal* : who use  
The sword, by sword shall die.  
Know thou, should I, a rescue choose,—  
For *angels'* aid apply,—

“ My Father willingly would give  
*Twelve legions* instantly :  
But *Scripture*, then, would not receive,  
*Accomplishment* in Me.

“ Not *legions*—but the *cup of death*,  
My Father gives to Me :  
I take it—drink it—yield my breath :—  
It is our *joint decree*.”

Then, turning to His foes, He said,  
“ Why come, thus arm'd, to Me ?  
Am I a thief?—or you afraid,  
Of some great injury ?

“ I in the *temple* sat with you,  
And *there* I daily taught :  
None seiz'd,—nor charg'd with words *untrue*—  
Nor with *sedition* fraught.

"I know your long desired hour,  
 For darkest deeds is come ;—  
 That HELL will aid you with its power,  
 And triumph in my doom."

This said, He ceas'd—nor wish'd reply,  
 But as a lamb, was led  
 To Caiaphas, that He might die—  
 But *His* DISCIPLES fled.

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## 81 THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

My soul ! thy suffering Saviour see :  
 Mark, where He prostrate lies ;  
 How dreadful is His agony !  
 How strong His pleading cries !

Hear thou his prayers ! behold His tears !  
 His sorrows now abound ;  
 But, oh ! a bloody sweat appears :  
 Large drops fall on the ground.

From heaven reviv'd, see Him betray'd,  
 By Judas to His foes,  
 And to the judgment hall convey'd,  
 To suffer further woes :—

While *there*, revil'd, and smote, and bound,  
 And then to Pilate borne ;  
 Where, though no fault in Him is found,  
 They scourge, and crown with thorn.

His blood becomes a purple clue,  
To *Calvary* a guide ;  
His hands, and feet, transfix'd I view,  
And hear His foes deride.

The Father's comforts are withdrawn ;  
His *Son* He now forsakes ;  
Against His *equal Son* alone,  
His righteous sword awakes.

With *this* He claims the sacrifice,  
And promptly is obey'd ;  
Unsheath'd—up-rais'd—it falls—He dies ;  
*Redemption's* price is paid !

My soul!—thy numerous sins deplore :  
Thy Saviour's love admire :  
Proclaim His praise !—His name adore ;  
And all His grace desire !

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## 82 THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

“ ‘Tis finished !” the Saviour cried,  
Then bow'd His sacred head and died ;  
And now *redemption's* work is done,  
The darkness flees which veil'd the sun.

The temple's veil is rent in twain,  
And earth appears convuls'd with pain ;  
While rocks are rended by her throes  
And opening graves their dead disclose.

Is this to shew *their* sympathy ?  
 O weep, my soul, He dies for *thee* !  
 View not thy dying Lord unmov'd,  
 Lest thou, by *nature* be reprov'd.

Or, is it thus, that nature shows  
 The blessings which His death bestows ?  
 My dying Lord, Thy light impart,  
 Chase nature's darkness from my heart.

Shake now my guilty soul with fear,  
 And bid my numerous sins appear ;  
 But rend the veil, reveal the throne,  
 Where Thou dost make Thy mercy known.

### 83 THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

YE saints rejoice ! your rising Lord,  
 Forsakes the tomb—fulfils His word !  
 Though death—the grave—and guard oppose,  
 The rising *Conqueror* all o'erthrows.

Ye saints rejoice ! the conflict ends ;  
 Your conquering Lord to heaven ascends ;  
 Presents *your* nature at the throne,  
 In which the victory was won.

Ye saints rejoice ! dismiss your fears ;  
 Lo, *death* ! without a sting appears ;  
 Despoil'd,—your usher he shall be,  
 Ere long—to immortality.

Ye saints rejoice ! with pleasure view  
The conquer'd *grave* a friend to you :  
Your bodies, there, shall rest from pain,  
Till, gloriously, they rise again.

Ye saints rejoice ! for ye shall rise  
To blissful mansions in the skies ;  
And there, a throne, and crown obtain,  
And with your Saviour ever reign.

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## 84 THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

Lo ! Jesus intercedes  
Before the throne of grace ;  
His meritorious death He pleads,  
For all the human race.

Well pleas'd ! the Father hears  
His interceding Son ;  
And now, His grace, to all appears,  
And makes salvation known.

His love to all He shows ;  
But few His grace receive ;  
Yet never pleads in vain, for those  
Who lovingly believe.

O Jesus ! plead for me,  
That I may be forgiven ;  
And through obedient faith in Thee,  
Gain holiness and heaven.

## 85 THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

SPIRIT divine ! eternal Lord !

The God of truth and grace !

When those of old, with one accord,

Assembled in one place,

Thou gav'st the pure baptismal flame ;

They gifts and grace receiv'd,

And glorified the Saviour's name,

In whom they had believ'd.

Are not Thy love and power the same,

In every age and place ?

They are,—and now, in Jesu's name,

I ask the gift of grace !

Rend *error's veil*!—bid darkness flee !

Restore my soul to sight !

Thy law,—my heart,—I fain would see ;

O let there now be light !

The *marble* break ! O bid my heart

Thy mighty power confess :

If Thou the soft'ning power impart,

My heart shall feel distress.

Slay *unbelief*!—Thy sword—Thy word

Can conquer this my foe :

Make bare Thine arm all conquering Lord,

And saving faith bestow.

Absolve from *guilt*!—A pardon give,  
Through faith, in Christ, my Lord:  
Let mercy's sea, my sins receive,  
No more to be restored.

Destroy the *carnal mind*!—'Tis Thine  
To make an end of sin:  
Now cleanse my heart, by grace divine,  
And ever dwell within.

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## 86

## THE SABBATH DAY.-

THE SABBATH is a sacred day,  
On which we should not work, nor play,  
But cease from these, and serve the Lord,  
As HE commands us in *His word*.

Those *children* who the Sabbath break,  
Do often sin through all the week:  
And, O, how wicked, who can say,  
Those are who sin from day to day.

O break not then this holy day,  
Lest you, by death, be call'd away,  
From earth to hell, that dreadful place,  
And have no ease, nor hope of grace.

But *those* who earthly Sabbaths love,  
And all the means of grace improve,  
In heaven, shall see, God's smiling face,  
And evermore have Sabbath days.

## 37 THE PERSECUTING AND PROUD HEROD DESTROYED BY WORMS.

LET *heathens*,—yea let HEROD rage ;  
And vex, imprison, kill :  
Successful war he cannot wage ;  
CHRIST's *church* will flourish still.

The *blood* of James will serve as seed,  
And other converts spring :  
*Imprison'd Peter* will be freed,  
And disappoint the king.

When Herod, on his kingly throne,  
Wish'd all around to *see*  
His splendid robe, which dazzling shone,  
He show'd his vanity.

But when he an *oration* made,  
For all, around, to *hear*,  
*Base flatterers* vile homage paid ;  
And DEIFIED him there.

They cried, “A God!”—too mean the *man*,  
To tell them they were wrong :  
Through all his heart the unction ran,  
And brib'd, and seal'd his tongue.

Not so the *Lord*,—the jealous God,  
Whose wrath was justly due,  
*Soon smote* proud Herod, with His rod,  
And prov'd him mortal too.

His honours fled,—of all unplum'd,  
 When seiz'd by dire complaint ;  
 Rapacious, rev'lling, *worms* consum'd  
 The wretch who slew a saint.

If *true* that he, when *dying*, show'd  
 His flatterers their lie ;  
 For his own *sin* no sorrow flow'd,  
 Though *death*—and *hell*—were nigh.

Thus kings, and rulers, have been found,  
 Mere potsherds of the earth—  
 Cast from their thrones—dash'd to the ground,  
 As vessels of no worth.

Be wise ye *kings*, and serve the *LORD*,  
 With rev'rence, as is meet :  
 Ye *judges*, venerate *HIS word* ;  
 With *awe*, keep close to it.

If *kings* who build their nests on high,  
 Have been, for *sin*, cast down ;  
 Let *subjects* never sin, to try  
 God's *vengeful* arm, or frown.

## 88 ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA'S SIN AND PUNISHMENT.

How *boldly* *ANANIAS* lied,  
 The same untruth *SAPPHIRA* told,  
 Induc'd by *avarice*, and *pride* :  
 Their *fate* should warn both young and old.

They thought that *Peter* would believe,  
 “ They sold their land” for *what* they said :  
 But found their lies could not deceive,  
 For—*suddenly*—they fell down *dead*.

How oft when children have transgress’d,  
 They *lie*, to keep their *faults* unknown ;  
 Which, if they were at *once* confess’d,  
 A prompt forgiveness might be shown.

The Lord abhors the lying tongue :  
 And none can trust in those who lie :  
 What *vice* more hateful in the *young* ?  
*Accurs’d* they live,—*unfit* to die.

Such seem to know not, or forget,  
*No liars ever enter heaven* ;  
 And though they are not punish’d *yet*,  
 They will be *soon*, if not forgiven.

Let such repent, before too late,  
 And ne’er repeat their sin again ;  
 Remembering these sinners’ fate,—  
*Struck dead, and sent to endless pain.*

---

WHEN Paul, and Barnabas, went forth  
 To Paphos, and made known  
 The word of God ; some felt its *worth* ;—  
 But *hate* by *one* was shown.

There, *Sergius Paulus* soon express'd  
Desire to hear the word ;  
And they complied with his request,  
By preaching *Christ the LORD*.

This governor, A prudent man,  
Gave heed,—well weigh'd,—admired,—  
*The gospel truth,—the saving plan,—*  
And then the GRACE desired:

ONE, intimate with him, there, heard  
The gospel with *dismay* :—  
*This Jew, false prophet, conjurer, fear'd*  
His charms would melt away.

What ! lose the *pelf of sorcery* ?—  
The honour of a *seer* ?—  
The favour of the *deputy* ?—  
Yes—ELYMAS would *fear*.

He saw the governor *change*, and strove  
To bend his mind again ;  
But found, no *arts of his*, could move :—  
His labour was in vain.

To *him*, with steadfast gaze, Paul turn'd,  
And by THE SPIRIT fill'd ;  
With knowledge, judgment, zeal, he burn'd,  
And thus the *Wrangler* still'd,—

“ O thou, who with all subtlety,  
And mischief dost o'erflow ;—  
Thou child of Satan,—enemy  
Of righteousness,—why show

“ Unceasing effort to pervert  
 The right ways of the Lord ?  
 Behold, e'en now, God's *hand* assert  
 Thy *ends* and *means* abhor'd :—

“ *It* strikes thee *blind*,—the cheering sun,  
 Awhile, thou shalt not see.”  
 This said—the wrath,—the *mist*, begun ;—  
 Then *darkness* instantly.

The *Wrangler*—now forbears to tease,  
 For he has nought to say ;  
 The cunning *Seer*—no longer sees ;  
 The *Guide*—now asks his way.

He gropes to find a helping hand,  
 To lead him to his home ;  
 For *now*, none dreads his magic wand ;—  
 None, at his bidding, come,

Where was his *gift* of *prophecy*,  
 When he withstood at first ?—  
 And what his *gain*, but *loss*, when he  
 Was with such blindness curs'd ?

The Truth is great, and will prevail,  
 As falsehood e'er has found,  
 Although false prophets may assail,  
 On *this*, or *heathen* ground.

Some of the islands, of the sea,  
 Truth's conquests have beheld :  
 And *more*,—yea *all*,—illum'd will be,—  
 With gospel light be fill'd.

## 90 STEPHEN THE FIRST MARTYR.

How pious *Stephen*, when ordain'd,  
To serve the church's poor,  
His Christian character maintain'd,—  
Made his high calling sure.

The standard, though so high, he reach'd ;  
“ Full of the Holy Ghost,  
And faith,” he walk'd with God—he preach'd  
With power—yet would not boast.

Great wonders,—*miracles*,—he wrought,  
But found his growing fame,  
A many, fierce, disputers brought,  
Whom he soon put to shame.

The TRUTH, in *wisdom*, he display'd,—  
In *power*, he applied:  
In vain resistance they essay'd,—  
Could not his charge abide.

But they could hate,—accuse,—forswear,—  
Before the Sanhedrim :  
With *blasphemy*, they charg'd him, there,  
But found it *not* in him.

The COUNCIL heard,—immediately  
They would the *accused* hear :  
They gaz'd,—but in his *face* could see  
No guilt,—nor dread,—nor fear,—

Nor hope,—but *innocence* they trace,  
 And peace, love, joy, and bliss :  
*His* seem'd to them, an *ANGEL'S face* !  
 Could *HE*,—say,—do,—amiss ?

He silence broke, and spoke, and show'd,  
 God's providence and grace ;  
 Who, righteous prophets had bestow'd  
 On them, as Abraham's race.

But Stephen show'd their *FATHER'S* guilt,  
 From gross idolatry,  
 And blood of prophets, which they spilt,  
 In their impiety.

The sons,—*themselves*,—he charg'd outright,—  
 “ Ye stiff-neck'd, and unclean ;—  
 Ye *still* against the *SPIRIT* fight ;  
 'Tis as it e'er has been :

“ *Such* as your *fathers* were—are *you*,  
 In crime—yet nought afraid :  
 Ye have blood guiltiness,—ye slew  
 The just one when betrayed.

“ The *law*,—receiv'd with trembling fear,  
 While God from Sinai spoke,  
 Mids't marshall'd hosts of *angels* there,—  
*Your Sires*—*YOURSSELVES*—have *broke*.”

Endurance fail'd, for none could bear  
 His conscience-stirring words ;  
 For these, as *lightning*, seem'd to tear ;—  
 To pierce and cut, as *swords*.

None wait for words,—their tortured breast,  
Rage, spite, impatience, fired ;  
And all, with gnashing teeth, express'd  
They Stephen's death desired,

*Full of the Holy Ghost*, he stood,—  
And while he upwards gaz'd,  
In steadfast, reverential mood,—  
The veil of heaven was rais'd,—

And caus'd, to *his* assisted sight,  
God's glory to appear,  
With Jesus, standing on His right,  
A *Prince*—and *Saviour*—there.

He, fearless of the madden'd band,  
Exclaim'd “Behold, I see  
The Son of Man, at God's right hand :”  
They check'd him instantly :—

They would *not hear*, but they *would shout* ;  
With one accord they tried  
To silence, beat him down, cast out,  
And stone him, till he died.

He, conscious that his end was near,  
No lengthen'd life implor'd ;  
But gave his spirit without fear,  
To Jesus Christ *his LORD*.

And yet, to Christ for *foes*, he pray'd,—  
His *murderers*, who should weep :  
“ Charge not this sin to *them*,” he said ;  
And then—he fell asleep.

What gracious principles we find  
 In all renew'd by grace ;  
 Who realize the Saviour's mind,  
 And walk in all his ways.

In *Stephen*, faith, love, courage, zeal,  
 And constancy appear ;  
 God's glory, and the church's weal,  
 Engross'd his spirit here.

How *short* the course he had to run !—  
 What diligence and speed !  
 He show'd, his work was fully done ;—  
 He found the *martyr's* meed.

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## 91 PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH.

“*And he preached unto him JESUS.*”—Acts viii, 35.

PHILIP show'd a prompt obedience,  
 To the Holy Ghost's command ;—  
 Reason'd not about expedience ;—  
 Nor for *this*, nor *that*, would stand.

“ See that chariot !—hasten to it—  
 To the traveller *reading* there.”  
 Philip heard the voice, and knew it ;  
 Ran—*good tidings* to declare.

There, he found the stranger reading  
 Words, *Isaiah* long had wrote ;  
 Heard the *doubts* which were impeding,  
*Truth's* conviction which he sought.

Pleas'd with what he found him *doing*,  
 And in hearing *where* he'd been,  
 Soon with gospel facts was wooing,—  
 Telling what *he'd* heard and seen.

Yes!—*he preach'd unto him JESUS!*  
 Him of whom *Isaiah* wrote—  
*Our REDEEMER!*—to release us  
 From the thraldom sin had brought.

Nature's taint—and life's pollution—  
 Guilt's sad load—and fear's affrights—  
 Judgment's certain retribution,  
 For iniquitous delights,

He would glance at, and assure him,  
 These led down to misery :  
 Still, he need not long endure them,  
 CHRIST *was come* to make him *free*.

Pleasing themes—Christ's incarnation ;—  
 Then His active life of love ;—  
 His unequall'd tribulation,  
 Which *Gethsemane* could prove.

Yes—the preacher set before him  
 Jesu's dreadful agony,—  
 Full of sorrows!—how He bore them,  
 For the world's iniquity.

There—betray'd—by all forsaken—  
 (Such His friends' infirmity :)  
 Thence to *Caiaphas* was taken,  
 And accus'd of *blasphemy*.—

False the charge ! e'en when attested  
 By the number *law* requir'd :  
 Then was grievously molested,  
 As the *envious* priests desir'd.

Bound—and led for condemnation,  
 Soon at *Pilate's* bar He stood,  
*Silent*!—without perturbation !  
 While they clamour'd for His blood !

Nothing less than *that* they wanted,  
 And they would not be denied :  
*Worried, yielding*, *PILATE* granted  
 That he should be CRUCIFIED !

What avail'd the purest water ?  
 Pilate's *type* would wash in vain !  
 When the scourge commenc'd the slaughter,  
*Every drop of blood* would stain.

Then the impious soldiers took Him,  
 And indulg'd in brutal glee ;  
 But, His *patience*, ne'er forsook Him,  
 'Mid their shameless mockery.

How *bedizen'd* !—robed, in scarlet—  
 Crown'd, with thorns—His sceptre, reed—  
 Taunted—smitten—as a varlet,  
 Going to receive His meed.

Joyous—they *disrobed* the Saviour—  
 Put on Him *His own* again :  
 But, averse, from showing favour,  
 Let the crown of thorns remain.

Soon the fatal cross was ready,  
And upon His shoulder laid :  
But, His steps, were found unsteady,  
And the monsters were afraid

Strength, so wasted, soon would fail Him :—  
Ebbing life, soon cease to be ;—  
*Ere* they to the cross could nail Him ;—  
*Ere* they reached Calvary.

They, by *hate (not pity)* moved,  
Lest their triumph should be o'er,  
Laid the cross, on one, who proved  
Equal to the load He bore.

Pious women followed near Him,—  
Mourn'd, and wept, in sympathy :  
It had been their wont to hear Him,  
And His mighty works to see.

Jesus said, with tenderest feeling,  
“ Daughters of Jerusalem !  
*Do not weep for Me*”—revealing  
Greater woes awaiting *them*.

Calvary was soon polluted,  
By the darkest deed e'er done ;  
To its subject so unsuited,  
And the *honours* He had won.

*Hands*,—which bless'd, and fed, and cured,  
Tens of thousands without cost,—  
*Feet*,—which weariness endured,  
As He sought—to save—the lost ;—

*These unto the cross, were nailed :*

Flesh—and veins—and tendons torn :  
Then the priests against Him railed,  
Mocking Him, with jeers and scorn.

*HE who bless'd, became accursed,*

While He hung upon the tree :  
Late hosannas, were reversed,  
Through their demon enmity.

*O what sufferings !—yet, what kindness,*

Rose, in their behalf, to heaven !—  
Pitying their moral blindness,—  
Praying they might be forgiven.

*There, His MOTHER stood—wept—wonder'd,*

For she then knew not the whole :  
Doubtless *Simeon's* words she ponder'd—  
“ Yea a sword shall pierce thy soul.”

*THIEVES, there crucified, then jeer'd Him,*

As if more despis'd than they :  
*One*, repented—soon rever'd Him—  
Ceas'd to mock—began to pray—

Was forgiven his transgressions,

After all that he had done ;  
Christ accepting his confessions—  
Yea, *himself*—through *faith* alone.

Thus this smoking brand, *near blazing*—

Quench'd, ere reach'd by quenchless flame,—  
Might have set all heaven a praising,  
JESU's gracious, glorious *name*.

GRACE, *more glorious still*, appeared,  
In the answer to his prayer :  
All his doubts of heaven were cleared ;  
*Ere 'twas night, he should be there.*

Though the *hosts of hell* assailed  
Christ for moral victory,  
His endurance never failed  
Through their dire hostility.

But, a trial, still more fiery,  
Came direct from Deity,  
Pressing out the meek enquiry—  
*“ Why hast Thou forsaken ME ? ”*

Yes !—HEAVEN’s *smile* which had been granted  
From the *manger* to the *cross*,  
Ceas’d—when it the most was wanted,—  
Forc’d Him to bewail His loss.

Nature’s sympathizing tribute,  
With amazement, was brought forth :  
Sol let darkness shade the gibbet,—  
*Yea—prevail o’er all the earth.*

Tortur’d by earth—hell—and heaven,  
He might well of *thirst* complain ;  
Yet, refus’d the *wine* when given—  
*“ Would not drink of it again.”*

Though strict JUSTICE still kept drawing,  
On *our surety*, for His *due*,  
Less, was, every moment, owing,  
As the *world’s REDEEMER* knew.

He *endur'd* it—not a fraction  
 Of our debt was left unpaid;—  
 Made a *perfect satisfaction*—  
*Cried, " 'TIS FINISH'D!" —bow'd HIS HEAD.*—

*Died* for us! Love—condescension—  
 Infinite! He thus displayed:  
*There*—transfix'd—in vile suspension—  
*Sinless JESUS bow'd His head.*

Thus His precious soul was given,—  
 Dying of His own accord;  
 And, as *days-man*, enter'd heaven,  
*Hail'd* as the *redeeming Lord.*

See!—the temple's veil affected!  
 Yes—completely rent in twain:—  
*Past distinctions* now rejected,  
*Gentiles*—grace and glory gain.

*Losing HIM*—earth seem'd forsaken;—  
 Might have deem'd itself abhor'd;  
 And, by strong convulsions shaken,  
 Rending rocks the loss deplored.

Graves burst open, sympathizing—  
 Join'd the dirge of rocks, earth, sun:—  
 Fiends, in legions, fled, apprising  
*Hell*, that CHRIST was DEAD—had WON.

He was *purposely* degraded  
 To the cross—with *thieves* to die,  
 That their malice might be sated;  
 Yet “His record was on high.”

*Priests*—whose consciences had striven  
With their passions, left the place,  
Feeling more of hell than heaven,  
Nature rampant—void of grace.

*Others*—*friends*, or those He blessed—  
Or had taught—or fed—or heal'd ;  
*Ling'ring*, *gaz'd*—still more distressed—  
Soon withdrew, with anguish fill'd.

*One was there*, who lov'd the Saviour,—  
Who, through fear, had hid his faith,  
*Yet, soon show'd*, by his behaviour,  
He could own *Him* at His death.

*Joseph's* virtues, wealth, and station,  
Gave him influence with men,  
Which, he used, on this occasion,  
*Jesu's body* to obtain.

He knew Pilate's power to give it,  
Who had sentenc'd Him to die,—  
Doubted not he should receive it,  
Were he promptly to apply.

Pilate granted him the favour :  
From the cross 'twas taken down :  
*Then* he could embrace the Saviour ;—  
Yea—could call the corse his own.

Ah!—how *marr'd* the corse appeared—  
Visage—hands—and feet—and side!  
How—with sweat—dust—blood, besmeared,  
Flowing in commingled tide!

Joseph bade attendants bear it,  
To his garden which was near ;  
That he might, at once, prepare it,  
For a prompt interment there :

*There—IN HIS OWN TOMB* to lay it,  
Where no other e'er had laid ;  
Pleas'd, he had the means, to pay it  
Honours, meet, without parade.

With no rabble were they crowded ;  
Only pious friends were near ;  
While 'twas in FINE LINEN shrouded,  
*Bought*, and brought by Joseph there.

But there came to him *another*,  
Bringing spices for the dead ;—  
One, he might have call'd a *brother*,  
For the *fear* and *love* display'd.

*Nicodemus*—well affected—  
Saw how Joseph's *love* was shown ;  
And he quickly recollect'd,  
Christ had claims upon his own.

O how willingly *both* shared,  
In the work which brought them there !  
*Soon* the body was prepared,  
As the *Sabbath* was so near.

Who can tell how they survey'd it ?—  
Or the tears of love they shed ?—  
While, with grief, profound, they laid it,  
In the chamber for the dead.

Though His *bed* of death *defam'd* Him,  
He was *honour'd* in His *tomb*:  
*Foes*, concluded they had *sham'd* Him:  
*Friends*, still pray'd, “*THY KINGDOM COME!*”

*Needless* guards the *priests* appointed:  
Weapons—stone—and seal—were *vain*:  
*Gloriously*, the *LORD's* *anointed*,  
On the *third* day rose again.

Glorious fact!—and well attested!  
*Angels* gloried in the theme!  
*Doubt* expir'd, when *He* requested  
*Thomas* to examine *HIM*?

Joyfully they *all* believed  
Him whom they had known and lov'd;  
Though His questions sorely grieved  
*Peter* whom He *tried* and *prov'd*.

Knowing all things—how *heav'n* waited  
His return—in triumph there—  
How his followers would be hated—  
Worried, for his names' sake here—

*Forty days* He stay'd, preparing  
*These*, by knowledge, love, and zeal,  
And a self-denying daring,  
For His holy kingdom's weal.

Jesus lovingly appriz'd them,  
. They were not to leave that place,  
Till the Holy Ghost baptiz'd them,  
With His *special* gifts and grace.

"Go"—He said—"and preach salvation,  
Through the world, to Adam's race;  
Yes—to *all*, in every nation—  
Bond and free, in every place:

Lo! I'm with you—ye shall know it—  
Have my aid in every clime—  
And, your wondrous conquests show it,  
Till the end of *life*—of *time*."

Deeply were their *hearts* affected,  
By the charge and promise given:  
Every *eye* to Him directed,  
Saw Him then *ascend to heaven*.

How excitedly they gazed  
On His glory!—yes, *HIS own!*—  
*Seeming* by attraction, raised,  
Not in *heavenly* chariot drawn;

Nor by heavenly hosts attended,—  
Nor with anthems in His praise:  
No created glory, blended  
With His uncreated rays.

Majesty, and love, united,  
Radiated from His face,  
As he looked down, delighted  
With His messengers of grace.

This enrapt them!—*kept* them gazing;  
Not a single *foot* would move:  
Well might every *tongue* be praising!—  
Every *heart* o'erflow with love.

Thrilling moments!—yet soon ended,  
As a *cloud*, or dark, or bright,  
Suddenly, from heaven, descended,  
And concealed Him from their sight.

*Still* they gaz'd,—as if expecting,  
It would vanish, or remove;  
Not, with promptitude, reflecting,  
On its mission from above.

Soon they *heard*, they *saw*, that near them  
Stood two *men* in *white robes* dress'd—  
*Angels*—kindly sent to cheer them,  
When their glorious vision ceas'd.

Hail'd by these, who seem'd to know them,  
They attended to their word;—  
Found that they were come to show them  
Heaven had then receiv'd their Lord:—

“ Men of Galilee—cease gazing  
After Him ye cannot see:  
Though his glory was amazing,—  
Left you in a reverie,—

“ *Thus*—from heaven, as JUDGE, descending,  
Yea, more glorious, He will come,  
With angelic hosts attending,  
Giving *all* a righteous doom.”

Having made their attestation,  
Back they sped to heaven again,—  
Swell'd the myriad's acclamation,  
Though the hindmost of the train.

*Hallelujah's, all were singing ;  
More than human tongues can tell ;  
And, anon, the chorus ringing,  
“WE have CHRIST—IMMANUEL !!!”*

The *disciples* heard no shoutings  
Of the heavenly hosts above ;  
Yet, were not perplex'd with doubtings,—  
Knew that they had JESU's *love*.

Joyous through the revelation,  
And Christ's glory seen that day ;  
They return'd, with exultation,  
To the city—there to pray.

There, by lot, they soon appointed  
*One* to take the *traitor's* place,  
Who, with them, should be anointed,  
On the coming day of grace.

PENTECOST—for which they waited,  
Patiently, in faith and prayer,  
Came—they met—with hope elated,  
And receiv'd the SPIRIT there.

All were present, seated, waiting,  
In the room, with one accord ;  
*Awed*, while they were meditating  
On the promise of their Lord.

But their thread of thoughts were broken :  
Silence soon became profound :  
*Suddenly* they had a token,  
In a rushing mighty *sound*.

As a harbinger, from heaven,  
That the HOLY GHOST *was come*,—  
Was, in glorious fulness, given,  
And would make their hearts His home.

HE *baptized* them, there, by shedding  
*Wondrous* influence on all :  
All beheld, and felt it spreading,  
O'er the head—the tongue—the soul.

*Heads illumin'd—tongues unloosed—*  
*Hearts renew'd—a heaven within—*  
Doubtless, for their theme, they chose,  
*JESU's triumphs over sin.*

*These—in languages ne'er learned,*  
They could show to all who came:  
*Foreigners*, at once, discerned  
This, and wonder'd at the same.

Some with senseless contradiction,  
Said, “These men are full of wine :”  
Peter's sermon brought conviction,  
That the *baptism* was DIVINE.

Blessed sermon for that nation ;  
Yes—and other nations too :  
Thousands felt its inspiration,  
And exclaim'd, “What shall we do ?”

Thousands, in *their* hearts believed  
Jesus was *the Prince of Peace* ;  
And were by the church received,  
Which rejoic'd in its increase.

Thus the SPIRIT's *dispensation*,  
 Proves that *Christ* is *King of kings*—  
 Sits in highest exultation—  
 Far above created things.

Every knee must bow before Him,—  
 Every tongue to Him confess :  
 Saints on earth, in heaven, adore Him,  
 As "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

*Philip's* facts produc'd conviction,  
 In the *Eunuch's* honest mind :  
*Jesus* had fulfill'd prediction,—  
 Was the Saviour of mankind.

He believ'd it—was baptized—  
 Joyously went on his way,  
 Doubtlessly, himself surprised,  
 At the blessings of the day.

O 'twas well that he received,  
 TRUTH so *readily* that day ;  
 And in heart—in love *believed*—  
 Quite as willing to *obey*.

If, like *Felix*, he had trifled, \*  
 With conviction when receiv'd ;—  
 Had the voice of conscience stifled,  
 And the Holy Spirit griev'd ;

He—instead of *exultation*,  
 As he was returning home,  
 Might have felt just *condemnation*,  
 And, have fear'd, " THE WRATH TO COME."

More *excuses* were not muster'd,  
As, if *reasons*, for delay,  
With the hope, that were they cluster'd,  
*Urgent* friends, must needs give way.

He said nothing of his "*station* ;"  
Nor, that "he was far from home;"  
Nor, "was of another nation ;"  
Nor, could *very seldom come* :—"

Not a word of "lacking leisure,—  
Other things had prior claim :—"—  
Not a word of "losing pleasure ;"  
Not a word of "feeling shame :—"—

Not—"My *queen* might then cashier me,  
From my profitable place ;  
Neighbours—yea my servants jeer me,  
As deserving my disgrace."

Nor, that "*friends* would then disown me,  
As an impious renegade,  
And would be the *first* to stone me,  
If the mass would lend their aid."

O, how *mean* are all excuses,  
When averse from truth and grace:  
O how *foolish*, he, who chooses  
Error's devious sinful ways ;—

*Wickedly* degrades his reason ;—  
Sins against *himself* thereby :  
Ah ! yet more—committeth treason,  
Yes—against the LORD most HIGH.

JESUS!—be Thy *grace* my *treasure*,  
 And Thy *praise* be my *employ*;  
 Yes—for ever—and—for ever—  
*These* my spring and fount of joy.

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## 92 BOANERGES—SONS OF THUNDER

*GOD of Justice!* Thou hast given  
*Sons of thunder* to compel  
 Men, who do not want Thy heaven;  
 To escape from Satan's hell.

Such Thou sendest to awaken,  
 Those who are asleep in sin,  
 That the *dreamers* may be shaken  
 O'er the pit, yet not fall in.

Some awake—their eyes, *now* open,  
 With amazement view Thy law—  
*Holy, just, and good*, yet broken  
 Oft their *rebel wills* to show.

TRUTH—like lightning, now assailing;  
 Thund'ring *threatnings*, raise their fears;  
 Refuges of ties, *now* failing,  
 Worthless, as a straw, appears.

Earth, beneath their feet, seems quaking;  
 Trembling seizes all their frame;  
 Terror fills the conscience, making  
 Past delights abhor'd with shame.

Yet the *thunderers* are charged,  
*All repenting ones to cheer* ;  
Yes !—with love, and zeal, enlarged,  
*Setting forth a SAVIOUR there.*

*Some* embrace Him, and are pardon'd :—  
*Others* no excitement show,  
But appear to be more harden'd,  
Heaping up more guilt and woe.

Lord ! let *hearts of stone* be riven :  
Yea—though *adamantine*, melt ;  
*Faith*, be with repentance given,  
And a gracious pardon felt.

---

93

## BARNABAS—

## THE SON OF CONSOLATION.

God of Comfort !—Holy Spirit !—  
Thou a Barnabas didst give,  
Through a dying Saviour's merit  
In the world, and church to live.

Fitted by extensive learning,—  
By deep-rooted piety ;  
He, Thy church's wants discerning,  
Gave his all—to it,—to Thee.

*His*, was not a mere profession,  
Like an *hypocrite* or *knav* ;  
For he sold his own possession,  
And, the money, freely gave.

By the church again 'twas given  
 As each member's case requir'd ;  
 For they starv'd no *poor* to heaven,  
 Nor their speedy death desired.

*Then* he ceas'd from independence,—  
 Had no more of wealth than they :—  
 Would not *ask*, but *gave* attendance,  
 Grace to strengthen—not display .

Happy servant !—*levite* JOSÉS,  
 To the infant church in woe ;  
 Loving Jesus,—leaving Moses,  
 Or the *ceremonial* law.

He, beheld, with yearning pity,  
 Sinners, *many* ;—saints but *few* ;  
 Then in village, town, and city,  
 Preach'd the *Saviour* whom he knew :—

Show'd He was the *only SAVIOUR*,  
 Able—willing—waiting too,  
 Fully—freely—to show favour,  
 Even where His wrath was due.

*Barnabas* employ'd persuasion,—  
 Wav'd the olive branch of peace ;  
 Prov'd that each had just occasion,  
 From hostility to cease.

With his words, a gracious unction,  
 Fell upon the hearer's heart ;  
 Melting into soft compunction ;  
*Pleasing*, by a painful smart.

Yes—it fell, like gentle showers ;  
Made his speech distil as dew :  
*Truth* put forth its innate powers,—  
Soon took root, and quickly grew.

CLEMENT listen'd, soon perceiving,  
Rules of art were not employed ;  
Strangely found himself believing :  
Soon a Saviour's love enjoyed.

How the *son of consolation*,  
By his artless unctious words,  
Works upon his congregation !—  
Light, and grace, to them affords !

*Waverers*, here, become decided ;—  
*Doubters*, there, conviction gain ;—  
*Timid*, brave, although derided ;—  
*Murmurers*, patient under pain.

In the CHURCH he *weak ones strengthen'd*,  
And, the *strong*, was glad to see :  
He, the shout of *triumph* lengthen'd,—  
Show'd the *tried ones* sympathy.

If he once—but once—neglected,  
His own helm, when leaving port ;  
While, his brother's, he suspected,  
And no longer would consort ;—

*Still*,—he sail'd where he was needed ;—  
Preached Jesus whom he lov'd ;—  
And, for sinners interceded  
Till, by *martyrdom*, remov'd.

**94 "DEMAS HATH LEFT ME, HAVING LOVED THIS PRESENT WORLD."**

*This present world!*—what is it?—tell  
 Its riches, honour, pride,—  
 Its splendour, beauty, charms, and spell,  
 And ALL it has beside?

We ask not *fools*,—let *wise* men tell,—  
 Let SOLOMON declare:  
 Is it worth heaven?—Is it worth hell?—  
 The *bliss*,—or *anguish*,—there?—

"I prov'd the present world,—I tried  
 Its laughter, mirth, and wine;—  
 To houses, gardens, pools, applied;—  
 No HAPPINESS was mine.

"In orchards, vineyards, silver, gold,  
 And sweetest minstrelsy,  
*I sought*;—and,—let the truth be told,—  
 I found,—but,—VANITY."

*The present world!*—let CHRISTIANS view  
 Their former slavery,  
 And guilt, and tell us, if they rue,  
 That Christ has made them *free*?

*The present world!*—St Paul declared  
 "I count it *dung* to me;"  
 And once, a fellow labourer, shared  
 His just antipathy.

*How then could DEMAS ever take  
To an abandon'd world ?*

*How could he Christ, and Paul, forsake,  
And leave his banner furl'd ?*

*Did he not need the Saviour's grace ?—*

*Did saints no aid desire ?—*

*None ask him, WISDOM's path to trace ?—*

*None for the gate enquire ?—*

*What !—was the promise then fulfill'd,*

*"That all shall know the Lord ?"*

*Led Satan not, still as he will'd;*

*His captives, with a word ?—*

*Had CHRIST no longer Deity ?—*

*No bliss, light, life to give ?—*

*Had CREATURES—ten times more than HE,*

*Which Demas could receive ?—*

*Could not Heaven's glories elevate*

*His soul,—and hope inspire ?*

*Had Earth far more,—and could she sate,*

*An infinite desire ?—*

*Was ALL-SUFFICIENT grace no more*

*Than strength, from fever rife ?*

*Had NATURE—SELF—an innate store,*

*For present—future life ?*

*Was REVELATION prov'd to be*

*A meteor,—fable,—worse ?*

*Did Reason give more certainty,*

*And free him from a curse ?*

His SOUL?—Did it *material* prove,  
 Yea, hastening to the dust?  
 His BODY?—claim'd it all his love,  
 And prov'd the claim was just?—

EXPERIENCE *past*,—thy record, where?—  
 Was his a maniac's dream?  
 EXPERIENCE *to come*,—declare,—  
 Will joy,—*still* be his theme?

If *not*,—if these things be *not so*,  
 How *folly* blinds the soul!  
 How WORLDLY LOVE leads on to *woe*,  
 Whose waves incessant roll.

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## 95

## IGNORANCE.

With sorrow we behold those youths,  
 Who will not by their friends be taught  
 To read, and know, those sacred truths,  
 Which God inspired, and saints have wrote.

Although they are with reason blest,  
 (A talent which should be improved :)  
 Through *sloth*, in indolence, they rest;  
 Or *play* is more than *learning* loved.

But ah! what folly these display,  
 While thus to their own interest blind:  
 They walk in darkness, while 'tis day,  
 And neither truth nor heaven can find.

Like an uncultivated field,  
Where “precious seed” has not been sown ;  
No useful knowledge can they yield,  
Nor be *respected* where ’tis known.

Yet, how insensible to shame,  
These thoughtless, foolish youths appear ;  
Who oft their *ignorance* proclaim,  
Without a blush—without a fear.

Where ignorance, and error dwell,  
How crimes, of every shade, abound ;  
Which lead to *death*—which lead to *hell*,  
Where neither ease, nor hope is found.

O may the Lord, who *reason* gave,  
That we may *know*, and with HIM *dwell*,  
From ignorance, and error save ;  
From sloth and folly—vice and hell.

---

HAPPY the tutored youth, whose mind,  
To sacred knowledge is inclined :  
A rich repast it always proves  
To him, who knows, believes, and loves.

All *foolish pastimes* he forsakes,  
Yet prudent recreation takes :  
By him, ’tis rightly thought, a crime,  
To waste his precious *loan* of time.

He "asks of God," who knowledge gives :  
He reads—reflects—and light receives :—  
Accustoms memory to retain,  
That he may not receive in vain.

As thus increasing light is gain'd,  
He sees much more may be attain'd !  
And while he thus augments his store,  
Boasts not—but humbly asks for more.

By foolish thoughts he's less annoyed  
Than those who are not thus employed :  
More worthy subjects he can find  
Already treasured in his mind.

To know himself,—O, what below !  
Can be of equal worth to know ?  
Or whom to know, in heaven above !  
Can vie with God—His law—His love ?

Be mine, this happiness, O Lord !  
To *read*—and *know*—and *love* Thy word :  
Wisdom, and knowledge, give to me,  
The knowledge of *myself*, and *Thee*.

O let me know thy pardoning love !  
Thy hallowing grace, O let me prove !  
To me, let all Thy grace be shown,  
Until I "know, as I am known."

97

## SINCERITY.

WHOEVER is *sincere*,  
In fervent prayer, or praise,  
Will *humbly*, to the Lord, draw near,  
Abhorring crooked ways.  
In those who are sincere,  
The tongue, and heart, agree ;  
As crystal rills, from fountains clear,  
Have similarity.

*Duplicity* they shun  
As much as others court ;  
Nor practise it, as some have done,  
For profit, or for sport.  
In *truth*, they pleasure find,  
Whate'er may be their loss ;  
And prove, compared with peace of mind,  
All earthly things are dross.

This sacred love of truth,  
Cast not away, nor sell :  
Whoe'er may tempt, be *firm*, O youth !  
Ne'er *barter* heaven for hell.  
Lord, plant in us, thy fear :  
Thy spirit's influence give,  
To make, and keep, our hearts sincere,  
That we, to Thee, may live.

98

## HYPOCRISY.

THE *Hypocrite* declares  
 What he does not believe ;  
 And, artfully, he lays his snares,  
 More surely to deceive.  
 His *real* thoughts he keeps,  
 Conceal'd, or falsely drest ;  
 He fawns, or flatters,—whines or weeps,  
 As suits his purpose best.

In such vile ways as these,  
 He oft, at work, appears ;  
 And gains the proud by flatteries ?  
 The credulous by tears.  
 Such justly are abhor'd,  
 By all who are sincere :  
 But how displeasing to the Lord,  
 Must hypocrites appear !

In vain they praise, or pray,  
 Who do not yield the heart ;  
 For God, ere long, to such will say,  
 “ *Ye hypocrites depart.* ”  
 O Lord, with Thee, we plead !  
 Vouchsafe a gracious smile !  
 And make us “ *Israelites indeed,*  
 In whom there is no guile.”

99

## PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

JESUS save my soul from pride :  
O, let *self* be crucified !  
*Pride*, is e'er abhorr'd by Thee ;  
Why should it be lov'd by me ?  
Let it not in me have place :  
Now, destroy it, by Thy grace !

Never let my soul be vain :  
Never let me love my bane :  
What has man, whereof to boast ?  
He, his MAKER's *image* lost !  
He depraved his noblest powers :  
He was banish'd Eden's bowers !

Blessings, Lord, Thou hast bestow'd ;  
But, shall I, of these, be proud ?  
Blessings, which I could not claim ?—  
Which should cover me with shame ?—  
Blessings, which I've not improv'd ?—  
More than Thee, their donor, lov'd.

Jesus ! give humility :  
Bid my soul resemble Thee :—  
Only glory in Thy cross ;  
Counting all things else but dross :  
Sitting, lowly, at Thy feet,  
As *unworthy* of the seat.

**100 "LET YOUR MODERATION BE  
KNOWN UNTO ALL MEN."**—PHIL. 4, 5.

O LORD ! we are constrain'd to own  
To Thee, whom we would love,  
That we to wide extremes are prone,  
From Thee our passions rove.

We leave the central point of bliss,  
Refusing light and guide ;  
And fall in error's deep abyss ;  
Or, float on passion's tide.

Ah ! why should earth, our hearts engross,  
Which Thou hast justly claim'd ?  
Her good, compared with *grace*, is dross,  
Unworthy to be nam'd.

Though what Thy *providence*, bestows,  
May in Thy *fear* be used ;  
No drop, that falls, nor stream, that flows,  
Was given to be abused.

We ask, O Lord, the grace we need,  
To save us from *excess*,  
In *thought*, and *temper*, *word*, and *deed* ;—  
In *sleep*, and *food*, and *dress*.

Let *all our conduct*, Lord, express  
The mind which was in Thee ;  
That those, who know what we profess,  
May *moderation* see.

101

## PITY.

With *pity*, Lord ! my heart inspire,  
For persons in distress,  
That I may feel, and show desire,  
To make their sorrows less.

Alas ! I seldom look around,  
But some distress I see ;  
Oft, in the lowly *cottage* found,  
Yet, *mansions* are not free !

Whoe'er transgress Thy righteous law,  
Are in a wretched state ;  
Yet I, for them, would pity show,  
But their transgressions hate.

I wish to pity—not deride  
The hapless, erring youth,  
Who found not, or refus'd a guide,  
Who would have taught him Truth.

Yea, I would pity those who mourn  
Beneath Oppression's hand ;  
For even sheep, in winter shorn,  
Our pity might demand.

Nor should *wrong'd* captives sigh in vain,  
For their lost liberty,  
Had I, the power, to break their chain,  
And say to them—" Be Free!"

When *poverty*, *disease*, and *pain*,  
 I see, in one, *unite* ;  
 My *pity*—he shall *surely* gain ;  
 My *aid*—if I've a mite.

---

## 102

## BENEFICENCE.

*Beneficence* ! from heaven descend,  
 For mortals need so kind a friend ;  
 And now, in sorrow's vale, appear,  
 Where soothing Pity sheds a tear.

While *Pity* weeps at human woe,  
*Thou* canst the aid required bestow :  
*She* cries, “ *I wish the hungry fed :* ”  
 But O ! tis *thine*, to *give them bread*.

The *naked* have been clothed by thee ;  
 And *captives* gain'd their liberty :  
 The *sick*, from thee, have health received,  
 And *needy strangers* been relieved.

The *heathen*, too, thou dost befriend—  
*Bibles*—and *Ministers* dost send—  
 That *they* may hear, believe, and prove,  
 With *us*, a *dying Saviour's love*.

But bless ! O bless ! Britannia's youth :  
 Plant in their minds *RELIGIOUS truth* :  
 To *SUNDAY schools* thy sanction give ;  
 And, now—let *this*, thine *AID receive*.

*Beneficence !—with thee we plead :  
We have—we do—we shall succeed :  
Our youth, instruction shall receive,  
While one, can teach—and one, can give.*

*By THEE, O Lord, enthron'd in heaven !  
Beneficence to men is given :  
Here, we, our Ebenezer's raise ;  
The grace is Thine !—be Thine the praise.*

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### 103 GRATITUDE TO TEACHERS AND BENEFACATORS.

WHAT *gratitude* to you we owe,  
Through whom we knowledge gain :  
With pleasure we attempt to show,  
Your labour is not vain.

Through your instructions we acquired,  
Ability to read ;  
Though less by us, than you, desired,  
Who knew what we should need.

To you we read God's holy word,  
'Twas oft with strange surprise ;  
We met with truths we never heard,  
And now our bibles prize.

Our minds were like a *waste* untill'd,  
With noxious weeds o'er grown :—  
But now a cultivated *field*,  
With seeds of knowledge sown.

We know we must repent—believe,  
 And bear the fruits of grace,  
 If we would from the Lord receive,  
 A crown of righteousness.

By you we have been taught to know,  
 Our *Parent's*—*Master's* right ;  
 That we should due obedience show,  
 And serve them with delight.

Proceed with what you have begun :  
 Success is from the Lord,  
 Who gives the dew, the rain, the sun,  
 As promised in His word.

Kind friends ! accept our grateful lays,  
 For all your kind regard ;  
 And God, to whom we give the praise,  
 Will grant you your reward.

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## 104 THE HEATHEN'S CRY TO CHRISTIANS.

*“Come over and help us.”—Acts xvii. 9. “Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out.”—Matt. xxxvi. 8.*

How blessings came flowing to me in full tide :  
 Whate'er my necessities, *all* were supplied :  
 My body is fed, and with raiment is clad,  
 My soul is enlighten'd, and therefore is glad.

*Kind Providence* mark'd out the course I should  
steer,

And prompted to effort, dispelling each fear :  
No pilot with compass and chart, though most true,  
Could guide me more safely ;—what praises are due !

To GRACE,—yes to *that* which appeared to me,  
An infinite debtor I ever must be :  
From guilt and from bondage, from darkness and  
grief,

The *Saviour* of sinners vouchsafed me relief.

*His word* I possess, and its entrance gives light :  
*His house* I attend with unfailing delight :  
*His people* I love, and with them I am one :  
*His throne* I approach, yes, I ask and 'tis done.

To GLORY *He* calls me !—O how can it be,  
Such holiness,—happiness,—purchased for me ?  
Yes, promis'd, prepar'd, and reserv'd till I'm meet,  
By *Him* who still loves me, and keeps me for it.

O could I in knowledge,—in love,—and in praise,  
Exceed those rapt strains which the cherubim raise ;  
How would I—hark !—hark !—whence is that  
piercing cry ? [die.]

“ *Come over and help us !—haste !—haste !—or we*

*Whence* comes it ? and *what* is the *death* which they  
fear ? [here ?]

No wretch, sure, would murder—no famine is  
I listen,—I hear it,—though nothing I see,  
It comes from *afar*, and it supplicates ME !

It comes from the region and shadow of death:—  
From HEATHENS now gasping for spiritual breath ;  
And anguish of spirit impels some to shout,  
“Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out.

“ We feel the gross darkness which hangs o'er  
our soul,—

“ Our moral diseases, and fain would be whole ;

“ The *yoke* SUPERSTITION has fix'd on our neck,

“ Whose burthens so weighty, our spirits must break.

“ With hunger and thirst, we are faint, and must  
die,

“ Unless you will pity, and grant us supply :

O give us some BREAD which has come from *above*,

“ Some WATER of LIFE, sinful thirst to remove.

“ Now if it be true, as some persons declare,

“ That CHRISTIANS have bread, yes, enough, and to  
spare ;

“ Large crumbs or small pieces you freely may  
give,

“ That we who are dying with hunger, may live.

“ O say that you hear, and will grant a supply ;

“ Though distant, be neighbours ; do not pass us by :

“ A cup of cold water its meed will obtain ;

“ Who more can bestow, greater blessings may gain.

“ Come over and help us ;—haste ! haste ! or we die :

“ Or send us, by OTHERS, a lib'ral supply ;

“ A MINISTER we would most gladly receive,

“ And thank every NEIGHBOUR for what he may give.

"Should we be converted through means you afford,  
 Yet die before *you*, and then dwell with the Lord ;  
 "As soon as 'YE FAIL,' we will bear you *above*—  
 "With *welcomes* to *glory* our GRATITUDE prove."

Composed for the Wesleyan Missionary Bazaar.  
 Guernsey,—January 1st, 1836.

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## 105 THE NECESSITY OF EARLY PIETY.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord ;  
 To learn His will,—obey His word :  
 The morn of life is not too soon :  
 Life's *sun* may *set* before 'tis noon.

But were we spared to three-score years,  
 Life—as a vapour—disappears !  
 Yet if misspent, we then shall find,  
 It leaves a painful sting behind.

But soon, or late, the *night* will come,  
 Which fixes our eternal doom :  
 Why then, should we, the work delay,  
 And waste the morning of our day ?

It cannot be that we can find  
 In Satan's work, true peace of mind :  
 No happiness can we receive  
 From him,—for he has none to give,

*Why then delay?* can we forego  
 The joys of grace, while here below ?  
 And die in sin, and never prove  
 The glorious joys of heaven above ?

What *folly*—yea, what *madness* this,  
 To cheat ourselves of heavenly bliss !  
 Lord, help our weak resolves ! that we  
*Henceforth*, through grace, may live to Thee.

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## 106 THE STRAIT AND WIDE GATES.

Matt. vii. 13, 14.—“Enter ye in at the Strait Gate : for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in therewith : because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”

TIME’s travellers to ETERNITY,  
 Had need begin aright ;  
 And those who have not, ought to see,  
 Their error, ere ’tis night.

Two different *gates*, and *ways*, are shown—  
 Their *terminations* too,  
 By Jesus Christ, who made them known,  
 And told us what to do.

The “strait GATE” is—a change of HEART :  
 Its “WAY”—true HOLINESS :  
 The “LIFE”—will ENDLESS BLISS impart,  
 To all matured in grace.

CHRIST—fix’d the gate He called strait—  
 Mark’d out the narrow way—  
 And has prepared the happy state  
 Of life without decay.

We often hear of, read, and see,  
*These* set before our eyes ;  
That *love, desire, and choice*, may be  
*Intent* on such a prize.

For *these*, as graciously design'd,  
For *children, youths, and men*,  
We ought to STRIVE, with *heart, and mind,*  
*And soul, and strength*, to gain.

Of *those*, whoe'er approach this gate,  
The *most* of them are *poor* :  
Some do not knock—some will not wait—  
But leave, and go no more.

Some seem to have but *little* sight,  
And *grope* to find their way :  
Yet, *ere* they reach the gate, 'tis night—  
*That night*, which has *no day*.

Some leave their unchang'd hearts behind,  
With *pleasures, treasures, there* ;  
And are *but for a walk* inclin'd,  
To *dissipate* their *FEAR*.

'Tis *to—not through*—the gate they walk,  
To hear what *triflers* say ;  
And *not* with *travellers* to talk,  
About the *Narrow Way*.

The *triflers* say, “ 'Tis so confined—  
*The journey, long as life* :  
*We cannot bring a willing mind;*  
*To self-denying strife.”*

What *idle* talk ! the God of grace,  
 Could *change* their views—*love*—*will* ;  
 And make the *world*, and *sin*, give place,  
 For Him to *cleanse*, and *fill*.

*Self-righteous ones* ne'er tread the “*way*,”  
 Nor *enter* at the “*gate*:”  
 “*We need no change*” they proudly say—  
 “*We CLAIM the heavenly state.*”

But as no entrance to the *Way*—  
 And *Life*—than *this* is given ;  
 Let sinners *enter where* they may,  
 And *LIVE* for *God*—and *heaven*.

THE OTHER GATE—IS VASTLY WIDE,  
 And *multitudes* pass through :  
*Not one*, has ever been *denied*,  
 But *welcomed* so to do.—

’Tis *hatred* to the *TRUTH* of *God*—  
*Rejection* of His *LAW*—  
*Contempt* of His *AFFLICTIVE ROD*—  
 And threaten’d *FUTURE WOE*.

*This GATE* is open night and day,  
 To *youth*, and *riper* years,  
 That those who have not enter’d, may,  
 And cast away their fears.

Though *wide* the *GATE*, more *broad* they find  
 The *WAY* they enter in,  
 For their depravity of mind,  
 To work all sorts of *sin*.

All sorts—in *deed*, and *word*, and *thought*,  
Find room to flow, and spread—  
May to maturity be brought—  
Preferr'd to daily bread.

*This way*, to sure destruction leads—  
To HELL—and to DESPAIR :  
These woeful fruits of evil deeds,  
Such must with devils share.

How Satan walks about to find  
The thoughtless—idle—vain—  
Who feel to wickedness inclin'd,  
And puts them in his train ;

Then bids them hasten to the gate—  
Pass through, without delay,  
And find an easy joyful state,  
In his broad flowery way.

His *shameless agents* act for him ;  
*Inviting* all they can,  
Who stand *between* the *gates*, and *trim*,  
Through *fear* of God, or man.

Those, *near* the *WIDE gate*, soon comply,  
With strong delusions fill'd :  
Some, *near* the *STRAIT gate*, know they lie,  
Yet—*listen*—*argue*—*yield*.

Thus drawn away like fools to stocks,—  
To guilt, and shame, and pain ;  
Secur'd, they find their TEMPTER *mocks*,  
And bids them there remain.

Where now the *light* they had receiv'd?—  
 The *knowledge* they acquir'd?—  
 Those *precepts* which they once believ'd?  
 Those *blessings* they desir'd?

*Books—sermons—counsels—prayers—and tears—*  
*Of ministers—and friends,*  
 Are found exchang'd, for scoffing jeers,  
 Which prove a poor amends.

The mass of men, no *tempter* need  
 To *sin*,—their *hearts* suffice:  
 Where *REASON sleeps*, while *PASSIONS plead*,  
*WILL—grasps* it, in a trice.

Ah, see!—they flock from every place,  
 And throng *this gate*, and way:  
 Despising truth—rejecting grace—  
 And scouting judgment day.

---

## 107 PROFESSION, WHEN FRUITLESS, VAIN AND OFFENSIVE.

“WHY CALL YE ME LORD, LORD, AND DO NOT THE THINGS WHICH I SAY?”—Luke vi. 46.

ALAS! how many cry *Lord! Lord!*  
 And yet by Jesus are abhorred;  
 While *mere professors* disobey,  
 He loves them not for what they say.

Although such *elevate* their voice,  
As if He were their Lord by *choice* ;  
They only serve, with *formal words*,  
The KING of *kings*—the LORD of *lords*.

Though fain to gain His *eye*, and *ear*,  
To service which they render there :  
While heart, and tongue, do not agree,  
Their *words* are *awful mockery*.

Such *worthless worship* oft has been  
Far *less* design'd for *God*, than *men* ;  
Their *admiration* to obtain,  
Yea *praise* for *idol self* to gain.

Devoted thus to sin—self—sloth—  
And to all self-denial loth ;  
No *saving change* of *heart* they know,  
No *righteous fruit* in *life* can show.

By *Satan*—and by *self deceiv'd*—  
God's awful threat'nings disbelief'd,—  
They *hope* to gain a *world* of *bliss*,  
For calling *Jesus* LORD in *this*.

But God is not *deceiv'd* by them ;  
Nor will He spare them, but condemn :  
He hears their tongue, and reads their heart,  
And soon will say—to HELL depart.

O Jesus ! I have call'd Thee, Lord !  
Yet oft transgres'd Thy holy word :  
Forgive my sins, and grant me grace,  
That I may serve Thee all my days.

## 108 THE CARNAL MIND.

"To be carnally minded is death."—Rom. viii. 6.

How *carnal* is the sinner's mind ;  
 How sensual is its food ;  
 'T is e'er to earthly things inclin'd,  
 As if, the *greatest good*.—

*Desiring* what he does not need,—  
 What he should not possess,—  
 Which, if attained would surely lead  
 To *guilt*, and *wretchedness*.—

*Pursuing trifles*, light as air !  
 And toiling for his bane !  
 Of hell no fear—for *heaven* no care,  
 If he but *earth* can gain.

*Presumptuous* confidence is shown ;  
 He shall,—he *will*,—succeed !  
 "No disappointment can be known ;  
 'Tis sure, as if decreed !"

*Impatient*, when *delays* arise,  
 And *anxious cares* oppress ;  
 He, with redoubled effort, tries,  
 And hopes, for prompt success.

But, how he *murmurs*, when he knows,  
 His hopes and efforts vain :  
 What *wrath* his angry spirit shows,  
*Disdaining* REASON'S *rein*.

With *pride* elated, if he gain,  
What he unduly priz'd ;  
And soon, alas ! his toy, or bane,  
By him, is idoliz'd.

His carnal mind has God contemn'd,  
In whose hand is his breath ;—  
By whom, *already*, he's condemn'd,  
To suffer endless death.

---

## 109 SIN WILL FIND OUT THE SINNER.

“BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.”—  
Num. xxxii. 23.

THE foolish sinner dares to sin,  
Because 'tis *dark*,—or he's *alone* ;  
But slumbering conscience wakes within,  
And tells him *it may soon* be known.

What *means* he anxiously, employs,  
That none may *know*,—nor *think* 'twas he :  
A *shadow*,—or a *breath*, annoys :  
GUILT makes him *fear*,—oft makes him *flee*.

At *home*—*abroad*—*awake*—*asleep*,  
He has no peace,—he finds no rest :—  
Oblig'd a constant *watch* to keep :  
Or by *alarming dreams* distress'd.

Some *hastily*, use FALSEHOOD'S *veil*,  
 To hide their sin from human sight ;  
 And, yet, as *quickly*, find it fail ;  
 The *cover'd* sin is brought to light.

Should CONSCIENCE, *sear'd*, find nought to say ;  
 Nor men suspect the man of crime ;  
 The *darkness*,—was as *light as day*  
 To GOD,—*who saw him all the time.*

None, from the *all-seeing KING*, can hide  
 The least transgression of His law :  
 Nor one, his JUDGE'S *frown* abide,  
 When sentenc'd to eternal woe.

“ *Be sure thy sin will find thee out,*”  
 When *all the world* thy deeds shall know,—  
 When DEVILS raise their *joyous shout*,  
 And drag thee down to share their woe.

---

## 110 THE WAGES OF SIN.

“ THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.”—Rom. vi. 23.

MANY, who sin against the Lord,  
 Believe not what He saith,  
 Though He assures them in His word,  
 Their wages will be death.

To him our thoughts, and words, are known ;  
 By Him are actions weigh'd ;  
 The sword of Justice will be drawn,  
 If He be disobey'd.

When our first parents had rebell'd,  
This flaming sword was shown ;  
From Eden they were both expell'd,  
And *JUSTICE then* was known.

And *now*, 'tis known—whoe'er denies,  
*Feels* it in every pain :  
We *see* it, when the body dies,  
And turns to dust again.

God speaks the truth,—He cannot lie ;  
*What* He has *said*, shall be :  
Who sin and ne'er repent, *shall DIE*  
To all eternity.

---

### III THE ETERNAL GOD'S GIFT.

"THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE THROUGH  
JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."—Rom. vi. 23.

WE oft admire the stars at night,  
Thousands in number, with the moon ;  
But *hid* is their united light,  
When we behold the sun at noon !

All earthly gifts are gilded toys,  
Compared with that which God has given :  
*Earth* gives its lovers *sensual* joys ;  
GOD gives *eternal life* in heaven.

Eternal life!—but can it be,  
For sinners of the human race?  
Will God impart this life to me?  
May I, in glory, see His face?

Through Jesus Christ, it flows to all,  
In streams of all-sufficient grace,  
Who hearken to His Spirit's call,  
And walk in all His righteous ways.

---

## 112 GOD ANGRY WITH THE WICKED.

“GOD IS ANGRY WITH THE WICKED EVERY DAY.”  
Psalm vii. 11.

GREAT is the wickedness of those  
Who care not what they do, nor say;  
But break God's law, which clearly shows,  
He's angry with them every day.

Though they have all their *body* needs,  
And all around them looks quite gay;  
While they commit their wicked deeds,  
He's angry with them every day,

If *punishment* they've not received,  
Though from His precepts *seen* to stray,  
His *threat'ning words* should be believed,  
He's angry with them every day.

Alas ! some won't believe, nor fear,  
Nor turn from sin while yet they may ;  
But, day by day, their conscience sear,  
And scoff, when told of *judgment day*.

They live beneath God's *righteous* frown,  
Condemn'd—and under sentence here :  
Then die accrues'd,—in wrath cut down,  
And find in hell their portion there.

*Flee sinner, flee from sin,—wrath,—hell,*  
To Christ, and for His mercy pray,  
With *true repentance,—faith* as well,  
And have His *smile* from day to day.

---

### 113 TRANSGRESSOR'S WAYS HARD.

"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD."—Prov.  
xiii. 15.

How hard *transgressors* find their way,  
For it is sinful ground,  
O'er which, in search of *flowers*, they stray,  
But only *thorns* are found.

Were such to wear the finest dress,  
And in a palace live ;  
Yea, if they *heaps of gold* possess,  
These cannot comfort give.

They have no peace,—they find no rest,  
 While, like the troubled sea,  
 The waves of passion in their breast,  
 Cast up impurity.

The time of youths is often spent  
 In Satan's wicked ways,  
 To whose temptations they consent,  
 Believing all he says.

Ye youths!—flee every sinful snare!  
 To righteousness awake!  
*Converting grace* now ask in prayer!  
 But ask for Jesu's sake.

---

## 114 RELIGION'S WAYS PLEASANT.

"HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL HER PATHS ARE PEACE."—Prov. iii. 47.

How *pleasant* are *religion's* ways,  
 When things *eternal* we pursue,  
 With vigour in our youthful days,  
 With Jesu's *mind* and *heaven* in view.

The numerous precepts of the Lord.  
 Demand, deserve, and have our love:  
 With joy we read and hear His word.  
 And His refreshing presence prove.

With *pleasure* we ourselves *deny* ;  
 With *joy* the hallow'd cross we bear ;  
 Nor wish to live,—nor fear to die,  
 On Jesus casting all our care.

Thus we feel no wish to stray,  
 That we a smoother path may find ;  
 Nor do we want a broader way,  
 Since this affords us peace of mind.

Yea, riches, honours, length of days,  
 In true religion's paths are found ;  
 And he who ne'er forsakes her ways,  
 Will be in heav'n, with glory crown'd.

---

## 115                    SIN CONFESSED.

AH, Lord ! though I am but a youth,  
 How wicked is my heart :  
 I've wander'd from the paths of truth,  
 And bade Thy fear depart.

Although Thy spirit *early* strove,  
 To lead my heart to Thee ;  
 I still resolved my sins to love,  
 Which led to misery.

Thy holy word made known to me,  
 The sinfulness of sin ;  
 But I refused myself to see,  
 I would not look within.

*Instruction I have oft received :*

*Example too was given ;  
But pious friends I've often grieved,  
Prefering hell to heaven !*

*Thus I have lived, but O, 'tis time,  
My God, to live in Thee ;  
To cease from every youthful crime ;  
From all iniquity.*

*Bnt reformation won't suffice ;  
The past must be *forgiven* ;  
My soul to Thee for *mercy* cries,  
And grace to live for heaven.*

---

## 116 CONTRITON DESIRED.

Lord, take away this heart of stone,  
Which will not mourn its sin :  
Here let Thy soft'ning power be known,  
And let it now begin.

Thou dost the light of truth impart ;  
My numerous sins appear ;  
But I have not a *contrite* heart ;  
Alas ! I only *fear*.

I view Thy righteous law in vain ;  
In vain myself I see !  
My guilt and hardness still remain ;  
O, when shall I be free ?

Thy *power* can break this *stony* heart ;  
Thy *love* its *ice* can thaw :  
Now, Jesus, now the grace impart ;  
Bid godly sorrow flow.

Haste ! haste ! my soul to Calvary !  
View Jesu's open'd side ;  
'Twas pierc'd by thy iniquity.  
'Twas for thy sins He died.

---

## 117                    MERCY IMPLORED.

A SINNER, Lord for *mercy* pleads ;  
My guilty soul Thy *mercy* needs ;  
My sins of crimson dye appear,  
And fill my guilty soul with fear.

Had I but *once* transgress'd Thy *law*,  
No *mercy* could it ever show ;  
But I have sinn'd a thousand times,  
And often gloried in my crimes.

These crimes my condemnation bring :  
The broken law gives *death* its sting :  
The *grave* its victory proclaims :  
And *hell* lights up its horrid flames.

Ah me ! upon its edge I stand :  
Am I not *now* a smoking brand ?  
O Jesus haste ! Thy *mercy* show !  
And save me from the gulf below.

ll8

## BELIEF IN CHRIST.

“BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.”—Acts xvi. 31.

“Whoe'er on Jesus Christ believe,  
Salvation from their guilt receive :”  
These tidings cheer my drooping heart,  
And bid despondency depart.

No *righteousness* have I to plead,  
Of temper, thought, or word, or deed :  
*No righteousness* in these I find,  
And therefore cast the whole behind.

Jesus ! I plead Thy precious death,  
And would be sav'd by grace, through faith :  
Thou diedst for me, I do believe !  
And *THY salvation* now receive !

---

ll9

## HOLINESS.

THE Lord commandment gives,  
That we should holy be ;  
The man who holy lives,  
His Saviour's face shall see :  
In Heaven, shall see Him as He is,  
And there enjoy extatic bliss !

The purifying grace  
To me, O Lord, be given :  
Renew in righteousness,  
And make me meet for heaven :  
Then heaven, on earth, my soul will prove,  
When Thee with all my heart I love.

O let it now take place !  
I ask in Jesu's name :  
He purchased the grace,  
Which now, I humbly claim ;  
I would, by faith, take hold of Thee,  
And now receive Thy purity.

---

## 120        LOVE TO ENEMIES.

"LOVE YE YOUR ENEMIES."—Luke vi. 35.

THE sinner readily obeys,  
When God's commandments please ;  
But thinks it hard, when Jesus says  
" Love ye your enemies."

Parents and friends, we gladly lov'd,  
And found our love return'd ;  
But those who enemies have prov'd,  
We frequently have spurn'd.

Thus wickedly we oft have done,  
*Unlike* the God of heaven,  
Whose soft'ning rain, and cheering sun,  
To *enemies* are given.

HIS *enemies* we all have been,  
A thousand, thousand times ;  
And yet, His love to us, is seen,  
In dying for our crimes.

*Our* enemies we must forgive,  
 If we would be forgiven :  
 Nor longer *here*, in malice live,  
 If we would live in heaven.

O Jesus ! if Thou giv'st Thy grace,  
*All* Thy commands will please :  
 We then shall love—we then shall bless  
 Our greatest enemies.

---

## 121 CENSORIOUSNESS, AN EVIL, AND FORBIDDEN.

“JUDGE NOT ! THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.”—  
 Matt. vii. 1.

How ready, are we, to condemn,  
 What we, in *others* see,  
 If we can find a fault in *them*,  
 From which *ourselves* are free.

Who *seek* for faults, are faulty too ;  
 And are deserving blame :  
 What they *condemn*, they also *do*,  
 A *fault*—though not the same.

A brother’s *mote*, we soon can spy ;  
 Can soon find out his sin ;  
 But not the *beam* in our own eye,  
 Which proves us worse than him.

And when, to take his out, we ask,  
We seek to feed our pride ;  
Yet vainly think *profession's* mask,  
Our greater sin can hide.

Our brother's *mote* might disappear,  
And never more be seen,  
If our own consciences were clear ;  
If our own hearts were clean.

By judging others, we defeat  
Ourselves, nor praise obtain ;  
But find, the measure, which we mete,  
Is measured us again.

Lord, save us from *censoriousness* ;  
Oft found a withering blight ;  
That we may ne'er usurp THY *place*,  
*Who always judgest right.*

---

## 122 FORBEARING KINDNESS.

*Trespasses of a brother, to be first told to HIM  
in private.*

How oft, from passion, or from pride,  
When brethren disagree,  
A small offence is magnified  
To gross iniquity.

Such hasten with their burden'd mind,  
The grievous fault to show  
To men, with *itching ears*, inclined  
The *earliest news* to know.

Their *wrath*, and *s spite*, burst forth in flame ;  
And *love* and *prudence* flee,  
While there, they brand, *a brother's name*,  
With marks of infamy.

They seek his *foes*, and prompt relate  
His conduct—“ *'Twas so base* ;”  
Yet, often, *more* than truth they state,  
To *steep* him in disgrace.

They find his *friends*, and there disclaim  
*All hate*, with *pity's tone* :  
“ His faults I rather would not name ;  
Yet think they *should* be known.”

With *anger*, or *hypocrisy*,  
They wound their brother's name,  
And thus become *more vile* than he,  
Whose failings they proclaim.

A *better way*, the Lord hath shown,  
If brethren e'er offend :  
“ *First*, tell his fault, to him, *alone*,  
As this, the strife, may end.”

Lord help me, by this rule to live,  
Whene'er offences rise ;  
And ne'er *a public censure* give,  
If *private* will suffice.

123

## CONTENTMENT.

"BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE."—  
Heb. xiii. 5.

How far has *discontent* prevailed,  
How widely has it spread ;  
As though God's providence had fail'd,  
And they were lacking bread.

They covet to be rich and gay,  
Or, like their neighbour dress'd ;  
And yet would be ashamed to pray  
For what they are distress'd.

Lord, give me grace to be *content*,  
With those things I possess :  
Nor more to covet, nor lament ;  
For I deserve much less.

*Deserve?*—my gracious God, forgive !  
I merit endless flame :  
The smallest blessing I receive,  
Should cover me with shame.

I own I have already more  
Than I, at present, need ;  
And while I view this ample store,  
Exclaim,—I'm blest indeed !

## 124

## PATIENCE.

O GOD of *Patience* deign  
To hear Thy creatures plead !  
And let us now, from Thee, obtain,  
The patience which we need.

With reason we are bless'd,  
And revelation's ray ;  
But while *this grace* is not possess'd.  
Our passions bear the sway.

When disappointments rise ;  
Or difficulties throng ;  
*Impatience* sparkles in our eyes,  
Or dwells upon our tongue.

It prompts the feet to stray :—  
The hands to wicked deeds :  
It hates restraint, abhors delay,  
And to perdition leads.

If but a word be spoke,  
Which we believe unkind ;  
How soon this trifle can provoke,  
A tempest in the mind.

How ready to return,  
The injuries received ;  
And when afflicted how we mourn,—  
As though of all bereaved.

*The Lamb of God when led  
To slaughter ne'er complain'd ;  
And while upon the cross he bled,  
His patience still maintain'd.*

In mercy, Lord, bestow  
This *passive* grace on me,  
That I may always feel and show,  
That I have learnt of Thee.

---

## 125 THE CARDINAL GRACES.

“AND NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, LOVE; BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE.”—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

O THOU who reign'st in Heaven above,  
Yet hearest mortals when they plead :  
Bless us with *faith*, and *hope*, and *love*,  
For we these saving graces need.

Bestow the *faith* which credence gives,  
And always takes Thee at Thy word ;  
Which from Thy fullness e'er receives,  
And stamps the image of its Lord.

Anticipating *hope* impart,  
Which waits for promis'd future bliss ;  
Yet purifies the longing heart,  
For beatific ecstasies !

Let *love*, the greatest grace, be given,  
 Or faith and hope will be in vain :  
 Whate'er Thou giv'st, give *love*,—'tis heaven;  
 A heaven on earth, in *love*, we gain.

---

## 126

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I LIVE to see a NEW YEAR'S DAY,  
 But ere the year shall close,  
 I may, by death, be call'd away,  
 To endless joys, or woes.

If call'd away while unprepared,  
 I shall not Heaven attain,  
 For Jesus Christ on earth declared,  
 " Ye must be born again."

No longer ought I to delay,  
 But with the year begin :  
 This year, this month, this week, this day,  
 May close my life of sin.

Great God !—affect my youthful heart,  
 And true repentance give :  
 Faith,—pardon,—holiness impart,  
 That I to Thee may live.

**127 THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.**

ANOTHER year has fled !

Alas ! how quick its flight !

Too late esteem'd, like friends, when dead,

Whom living we could slight.

It was a real friend,

By God, in mercy sent :

But now, I see its visit end ;

And now, my loss lament.

But, will it not appear

Before the judgment seat ;

And to my folly, witness bear,

When I, my Judge, shall meet ?

It truly may declare,

How slothful I have been ;

Omitting watchfulness, and prayer,

And giving place to sin.

O, God ! I see Thy frown ;

And fear the impending blow ;

But, do not cut the cumberer down :

Another year bestow !

In Jesu's name I plead ;

Another year be given !

With grace to help in time of need,

And I will live for heaven.

## 128

## AFFLICTION.

THE LORD, by His afflicting hand,  
Can health and strength remove ;  
And, if their absence He command,  
Disease, and pain we prove.

When these prevail, our feeble frames,  
As fetter'd captives lie ;  
And every pain we feel, proclaims  
That we, ere long, must die.

Our pains, as strengthen'd by disease,  
More loudly cry—prepare !  
But, ah ! our murmurings oft increase,  
Till we Jehovah dare !

But when we find our efforts vain,  
Constrain'd His *power* to own !  
No longer we the strife maintain,  
But wish His *mercy* shown.

To God ascends the anxious prayer ;  
And promises are made ;  
If He, the *sinner's* life will spare,  
His law shall be obeyed.

He vow'd to God, because he fear'd ;  
Though spared, the vows he made,  
Like morning clouds have disappear'd,  
And—*never* have been paid.

His vows forgot, in vice he lives,  
Neglecting to prepare ;  
Till he, death's sudden stroke receives,  
And finds no time for prayer.

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### 129 THE VANITY OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED IN SEASONS OF AFFLICITION.

To subjects of disease, and pain,  
How chang'd the world appears :  
They say that " All things here, are vain ;  
This is a vale of tears."

Its *beauty*!—which ensnared the soul,  
While passion was its guide ;  
No more can charm—no more control,  
While in the furnace tried.

Its *pride*!—whose object e'er was praise,  
And study to be seen ;  
In vain its tinsel now displays,  
Itself—work—wage—too mean.

Its *praise*!—a flatterer's tale, whose lies  
Corruption would embalm ;—  
A bubble, which on air can rise,  
While favour'd with a calm.

Its *censure*!—oft at virtue aim'd,  
 Yet more than hell was feared;  
 Is now, too trivial, to be named,  
 If, conscience be but cleared.

Its *maxims*!—are no longer law,  
 But counsel, folly gave;  
 And cease to keep the soul in awe,  
 Which late was folly's slave.

Its *mirth*!—is like the noisy thorn,  
 When blazing on the fire:  
 Its *joys*!—(or what the name has borne;)  
 As suddenly expire.

The *world*!—as conscious of disgrace,  
 Quits its late votary,  
 Who cries,—“Let none the world embrace!  
 The whole is vanity!”

“Can happiness be found,” he cries,  
 “When pain, and grief, oppress?”  
*Religion*—answers from the skies,  
 “In me, is happiness.”

How welcome is her voice to him  
 Whom disappointments grieve!  
 She bids him first repent of sin,  
 And, then, in Christ believe.

The grace he needs—implores—obtains—  
 Repents—and then believes!  
 And real happiness he gains,  
 Yea, heaven on earth receives.

## 130 SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

WHAT blessings our afflictions prove,  
 When sanctified by grace !  
 The hand that smites, we then can love,  
 And our chastiser praise !

Corrections, then, we can receive,  
 As tokens of His love ;  
 And while we filial reverence give,  
 Sufficient grace we prove.

No joy can we derive from pain ;  
 Pain only can distress ;  
 But, *sanctified* to us, we gain  
 The fruit of righteousness.

The fruit of righteousness is peace,—  
 Tranquillity of mind ;  
 And when our hostile murmurings cease,  
 The “ peace of God ” we find.

When earthly comforts are removed,  
 The joys of *grace* are given :  
 And we shall have, when fully *proved*,  
 A crown of life in heaven.

## 131

## DEATH.

DEATH!—as a mighty monarch reigns ;—  
 His mortal sceptre sways !—  
 His *right*, through all the world maintains,  
 And all the world obeys !

The shafts which he, unseen, prepared,  
Unerringly he throws ;  
Nor age, nor sex, by him are spared,  
For he, no favour shows.

'His heralds, are disease, and pain,  
Who cry, "For death prepare ;"  
But rarely can our credence gain :  
We say, "Death is not near."

But ah ! this unbelief is vain—  
And false—he comes—is here :  
Yes, Death has now his subject slain,  
And bids the living fear.

And can we doubt, if we shall die ?—  
Believe—and not prepare ?  
Though death—the grave—and hell are nigh,  
Shall we their terrors dare ?

Now, Lord, our slumbering conscience wake :  
Alarm our guilty fears :  
In mercy, now, for Jesu's sake,  
Give humble contrite tears.

Inspire with faith ! with pardon bless !  
Let hallowing grace be given !  
Then thoughts of death will not distress,  
For death will lead to heaven.

**132 THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.**

THE *righteous* man departs in peace,  
And oft with holy joy :  
Death brings to him a sweet release,  
From cares which here annoy.

His conscience wash'd in Jesu's blood ;  
His nature sanctified ;  
He, *fearless*, enters Jordan's flood,  
And finds the stream divide.

With him the storms of life are o'er ;  
The heavenly port he gains ;  
With rapture treads its peaceful shore,  
And walks its blissful plains !

He rises to the throne of light,  
Where Jesus reigns supreme ;  
Where all in Jesu's praise unite ;  
*Redeeming* love their theme.

Be mine, O Lord ! his peaceful end :  
His hallow'd life, be mine :  
Then death shall be a welcome friend,  
And all the glory Thine.

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**133 THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.**

WHAT pangs the dying sinner feels,  
When conscious of his state ;  
When conscience all his guilt reveals ;  
And prayer is thought too late.

Earth's treasures now appear as toys :

No more its pleasures please :  
No artifice which it employs,  
Can give his conscience ease.

Now death—the grave—and hell appear,  
Each waiting for its prey ;  
And fill the guilty soul with fear,  
Which soon—must launch away.

How ardently for life he prays !  
In terror—pants for breath :  
But, ah ! his tongue in silence lays,  
For now, he sinks in death.

And, is it thus, that sinners die,  
When conscious of their state ?  
Then will I, *now*, for grace apply,  
Before it be too late.

*The Judgment day* will surely come,  
And all receive their righteous doom,  
When JESUS will from heaven descend,  
Whom *holy angels* will attend.

*One*—standing on the *earth*, and *sea*,  
Will swear, that TIME *no more* shall be !  
His voice will sound from shore to shore,  
And earth, and sea, their dead restore.

The great, and small,—the old, and young,  
 Of every nation—people—tongue,  
 Will then, before their judge, appear,  
 With holy joy, or guilty fear.

*There*—seated on His great white throne,  
 The judge will make their actions known ;  
 And then, the *sentence* will be given,  
 Depart to hell—or, rise to heaven.

O *Jesus* ! who *my Judge* wilt be,  
 While *here*, a *Saviour* prove to *me* :  
 My *soul* !—thy Lord's commands obey,  
 And *ne'er forget* the *JUDGMENT DAY*.

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## 135

## HEAVEN.

“ I GO, AND PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU, THAT  
 WHERE I AM, YE MAY BE ALSO.”—  
 John xiv. 3.

THERE is a glorious heaven above,  
 Where Jesus reigns supreme,  
 Whose promise all His saints shall prove,—  
 Shall ever dwell with Him.

But when shall saints this heaven attain,  
 And with their Jesus dwell ?  
 When they, through grace, a meetness gain,  
 And burst this mortal shell.

The spirit freed, with upward flight,  
 Will quickly reach its seat;  
 And *there*, with angel choirs unite,  
 His praises to repeat.

No more, by earthly cares, or toils,  
 The spirit is oppress'd;  
 Enjoying Jesu's heavenly smiles,  
 It has eternal rest.

O Jesus, *now*, renew my heart;  
 Prepare a place for me:  
 And when, my soul, shall hence depart,  
 O let it dwell with Thee.

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## 136

## HELL.

“DEPART, YE CURSED, INTO EVERLASTING FIRE,  
 PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL AND HIS  
 ANGELS.”—Matt. xxv. 41.

THERE is a dreadful hell;  
 For *Satan* 'twas prepared;  
 But *sinners*, there with him must dwell,  
 For so hath Christ declared.

There plung'd in endless fire—  
 And with despair enchain'd;  
 Their worm, *remorse*, will ne'er expire,  
 Nor *liberty* be gain'd.

Our oft repeated crimes,  
Deserve eternal flame!  
For we have sinn'd a thousand times,  
And gloried in our shame.

When *Satan* fell by pride,  
He no Redeemer found :  
But O ! for *us* the Saviour died,  
Although our crimes abound!

Shall He—for *rebels* die,  
And offer us His grace ?—  
And we, for mercy ne'er apply,  
But mock Him, to His face ?

Were there a hotter hell,  
Than that which devils prove,  
'Tis *there*—the sinner ought to dwell,  
Who tramples on *such* LOVE.

THE END.

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